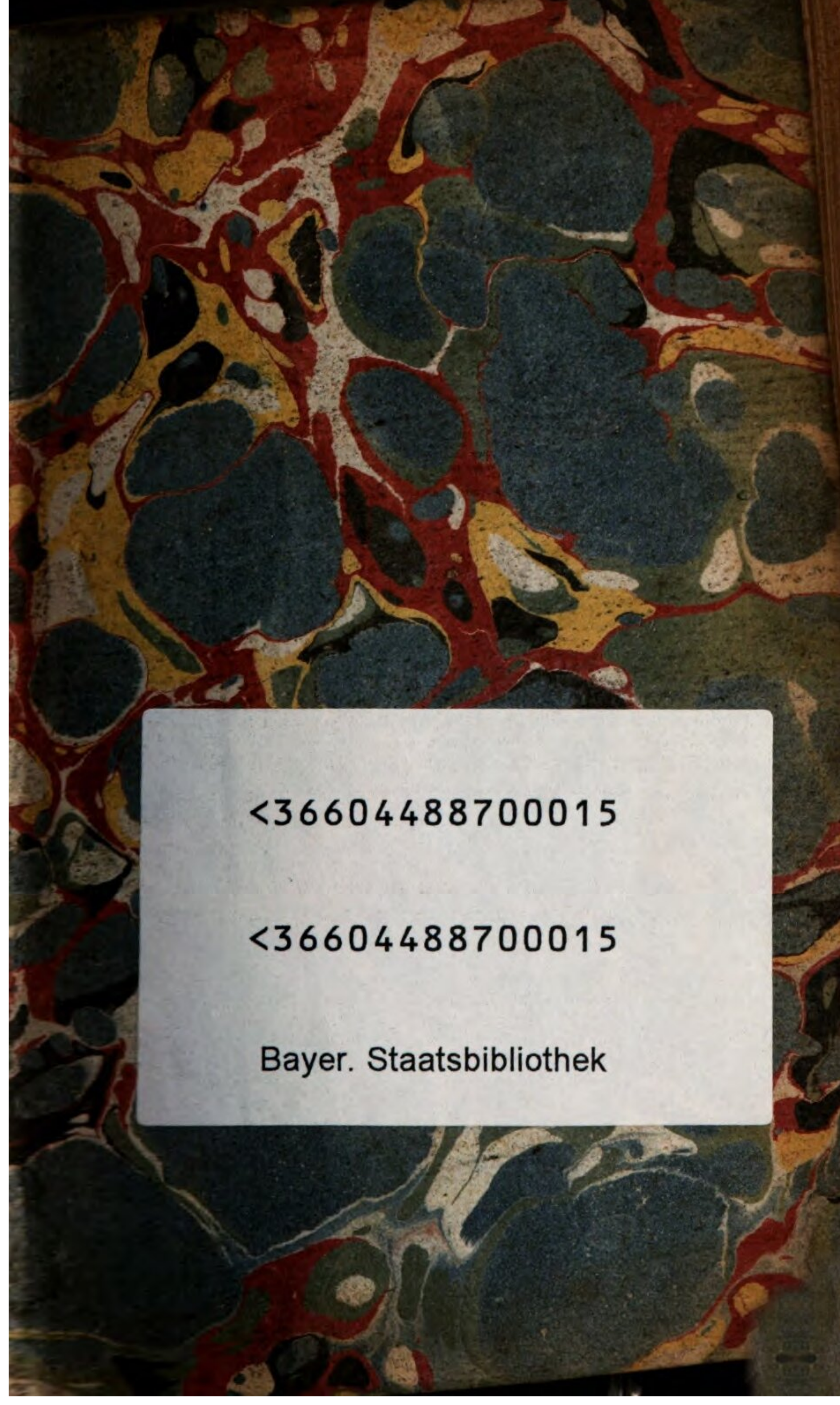






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L E T T E R S,

WRITTEN BY

JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S DUBLIN,

A N D

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS,

FROM THE YEAR 1696 TO 1742.

PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS;

COLLECTED AND REVISED

BY DEANE SWIFT, ESQ.

OF GOODRICH IN HEREFORDSHIRE.

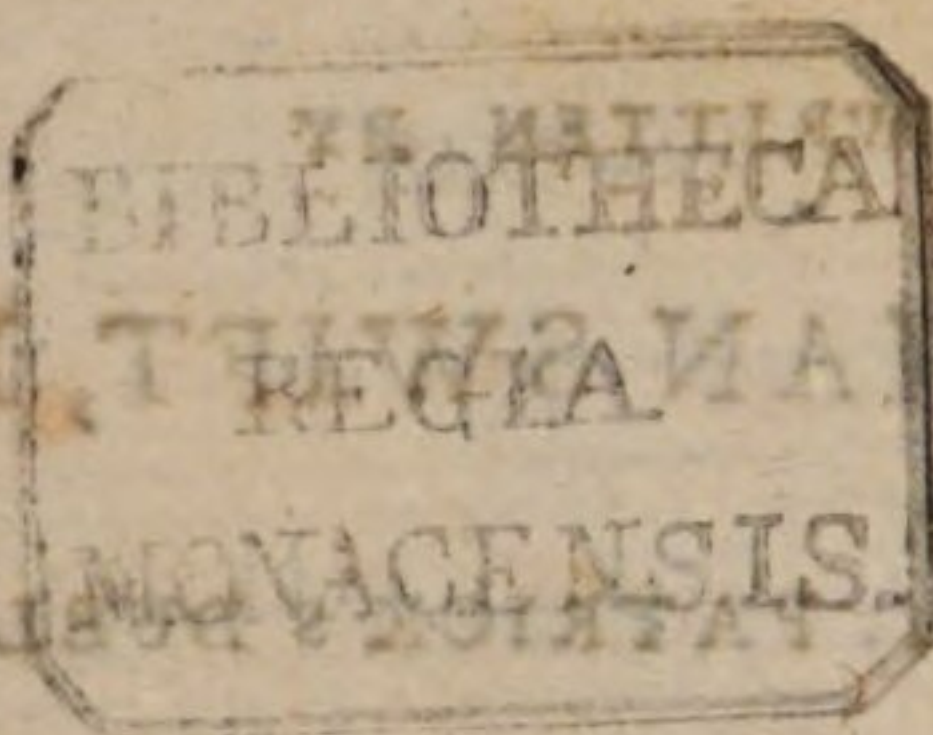
A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED.

VOLUME V.

L O N D O N,

Printed for C. BATHURST, W. STRAHAN,
J. and F. RIVINGTON, L. DAVIS,
W. and E. JOHNSTON, W. OWEN, R.
BALDWIN, T. LONGMAN, J. DODSLEY,
and T. CADELL. MDCCLXXV.

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L E T T E R S

F R O M

Dr. SWIFT to STELLA.

L E T T E R XXXI.

London, Sept. 25, 1711.

I DINED in the city to-day, and at my return I put my 30th into the post-office; and when I got home, I found for me one of the noblest letters I ever read; it was from —, three fides and a half in folio, on a large sheet of paper; the two first pages made up of satire upon *London*, and crowds and hurry, stolen from some of his own school-boy's exercises: the fide and a half remaining is spent in desiring me to recommend Mrs. South, your commissioner's widow, to my lord treasurer for a pension. He is the prettiest, discreetest fellow that ever my eyes beheld, or that ever dipt pen into ink. I know not what to say to him. A pox on him, I have too many such customers on this side already. I

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think

2 LETTERS TO STELLA.

think I will send him word, that I never saw my lord treasurer in my life: I am sure I industriously avoided the name of any great person when I saw him, for fear of his reporting it in *Ireland*. And this recommendation must be a secret too, for fear the duke of *Bolton* should know it, and think it was too mean. I never read so d—d a letter in my life: a little would make me send it over to you. I must send you a pattern, the first place I cast my eyes on, I will not pick and chuse. [“ In this place (meaning *The Exchange* in *London*), which is the *compedium* of old *Troynovant*, as that is of the whole busy world, I got such a surfeit, that I grew sick of mankind, and resolved, for ever after, to bury myself in the shady retreat of —.”] You must know that *London* has been called by some *Troynovant*, or *New Troy*.—Will you have any more? Yes, one little bit for *Stella*, because she will be fond of it. [“ This wondrous *Theatre* (meaning *London*) was no more to me than a desert; and I should less complain of solitude in a *Connaught* shipwreck, or even the great *Bog of Allen*.”] A little scrap for Mrs. *Marget*^a, and then I have done. [“ Their royal *Fanum*, wherein the *Idol Pecunia* is daily worshiped, seemed to me to be just like a hive of bees working and labouring under huge weights of cares.”] *Fanum* is a temple, but he means the *Exchange*; and

^a *Stella's Maid*.

Pecunia is money: so now Mrs. *Marget* will understand her part. One more paragraph, and I—Well, come do not be in such a rage, you shall have no more. Pray, *Stella*, be satisfied; it is very pretty: and that I must be acquainted with such a dog as this!—Our Peace goes on fast. *Prior* was with the secretary two hours this morning: I was there a little after he went away, and was told it. I believe he will soon be dispatched again to *France*; and I will put somebody to write an account of his second journey: I hope you have seen the other. This letter has taken up my time with storming at it.

26. *Bernage* has been with me these two days; yesterday I sent for him, to let him know, that Dr. *Arbuthnot* is putting in strongly to have his brother made a captain over *Bernage's* head. *Arbuthnot's* brother is but an ensign; but the doctor has great power with the queen: yet he told me, “he would not do any thing hard to a gentleman who is my friend;” and I have engaged the secretary and his colonel for him. To-day he told me very melancholy, that “The other had written from *Windsor* (where he went to solicit) that he has got the company;” and *Bernage* is full of the spleen. I made the secretary write yesterday a letter to the colonel in *Bernage's* behalf. I hope it will do yet; and I have written to Dr. *Arbuthnot* to *Windsor*, not to insist on doing such a hardship. I dined in the city at *Pontack's* with *Stratford*; it cost me seven shillings: he would have

4 LETTERS TO STELLA.

treated; but I did not let him. I have removed my money from the Bank to another fund. I desire *Parvisol* may speak to *Hawkshaw* to pay in my money when he can; for I will put it in the funds; and in the mean time borrow so much of Mr. secretary, who offers to lend it me. Go to the dean's, firrahs.

27. *Bernage* was with me again to-day, and is in great fear, and so was I; but this afternoon at lord treasurer's, where I dined, my brother *George Granville*, secretary at war, after keeping me a while in suspense, told me, "That Dr. *Arbuthnot* had waived
" the business, because he would not wrong a
" friend of mine: that his brother is to be a
" lieutenant, and *Bernage* is made a captain." I called at his lodging, and the soldier's *Coffee-house*, to put him out of pain, but cannot find him; so I have left word, and shall see him to-morrow morning, I suppose. *Bernage* is now easy; he has ten shillings a day, beside lawful cheating. However, he gives a private sum to his colonel; but it is very cheap: his colonel loves him well, but is surprized to see him have so many friends. So he is now quite off my hands.—I left the company early to-night at lord treasurer's; but the secretary followed me, to desire I would go with him to *W*——. Mr. *Lewis's* man came in before I could finish that word beginning with a *W*, which ought to be *Windsor*, and brought me a very handsome raillying letter from Dr. *Arbuthnot*, to tell me, "He had,
" in

“in compliance to me, given up his brother’s
 “pretensions in favour of *Bernage* this very
 “morning; that the queen had spoken to Mr.
 “*Granville*, to make the company easy in the
 “other’s having the captainship.” Whether
 they have done it to oblige me or no, I must
 own it so. He says, “He this very morning
 “begged her majesty to give Mr. *Bernage*
 “the company.” I am mightily well pleased
 to have succeeded so well; but you will think
 me tedious, although you like the man, as I
 think.

Windsor, 28. I came here a day sooner than
 ordinary, at Mr. secretary’s desire, and supped
 with him and *Prior*, and two private ministers
 from *France*, and a *French* priest. I know
 not the two ministers names; but they are
 come about the Peace. The names the se-
 cretary called them, I suppose, were feigned;
 they were good rational men. We have al-
 ready settled all things with *France*, and very
 much to the honour and advantage of *Eng-
 land*; and the queen is in mighty good hu-
 mour. All this news is a mighty secret; the
 people in general know that a Peace is for-
 warding. The earl of *Strafford* is to go soon
 to *Holland*, and let them know what we have
 been doing: and then there will be the devil
 and all to pay; but we will make them swal-
 low it with a pox. The *French* ministers staid
 with us till one, and the secretary and I sat
 up talking till two; so you will own it is
 late, firrahs, and time for your little faucy
Presto to go to-bed and sleep adazy; and God
 bless

6 LETTERS TO STELLA.

blefs poor little *MD* ! I hope they are now fast asleep, and dreaming of *Presto*.

29. Lord treasurer came to-night, as usual, at half an hour after eight, as dark as pitch. I am weary of chiding him ; so I commended him, for observing his friends advice, and coming so early, &c. I was two hours with lady *Oglethorp* to-night, and then supped with lord treasurer, after dining at the green-cloth : I stayed till two ; this is the effect of lord treasurer's being here ; I must sup with him, and he keeps cursed hours. Lord keeper and the secretary were absent ; they cannot sit up with him. This long sitting up makes the periods in my letter so short. I design to stay here all next week, to be at leisure by myself, to finish something of weight I have upon my hands, and which must soon be done. I shall then think of returning to *Ireland*, if these people will let me ; and I know nothing else they have for me to do. I gave Dr. *Arbutnot* my thanks for his kindness to *Bernage*, whose commission is now signed. Methinks I long to know something of *Stella's* health, how it continues after *Wexford* waters.

30. The queen was not at chapel to-day, and all for the better, for we had a dunce to preach : she has a little of the gout. I dined with my brother *Masbam* and a moderate company, and would not go to lord treasurer's till after supper at eleven o'clock, and pretended I had mistaken the hour ; so I ate nothing : and a little after twelve the company
broke

broke up, the keeper and secretary refusing to stay; so I saved this night's debauch. *Prior* went away yesterday with his *Frenchmen*, and a thousand reports are raised in this town. Some said, they knew one to be the *Abbé De Polignac*, others swore it was the *Abbé Du Bois*. The *Whigs* are in a rage about the Peace; but we will wherret them, I warrant, boys. Go, go, go to the dean's, and do not mind politicks, young women: they are not good after the waters; they are stark naught; they strike up into the head. Go, get two black aces, and fish for manilio.

Oct. 1. Sir *John Walters*, an honest drunken fellow, is now in waiting, and invited me to the green-cloth to-day, that he might not be behind-hand with colonel *Godfrey*, who is a *Whig*. I was engaged at the Mayor's feast with Mr. *Masbam*; but, waiting to take leave of lord treasurer, I came too late, and so returned sneaking to the green-cloth, and did not see my lord treasurer neither; but was resolved not to lose two dinners for him. I took leave to-day of my friend and solicitor lord *Rivers*, who is commanded by the queen to set out for *Hanover* on *Thursday*. The secretary does not go to town till to-morrow: he and I and two friends more drank a sober bottle of wine here at home, and parted at twelve; he goes by seven to-morrow morning, so I shall not see him. I have power over his cellar in his absence, and make little use of it. Lord *Dartmouth* and my friend *Lewis* stay here this week; but I can never work out a dinner

from *Dartmouth*. *Masbam* has promised to provide for me : I squired his lady out of her chaise to-day, and must visit her in a day or two. So you have had a long fit of the finest weather in the world ; but I am every day in pain that it will go off. I have done no business to-day : I am very idle.

2. My friend *Lewis* and I, to avoid overmuch eating, and great tables, dined with honest *Jemmy Eckersball*, clerk of the kitchen, now in waiting ; and I bespoke my dinner : but the cur had your acquaintance *Lovet*, the gentleman porter, to be our company : *Lovet*, towards the end of dinner, after twenty wriggings, said, " He had the honour to see me formerly at *Moor-park*, and thought he remembered my face." I said, " I thought I remembered him, and was glad to see him, &c." and I escaped for that much, for he was very pert. It has rained all this day, and I doubt our good weather is gone. I have been very idle this afternoon, playing at twelve-penny picquet with *Lewis* ; I won seven shillings, which is the only money I won this year ; I have not played above four times, and I think always at *Windsor* : cards are very dear ; there is a duty on them of six pence a pack, which spoils small gamesters.

3. Mr. *Masbam* sent this morning to desire I would ride out with him, the weather growing again very fine : I was very busy, and sent my excuses ; but desired he would provide me a dinner : I dined with him, his lady, and her sister, Mrs. *Hill*, who invites us to-morrow

L E T T E R X X X I. 9

morrow to dine with her, and we are to ride out in the morning. I sat with lady *Oglethorp* till eight this evening, then was going home to write; looked about for the woman that keeps the key of the house; she told me, "*Patrick* had it." I cooled my heels in the cloisters till nine, then went into the musick-meeting, where I had been often desired to go; but was weary in half an hour of their fine stuff^b, and stole out privately that every body saw me, and cooled my heels in the cloisters again till after ten: then came in *Patrick*. I went up, shut the chamber-door, and gave him two or three swinging cuffs on the ear, and I have strained the thumb of my left hand with pulling him, which I did not feel until he was gone. He was plaguily afraid and humbled.

4. It was the finest day in the world, and we got out before eleven, a noble caravan of us. The duchess of *Shrewsbury* in her own chaise with one horse, and Miss *Touchet* with her; Mrs. *Masbam* and Mrs. *Scarborow*, one of the dressers, in one of the queen's chaises; Miss *Forester* and Miss *Scarborow*, two maids of honour, and Mrs. *Hill*, on horseback. The duke of *Shrewsbury*, Mr. *Masbam*, *George Fielding*, *Arbutnot*, and I, on horseback too. Mrs. *Hill's* horse was hired for Miss *Scarborow*; but she took it in civility, her own horse was galled and could not be rid, but

^b *Swift*, like some others, rather hated than loved musick.

10 LETTERS TO STELLA.

kicked and winced : the hired horse was not worth eighteen pence. I borrowed coat, boots, and horse, and in short we had all the difficulties, and more, that we used to have in making a party from *Trim* to *Longfield's* ^c. My coat was light camblet, faced with red velvet, and silver buttons. We rode in the great park and the forest about a dozen miles, and the duchess and I had much conversation; we got home by two, and Mr. *Masbam*, his lady, *Arbutnot*, and I, dined with Mrs. *Hill*. *Arbutnot* made us all melancholy, by some symptoms of bloody urine : he expects a cruel fit of the stone in twelve hours; he says, "He is never mistaken, and he appeared like a man that was to be racked to-morrow." I cannot but hope it will not be so bad; he is a perfectly honest man, and one I have much obligation to ^d. It rained a little this afternoon,

^c Mr. *Longfield* lived at *Killbride*, about four miles from *Trim*.

^d A lady of distinction asking Dean *Swift* what his opinion of Dr. *Arbutnot* was; he replied, "Why, madam, Dr. *Arbutnot* has more wit than we all have, and his humanity is equal to his wit."—Mr. *Pope* used to say, "That of all the men he ever met with, or heard of, Dr. *Arbutnot* had the most prolific wit; and that, in this quality, *Swift* only had the second place." No adventure of any consequence ever occurred, on which the Doctor did not write a pleasant essay, in a great folio paper book, which used to lie in his parlour. Of these, however, he was so negligent, that while he

noon, and grew fair again. Lady *Ogletborp* sent to speak to me; and it was to let me know that lady *Rocheſter* deſires ſhe and I may be better acquainted. It is a little too

he was writing them at one end, he ſuffered his children to tear them out at the other for their paper kites. See *Ruffhead's* Life of *Pope*.—Lord *Orrery* obſerves, “ Although Dr. *Arbutnot* was juſtly celebrated for wit and learning, there was an excellence in his character more amiable than all his other qualifications: I mean the excellence of his heart. He has ſhewn himſelf equal to any of his cotemporaries in humour and vivacity; and he was ſuperior to moſt men in acts of humanity and benevolence: his very ſarcaſms are the ſatirical ſtrokes of good-nature; they are like ſlaps on the face given in jeſt, the effects of which may raiſe bluſhes, but no blackneſs will appear after the blows. He laughs as jovially as an attendant upon *Bacchus*, but continues as ſober and conſiderate as a diſciple of *Socrates*. He is ſeldom ſerious, except in his attacks upon vice; and then his ſpirit riſes with a manly ſtrength, and a noble indignation. His epitaph on *Chartres* (allowing one ſmall alteration, the word *permitted*, inſtead of *connived at*) is a complete, and a maſterly compoſition in its kind. No man exceeded him in the moral duties of life: a merit ſtill more to his honour, as the ambitious powers of wit and genius are ſeldom ſubmiſſive enough to confine themſelves within the limitations of morality.” See ſome farther particulars of Dr. *Arbutnot*, in p. 18; and in a note on Letter xxxviii. Jan. 4, 1711-12. N.

late; for I am not now in love with *lady Rochester*: they shame me out of her, because she is old. *Arbutnot* says, "He hopes my strained thumb is not the gout; for he has often found people so mistaken." I do not remember the particular thing that gave it me, only I had it just after beating *Patrick*, and now it is better; so I believe he is mistaken.

5. The duchess of *Shrewsbury* sent to invite me to dinner; but I was abroad last night when her servant came, and this morning I sent my excuses, because I was engaged, which I was sorry for. Mrs. *Forester* taxed me yesterday about the history of the maids of honour; but I told her fairly, it was no jest of mine; for I found they did not relish it altogether well: and I have enough already of a quarrel with that brute *Sir John Walters*, who has been railing at me in all companies ever since I dined with him; that I abused the queen's meat and drink, and said, nothing at the table was good, and all a d—— lie; for, after dinner, commending the wine, I said, "I thought it was something small." You would wonder how all my friends laugh at this quarrel. It will be such a jest for the keeper, treasurer, and secretary.—I dined with honest colonel *Godfrey*, took a good walk of an hour on the terras, and then came up to study: but it grows bloody cold, and I have no waistcoat here.

6. I never dined with the chaplains till to-day; but my friend *Gastrel* and the dean of *Rochester*

Rochester had often invited me, and I happened to be disengaged; it is the worst-provided table at court. We ate on pewter: every chaplain, when he is made a dean, gives a piece of plate; and so they have got a little, some of it very old. One who was made dean of *Peterborow* (a small deanry) said, "He would give no plate; he was only dean of *Pewterborow*." The news of Mr. *Hill*'s miscarriage in his expedition came to-day; and I went to visit Mrs. *Masbam* and Mrs. *Hill*, his two sisters, to condole with them. I advised them by all means to go to the musick-meeting to-night, to shew they were not cast down, &c. and they thought my advice was right, and went. I doubt Mr. *Hill* and his admiral made wrong steps; however, we lay it all to a storm, &c. I sat with the secretary at supper; then we both went to lord treasurer's supper, and sat till twelve. The secretary is much mortified about *Hill*; because this expedition was of his contriving, and he counted much upon it; but lord treasurer was just as merry as usual, and old laughing at Sir *John Walters* and me falling out. I said, "Nothing grieved me, but that they would take example, and perhaps presume upon it, and get out of my government; but that I thought I was not obliged to govern bears, though I governed men." They promise to be as obedient as ever, and so we laughed;—and so I go to bed; for it is colder still, and you have a fire now, and are at cards at home.

14 LETTERS TO STELLA.

7. Lord *Harley* and I dined privately to-day with Mrs. *Masbam* and Mrs. *Hill*, and my brother *Masbam*. I saw lord *Halifax* at *Court*, and we joined and talked; and the duchess of *Shrewsbury* came up and reproached me for not dining with her: I said, "That was not so soon done; for I expected more advances from ladies, especially duchesses." She promised to comply with any demands I pleased; and I agreed to dine with her to-morrow, if I did not go to *London* too soon, as I believe I shall before dinner. Lady *Oglethorpe* brought me and the duchess of *Hamilton* together to-day in the drawing-room, and I have given her some encouragement, but not much. Every body has been teasing *Walters*. He told lord treasurer, "That he took his company from him that were to dine with him." My lord said, "I will send you Dr. *Swift*." Lord keeper bid him "take care what he did; for," said he, "Dr. *Swift* is not only all our favourite, but our governor." The old company supped with lord treasurer, and got away by twelve.

London, 8. I believe I shall go no more to *Windsor*; for we expect the queen will come in ten days to *Hampton-Court*. It was frost last night, and cruel cold to-day. I could not dine with the duchess; for I left *Windsor* half an hour after one with lord treasurer, and we called at *Kensington*, where Mrs. *Masbam* was got to see her children for two days. I dined, or rather supped, with lord treasurer, and staid till after ten. *Tisdall* and his family are gone from hence, upon some

ome wrangle with the family. Yesterday I had two letters brought me to Mr. *Masbam's*; one from *Ford*, and the other from our little *MD*, N. 21. I would not tell you till to-day, because I would not. I will not answer it till the next, because I have slept two days, by being at *Windsor*, which I must recover here. Well, firrahs, I must go to sleep. The roads were as dry as at *Midsummer* to-day. This letter shall go to-morrow.

9. Morning. It rains hard this morning; I suppose our fair weather is now at an end. I think I will put on my waistcoat to-day: shall I? Well, I will then, to please *MD*. I think of dining at home to-day upon a chop and a pot. The town continues yet very thin. Lord *Strafford* is gone to *Holland*, to tell them what we have done here towards a Peace. We shall soon hear what the *Dutch* say, and how they take it. My humble service to Mrs. *Walls*, Mrs. *Stoyte*, and *Catharine*.—Morrow, dearest firrahs, and farewell; and God Almighty blefs *MD*, poor, little, dear *MD*, for so I mean, and *Presto* too! I will write to you again to-night, that is, I will begin my next letter. Farewell, &c.

This little bit belongs to *MD*; we must always write on the margin^e: you are faucy rogues.

^e This happens to be the only single line written upon the margin of any of his journals. By some accident there was a margin about as broad as the back of a razor, and therefore he made this use of it.

L E T T E R XXXII.

London, October 9, 1711.

I WAS forced to lie down at twelve to-day, and mend my night's sleep: I slept till after two, and then sent for a bit of mutton and pot of ale from the next cook's shop, and had no stomach. I went out at four, and called to see *Biddy Floyd*, which I had not done these three months: she is something marked, but has recovered her complexion quite, and looks very well. Then I sat the evening with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*, and drank coffee, and ate an egg. I likewise took a new lodging to-day, not liking a ground floor, nor the ill smell, and other circumstances. I lodge, or shall lodge, by *Leicester-Fields*, and pay ten shillings a week; that will not hold out long, faith. I shall lie here but one night more. It rained terribly till one o'clock to-day. I lie, for I shall lie here two nights, till *Thursday*, and then remove. Did I tell you that my friend Mrs. *Barton* has a brother drowned, that went on the expedition with *Jack Hill*? He was a lieutenant-colonel, and a coxcomb; and she keeps her chamber in form, and the servants say, she receives no messages.—Answer *MD's* letter, *Presto*, d'ye hear? No, says

says *Presto*, I will not yet, I am busy: you are a faucy rogue. Who talks?

10. It cost me two shillings in coach-hire to dine in the city with a printer. I have sent, and caused to be sent, three pamphlets out in a fortnight. I will ply the rogues warm; and whenever any thing of theirs makes a noise, it shall have an answer. I have instructed an under-spur-leather to write so, that it is taken for mine. A rogue that writes a news-paper called *The Protestant Post-boy*, has reflected on me in one of his papers; but the secretary has taken him up, and he shall have a squeeze extraordinary. He says, "That an ambitious *Tantivy*, missing of his "towering hopes of preferment in *Ireland*, is "come over, to vent his spleen on the late "ministry, &c." I will *Tantivy* him with a vengeance. I sat the evening at home and am very busy, and can hardly find time to write, unless it were to *MD*. I am in furious haste.

11. I dined to-day with lord treasurer. *Thursdays* are now his days when his choice company comes, but we are too much multiplied. *George Granville* sent his excuses upon being ill; I hear he apprehends the apoplexy, which would grieve me much. Lord treasurer calls *Prior* nothing but *Monsieur Baudrier*, which was the feigned name of the *Frenchman* that writ his journey to *Paris*. They pretend to suspect me; so I talk freely of it, and put them out of their play. Lord treasurer calls me now *Dr. Martin*, because
Martin

Martin^f is a sort of a swallow, and so is a *Swift*. When he and I came last *Monday* from

^f From this pleasantry of my lord *Oxford*, the appellative *Martinus Scriblerus* took its rise.—[Dr. *Goldsmith* (in his *Life of Parnell*) supposes the *Scriblerus* society to have commenced soon after 1706, and to have ceased at the death of *Parnell* in 1718.—From the circumstance here mentioned of Mr. *Harley*, who was occasionally a member of the club, as appears by his humorous verses in vol. XX. p. 23, it seems probable that the Society was not formed sooner than 1710-1,; and, in proof of this, it actually appears that *Swift* was newly acquainted with *Arbutnot* in *March* that year. The lighter publications of this friendly knot of wits seem to begin in 1712, and to end in 1714. But their *Art of Sinking in Poetry* appeared not till 1727, the last year of the dean's being in *England*, when the foundation was laid for *The Memoirs of Scriblerus*, the first book of which is printed in Mr. *Pope's Works*, whose learned Commentator has favoured the publick with the following curious particulars on that subject: “ Mr. *Pope*, Dr. *Arbutnot*, and Dr. “ *Swift*, projected to write a satire, in conjunction, “ on the abuses of human learning; and, to make it “ the better received, they proposed to do it in the “ manner of *Cervantes* (the original author of this “ species of satire) under the history of some feigned “ adventures.—But the separation of our Author's “ friends, which soon after happened, with the “ death of one, and the infirmities of the other, “ put a final stop to their project, when they had “ only drawn out an imperfect essay towards it, “ under the title of *The First Book of the Memoirs of* “ *Scriblerus*.—

from *Windsor*, we were reading all the signs ^g on the road. He is a pure trifler; tell the bishop of *Clogher* so. I made him make two lines in verse for the *Bell and Dragon*, and they were rare bad ones. I suppose *Dilly* is with you by this time: what could his reason be of leaving *London*, and not owning it? It was plaguy silly. I believe his natural

“*Scriblerus*.—Polite letters never lost more than in
 “the defeat of this scheme, in which, each of
 “this illustrious triumvirate would have found ex-
 “ercise for his own peculiar talent; besides con-
 “stant employment for that they all had in common.
 “Dr. *Arbutnot* was skilled in every thing which
 “related to *science*; Mr. *Pope* was a master in the
 “*fine arts*; and Dr. *Swift* excelled in the know-
 “ledge of the *World*. WIT they had all in equal
 “measure; and this so large, that no age perhaps
 “ever produced three men, to whom *Nature* had
 “more beautifully bestowed it, or *Art* brought it
 “to higher perfection.”—The *Travels of Gulliver*,
 The *Treatise of the Profound*, of *Literary Criticisms*
 on *Virgil*, and the *Memoirs of a Parish-clerk*, are
 only so many detached parts and fragments of this
 Work. N.]

g See the Imitation of *Horace*, Lib. II. Sat. vi.
 in vol. VI. p. 48, where he gives an account of
 what sort of tattle entertained my lord *Oxford* and
 him upon the road to *Windsor*; and, among other
 whims, how, as the chariot passed along,

“They gravely tried to read the lines
 “Writ underneath the country signs.”

[The whole of this satire is printed in the Works of
 Mr. *Pope*; who has translated that part of it which
 Dr. *Swift* left unfinished. N.]

incon-

20 LETTERS TO STELLA.

inconstancy made him weary: I think he is the king of inconstancy. I stayed with lord treasurer till ten; we had five lords and three commoners. Go to ombre, firrahs.

12. Mrs. *Vanbomrigh* has changed her lodging as well as I. She found she had got with a bawd, and removed: I dined with her to-day; for though she boards, her landlady does not dine with her. I am grown a mighty lover of herrings; but they are much smaller here than with you. In the afternoon I visited an old major-general, and eat six oysters; then sat an hour with Mrs. *Colledge*, the joiner's daughter that was hanged; it was the joiner was hanged, and not his daughter; with *Thompson's* wife, a magistrate. There was the famous Mrs. *Floyd* of *Chester*, who, I think, is the handsomest woman (except *MD*) that ever I saw. She told me, that twenty people had sent her the verses upon *Biddy*^h, as meant to her: and indeed, in point of handsomeness, she deserves them much better. I will not go to *Windsor* to-morrow, and so I told the secretary to-day. I hate the thoughts of *Saturday* and *Sunday* suppers with lord treasurer. *Jack Hill* is come home from his unfortunate expedition, and is, I think, now at *Windsor*: I have not yet seen him. He is privately blamed by his own friends, for want of conduct. He called a council of war, and therein it was determined to come back. But they say, a general should not do that, because the officers will always give their opinion for returning, since the blame will not

^h Mrs. *Floyd*, Lord *Berkeley's* housekeeper. N.
lie

lie upon them, but the general: I pity him heartily. *Bernage* received his commission to-day.

13. I dined to-day with colonel *Crowe*, late governor of *Barbadoes*; he is a great acquaintance of your friend *Sterne*, to whom I trusted the box. Lord treasurer has refused *Sterne's* business; and I doubt he is a rake; *Jemmy Leigh* stays for him, and nobody knows where to find him. I am so busy now, I have hardly time to spare to write to our little *MD*; but in a fortnight I hope it will be over. I am going now to be busy, &c.

14. I was going to dine with Dr. *Cockburn*; but Sir *Andrew Fountain* met me, and carried me to Mrs. *Van's*, where I drank the last bottle of *Raymond's* wine, admirable good, better than any I get among the ministry. I must pick up time to answer this letter of *MD's*; I will do it in a day or two for certain. — I am glad I am not at *Windsor*, for it is very cold, and I will not have a fire till *November*. I am contriving how to stop up my grate with bricks. *Patrick* was drunk last night; but did not come to me, else I should have given him the other cuff. I sat this evening with Mrs. *Barton*, it is the first day of her seeing company: but I made her merry enough, and we were three hours disputing upon *Whig* and *Tory*. She grieved for her brother only for form, and he was a sad dog. Is *Stella* well enough to go to church, pray? no numbings left? no darkness in your eyes? do you walk and exercise? Your exercise is ombre.—

ombre.—People are coming to town; the queen will be at *Hampton-court* in a week. Lady *Betty Germaine*, I hear, is come, and lord *Pembroke* is coming: his new wife is as big with child as she can tumble.

15. I sat at home till four this afternoon to-day writing, and ate a roll and butter; then visited *Will Congreve* an hour or two, and supped with lord treasurer, who came from *Windsor* to-day, and brought *Prior* with him. The queen has thanked *Prior* for his good service in *France*, and promised to make him a commissioner of the customs. Several of that commission are to be out; among the rest, my friend Sir *Matthew Dudley*; I can do nothing for him, he is so hated by the ministry. Lord treasurer kept me till twelve, so I need not tell you it is now late.

16. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary at Dr. *Cotesworth's*, where he now lodges till his house be got ready in *Golden-Square*. One *Boyer*, a French dog, has abused me in a pamphlet, and I have got him up in a messenger's hands: the secretary promises me to swinge him. Lord treasurer told me last night, "That he had the honour to be abused with me in a pamphlet." I must make that rogue an example, for warning to others. I was to see *Jack Hill* this morning, who made that unfortunate expedition; and there is still more misfortune; for that ship, which was admiral of his fleet, is blown up in *The Thames*, by an accident and carelessness of some rogue, who was going, as they think,
to

to steal some gun-powder: five hundred men are lost; we do not yet know the particulars. I am got home by seven, and am going to be busy, and you are going to play and supper; you live ten times happier than I: but I should live ten times happier than you, if I were with *MD*. I saw *Femmy Leigh* to-day in the street, who tells me that *Sterne* has not lain above once these three weeks in his lodgings, and he doubts he takes ill courses; he stays only till he can find *Sterne* to go along with him, and he cannot hear of him. I begged him to inquire about the box when he comes to *Chester*, which he promises.

17. The secretary and I dined to-day with Brigadier *Britton*, a great friend of his. The lady of the house is very *galante*, about thirty-five; she is said to have a great deal of wit; but I see nothing among any of them that equals *MD* by a bar's length, as hope saved. My lord treasurer is much out of order; he has a fore throat, and the gravel, and a pain in his breast where the wound was: pray God preserve him! The queen comes to *Hampton-court* on *Tuesday* next: people are coming fast to town; and I must answer *MD*'s letter, which I can hardly find time to do, though I am at home the greatest part of the day. Lady *Betty Germaine* and I were disputing *Whig* and *Tory* to death this morning. She is grown very fat, and looks mighty well. *Biddy Floyd* was there; and she is, I think, very much spoilt with the small-pox.

18. Lord

24 LETTERS TO STELLA.

18. Lord treasurer is still out of order, and that breaks our method of dining there to-day. He is often subject to a sore throat, and some time or other it will kill him, unless he takes more care than he is apt to do. It was said about the town, "That poor lord *Peterborough* was dead at *Frankfort*;" but he is something better; and the queen is sending him to *Italy*, where I hope the warm climate will recover him: he has abundance of excellent qualities, and we love one another mightily. I was this afternoon in the city, ate a bit of meat, and settled some things with a printer. I will answer your letter on *Saturday*, if possible, and then send away this; so to fetch up the odd days I lost at *Windsor*, and keep constant to my fortnight. Ombre time is now coming on; and we shall have nothing but *Manley*, and *Walls*, and *Stoytes*, and the dean. Have you got no new acquaintance? Poor girls! nobody knows *MD's* good qualities. It is very cold; but I will not have a fire till *November*, that's pozz. Well, but coming home to-night, I found on my table a letter from *MD*: faith, I was angry, that is, with myself; and I was afraid too to see *MD's* hand so soon, for fear of something, I do not know what: at last I opened it, and it was over well, and a bill for the two hundred guineas. However, it is a sad thing that this letter is not gone, nor your twenty-first answered yet.

19. I was invited to-day to dine with Mrs. *Van*, with some company who did not come; but

but I ate nothing but herrings: you must know I hardly ever eat of above one thing, and that the plainest ordinary meat at table; I love it best, and believe it wholesomest. You love rarities; yes you do; I wish you had all that I ever see where I go. I was coming home early, and met the secretary in his chair, who persuaded me to go with him to *Britton's*; "for," he said, "he had been all day at business, and had eaten nothing." So I went, and the time passed so, that we staid till two; so you may believe it is late enough.

20. This day has gone all wrong, by sitting up so late last night. Lord treasurer is not yet well, and cannot go to *Windsor*. I dined with Sir *Matthew Dudley*, and took occasion to hint to him, "That he would lose his employment;" for which I am very sorry. Lord *Pembroke* and his family are all come to town. I was kept so long at a friend's this evening, that I cannot send this to-night. When I knocked at my lodgings, a fellow asked me, "Where lodged Dr. *Swift*?" I told him, "I was the person." He gave me a letter he brought from the secretary's office; and I gave him a shilling. When I came up, I saw *Dingley's* hand: faith, I was afraid, I do not know of what. At last it was a formal letter from *Dingley* about her exchequer business. Well, I will do it on *Monday*, and settle it with *Tooke*. And now, boys, for your letter, I mean the first, N. 21. Let's see; come out, little letter.—I never had the

letter from the bishop, that *Raymond* mentions; but I have written to *Ned Southwell*, to desire the duke of *Ormond* to speak to his reverence, that he may leave off his impertinence. What a pox can they think I am doing for the archbishop here! You have a pretty notion of me in *Ireland*, to make me an agent for the archbishop of *Dublin*.—Why, do you think I value your peoples ingratitude about my part in serving them? I remit them their *First-fruits* of ingratitude, as freely as I got the other remitted to them. This lord treasurer defers writing his letter to them, or else they would be plaguily confounded by this time; for he designs to give the merit of it wholly to the queen and me, and to let them know it was done before the duke of *Ormond* was lord lieutenant. You visit, you dine abroad, you see friends; you pilgarlick; you walk from *Finglass*; you a cat's foot. O Lord—Lady *Gore* hung her child by the *waft*: what is that *waist*? I do not understand the word; he must hang on till you explain or spell it.—I do not believe he was pretty, that is a liiii.—Pish; burn your *First-fruits*; again at it. *Stella* has made twenty false spellings in her writing: I will

g With great respect to the Doctor's judgement, perhaps *Stella's* orthography might be defended against the tyranny of her instructor: at least she has all the moderns on her side: however, indeed, *waft*, as well as *waist*, is to be met with in *Littleton's Dictionary*.

send

send them to you all back again on the other side of this letter, to mend them; I will not miss one. Why, I think there were seventeen bishops names to the letter lord *Oxford* received.—I will send you some pamphlets by *Leigh*: put me in mind of it on *Monday*, for I shall go then to the printer; yes, and the *Miscellany*. I am mightily obliged to *Walls*; but I do not deserve it by any usage of him here, having seen him but twice, and once *en passant*. Mrs. *Manley* forsworn ombre! what, and no blazing star appear! no monsters born! no whale thrown up! Have you not found out some evasion for her? She had no such regard to oaths in her younger days. I got the books for nothing, madam *Dingley*; but the wine I got not; it was but a promise.—Yes, my head is pretty well in the main, only now and then a little threatening or so.—You talk of my reconciling some great folks. I tell you what. The secretary told me last night, “That he had
 “found the reason why the queen was cold
 “to him for some months past; that a friend
 “had told it him yesterday; and it was, that
 “they suspected he was at the bottom with
 “the duke of *Marlborough*.” Then he said,
 “He had reflected upon all I had spoken to
 “him long ago; but he thought it had been
 “only my suspicion, and my zeal and kindness for him.” I said, “I had reason to
 “take that very ill, to imagine I knew so
 “little of the world as to talk at a venture to a
 “great minister; that I had gone between
 “him

“ him and lord treasurer often, and told each
 “ of them what I had said to the other; and
 “ that I had informed him so before.” He
 said all that you may imagine, to excuse him-
 self, and approve my conduct. I told him,
 “ I knew all along, that this proceeding of
 “ mine was the surest way to send me back
 “ to my willows in *Ireland*; but that I re-
 “ garded it not, provided I could do the king-
 “ dom service, in keeping them well toge-
 “ ther.” I minded him how often I had told
 lord treasurer, lord keeper, and him together,
 “ That all things depended on their union,
 “ and that my comfort was, to see them love
 “ one another; and I had told them all singly,
 “ that I had not said this by chance, &c.”
 He was in a rage to be thus suspected;
 swears, “ He will be upon a better foot, or
 “ none at all:” and I do not see how they
 can well want him in this juncture. I hope
 to find a way of settling this matter. I act
 an honest part, that will bring me neither pro-
 fit nor praise. *MD* must think the better of
 me for it: nobody else shall ever know it.
 Here is politicks enough for once; but ma-
 dam *D. D.* gave me occasion for it. I think
 I told you I have got into lodgings that do
 not smell ill—O Lord! the spectacles: well,
 I will do that on *Monday* too; although it
 goes against me to be employed for folks that
 neither you nor I care a groat for. Is the
 eight pounds from *Hawkshaw* included in
 the thirty-nine pounds five shillings and two
 pence? How do I know by this how my
 accompt

account stands? Cannot you write five or six lines, to cast it up? Mine is forty-four pounds *per annum*, and eight pounds from *Hawkshaw* makes fifty-two pounds. Pray set it right; and let me know; you had best. — And so now I have answered N. 21, and it is late, and I will answer N. 22 in my next: this cannot go to-night, but shall on *Tuesday*: and so go to your play, and lose your money, with your two eggs a penny; silly jade; you witty! very pretty.

21. Mrs. *Van* would have me dine with her again to-day, and so I did, though lady *Mountjoy* has sent two or three times to have me see and dine with her; and she is a little body I love very well. My head has ached a little in the evenings these three or four days; but it is not of the giddy sort, so I do not much value it. I was to see lord *Harley* to-day, but lord treasurer took physick, and I could not see him. He has voided much gravel, and is better, but not well: he talks of going on *Tuesday* to see the queen at *Hampton-court*; I wish he may be able. I never saw so fine a summer day as this was; how is it with you, pray? and cannot you remember, naughty packs? I have not seen lord *Pembroke* yet. He will be sorry to miss *Dilly*: I wonder you say nothing of *Dilly's* being got to *Ireland*; if he be not there soon, I shall have some certain odd thoughts; guess them if you can.

22. I dined in the city to-day with Dr. *Freind*, at one of my printers; I inquired for *Leigh*, but could not find him. I have forgot

what sort of apron you want. I must rout among your letters, a needle in a bottle of hay. I gave *Sterne* directions, but where to find him Lord knows. I have bespoken the spectacles; got a set of *Examiners*, and five pamphlets, which I have either written or contributed to, except the best, which is the *Vindication of the duke of Marlborough*, and is entirely of the author of the *Atalantis*. I have settled *Dingley's* affair with *Tooke*, who has undertaken it, and understands it. I have bespoken a *Miscellany*. What would you have me do more? It cost me a shilling coming home; it rains terribly, and did so in the morning. Lord treasurer has had an ill day, in much pain. He writes and does business in his chamber now he is ill: the man is bewitched; he desires to see me, and I will maul him, but he will not value it a rush.—I am half weary of them all. I often burst out into these thoughts, and will certainly steal away as soon as I decently can. I have many friends, and many enemies; and the last are more constant in their nature. I have no shuddering at all to think of retiring to my old circumstances, if you can be easy; but I will always live in *Ireland* as I did the last time; I will not hunt for dinners there; nor converse with more than a very few.

23. Morning. This goes to-day, and shall be sealed by and by. Lord treasurer takes physick again to-day; I believe I shall dine with lord *Dupplin*. Mr. *Tooke* brought me a letter directed for me at *Marpberg's* the book-feller.

seller. I suppose, by the postage, it came from *Ireland*; it is a woman's hand, and seems false spelt on purpose; it is in such sort of verse as *Harris's* petition; raillies me for writing merry things, and not upon divinity; and is like the subject of the archbishop's last letter, as I told you. Can you guess whom it came from? it is not ill written; pray find it out; there is a *Latin* verse at the end of it all rightly spelt; yet the *English*, as I think, affectedly wrong in many places. — My plaguing time is coming. A young fellow brought me a letter from judge *Coote*, with recommendation to be lieutenant of a man of war. He is the son of one *Echlin*, who was minister of *Belfast* before *Tisdall*: and I have got some other new customers; but I shall trouble my friends as little as possible. Saucy *Stella* used to jeer me for meddling with other folks affairs; but now I am punished for it. — *Patrick* has brought the candle, and I have no more room. Farewell, &c. &c.

Here is a full and true account of *Stella's* new spelling:

Plaguely,	—	—	Plaguily ^h .
Dineing,	—	—	Dining.
Straingers,	—	—	Strangers.
Chais,	—	—	Chase ⁱ .
Waist,	—	—	Wast.
Houer,	—	—	Hour.

^h This column of words, as they are corrected, is in *Stella's* hand.

ⁱ Yet here is one word still false spelt.

Immagin,

Immagin,	—	—	Imagine.
A bout,	—	—	About.
Intellegence,	—	—	Intelligence.
Aboundance,	—	—	Abundance.
Merrit,	—	—	Merit.
Secreet,	—	—	Secret.
Phamphlets,	—	—	Pamphlets.
Buſſinefs,	—	—	Business.

Tell me truly, firrah, how many of these are mistakes of the pen, and how many are you to answer for as real ill spelling? There are but fourteen; I said twenty by guess. You must not be angry, for I will have you spell right, let the world go how it will. Though, after all, there is but a mistake of one letter in any of these words. I allow you henceforth but six false spellings in every letter you send me.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

London, Oct. 23, 1711.

I DINED with lord *Dupplin*, as I told you I would, and put my thirty-second into the post-office my own self; and I believe there has not been one moment, since we parted, wherein a letter was not upon the road going or coming to or from *PMD*^k. If the queen knew it, she would give us a pension; for it is we bring good luck to their post-boys and their pacquets; else they would break their

^k That is, *Prise* and *MD*.

necks and sink. But, an old saying and a true one,

Be it snow, or storm, or hail,

PMD's letters never fail;

Cross winds may sometimes make them tarry;

But *PMD's* letters can't miscarry.

Terrible rain to-day, but it cleared up at night enough to save my twelve-pence coming home. Lord treasurer is much better this evening. I hate to have him ill, he is so confoundedly careless. I will not answer your letter yet; so be satisfied.

24. I called at lord treasurer's to-day at noon: he was eating some broth in his bed-chamber, undressed, with a thousand papers about him. He has a little fever upon him, and his eye terribly blood-shot; yet he dressed himself, and went out to the treasury. He told me, "He had a letter from a lady with a complaint against me;" it was from Mrs. *Cutts*, a sister of lord *Cutts*, who writ to him, "That I had abused her brother:" you remember the *Salamander*; it is printed in the *Miscellany*. I told my lord, "That I would never regard complaints; and that I expected, whenever he received any against me, he would immediately put them into the fire, and forget them; else I should have no quiet."—I had a little turn in my head this morning; which, though it did not last above a moment, yet, being of the true sort, has made me as weak as a dog all this day. It is the first I have had this half year.
I shall

34 LETTERS TO STELLA.

I shall take my pills if I hear of it again. I dined at lady *Mountjoy's* with *Harry Coote*, and went to see lord *Pembroke* upon his coming to town.—The *Whig* party are furious against a peace; and every day some ballad comes out, reflecting on the ministry on that account. The secretary *St. John* has seized on a dozen booksellers and publishers into his messengers hands. Some of the foreign ministers have published the *Preliminaries* agreed on here between *France* and *England*; and people rail at them, as insufficient to treat a peace upon; but the secret is, that the *French* have agreed to articles much more important, which our ministers have not communicated; and the people, who think they know all, are discontented that there is no more. This was an inconvenience I foretold to the secretary; but we could contrive no way to fence against it.—So there are politicks for you.

25. The queen is at *Hampton-Court*; she went on *Tuesday* in that terrible rain. I dined with *Lewis* at his lodgings, to dispatch some business we had. I sent this morning and evening to lord treasurer, and he is much worse by going out; I am in pain about evening. He has sent for Dr. *Radcliffe*; pray God preserve him! The chancellor of the exchequer shewed me to-day a ballad on manuscript against lord treasurer and his *South-Sea* project; it is very sharply written: if it be not printed, I will send it you. If it be, it shall go in your packet of pamphlets.—I found out your letter about directions for the
apron,

apron, and have ordered to be bought a cheap green silk work apron; I have it by heart; I sat this evening with Mrs. *Barton*, who is my near neighbour. It was a delicious day, and I got my walk, and was thinking whether *MD* was walking too just at that time that *Presto* was.—This paper does not cost me a farthing, I have it from the secretary's office. I long till to-morrow to know how my lord treasurer sleeps this night, and to hear he mends: we are all undone without him; so pray for him, firrahs, and do not stay too late at the dean's.

26. I dined with Mrs. *Van*; for the weather is so bad, and I am so busy, that I cannot dine with great folks; and besides I dare eat but little, to keep my head in order, which is better. Lord treasurer is very ill, but I hope in no danger. We have no quiet with the *Whigs*, they are so violent against a Peace; but I will cool them with a vengeance, very soon. I have not heard from the bishop of *Clogher*, whether he has got his statutes. I writ to him six weeks ago; he is so busy with his parliament. I will not answer your letter yet, say what you will, saucy girls.

27. I forgot to go about some business this morning, which cost me double the time; and I was forced to be at the secretary's office till four, and lose my dinner; so I went to Mrs. *Van's*, and made them get me three herrings, which I am very fond of, and they are light victuals: besides, I was to have supped at lady *Asburnham's*; but the drab did not call for us in her coach, as she promised, but sent

for us; and so I sent my excuses. It has been a terrible rainy day, but so flattering in the morning, that I would needs go out in my new hat. I met *Leigh* and *Sterne* as I was going into the *Park*. *Leigh* says, "He will go to *Ireland* in ten days, if he can get *Sterne* to go with him;" so I will send him the things for *MD*, and I have desired him to inquire about the box. I hate that *Sterne*, for his carelessness about it; but it was my fault.

29. I was all this terrible rainy day with my friend *Lewis* upon business of importance; and I dined with him, and came home about seven, and thought I would amuse myself a little after the pains I had taken. I saw a volume of *Congreve's Plays* in my room, that *Patrick* had taken to read; and I looked into it, and in mere loitering read in it till twelve, like an owl and a fool: if ever I do so again; never saw the like. Count *Gallas*, the emperor's envoy, you will hear, is in disgrace with us: the queen has ordered her ministers to have no commerce with him; the reason is, the fool writ a rude letter to lord *Dartmouth*, secretary of state, complaining of our proceedings about a peace; and he is always in close confidence with lord *Wharton*, and *Sunderland*, and others of the late ministry. I believe you begin to think there will be no peace; the *Whigs* here are sure it cannot be, and stocks are fallen again. But I am confident there will, unless *France* plays us tricks; and you may venture a wager with any

any of your *Whig* acquaintance that we shall not have another campaign. You will get more by it than by ombre, firrah.—I let slip telling you yesterday's journal, which I thought to have done this morning, but blundered. I dined yesterday at *Harry Coote's*, with lord *Hatton*, Mr. *Finch* a son of lord *Nottingham*, and Sir *Andrew Fountain*. I left them soon; but hear they staid till two in the morning, and were all drunk; and so good night for last night, and good night for to-night. You blundering gootecap, are not you ashamed to blunder to young ladies? I shall have a fire in three or four days now, oh ho.

30. I was to-day in the city concerting some things with a printer, and am to be to-morrow all day busy with Mr. secretary about the same. I will not tell you now: but the ministers reckon it will do abundance of good, and open the eyes of the nation, who are half bewitched against a peace. Few of this generation can remember any thing but war and taxes, and they think it is as it should be: whereas it is certain we are the most undone people in *Europe*, as I am afraid I shall make appear beyond all contradiction. But I forgot; I will not tell you what I will do, nor what I will not do: so let me alone, and go to *Stoyte*, and give goody *Stoyte* and *Catharine* my humble service; I love goody *Stoyte* better than goody *Walls*. Who will pay me for this green apron? I will have the money; it cost ten shillings and six pence. I think it plaguy

dear for a cheap thing; but they said, "That *English* silk would cockle," and I know not what. You have the making into the bargain. It is right *Italian*: I have sent it and the pamphlets to *Leigh*, and will send the *Miscellanies* and spectacles in a day or two. I would send more; but faith I am plaguy poor at present.

31. The *Devil* is in this secretary; when I went this morning, he had people with him; but, says he, "we are to dine with *Prior* to-day, and then will do all our business in the afternoon;" at two *Prior* sends word, he is otherwise engaged; then the secretary and I go and dine with brigadier *Britton*, sit till eight, grow merry, no business done; he is in haste to see lady *Jersey*, we part, and appoint no time to meet again. This is the fault of all the present ministers, teasing me to death for my assistance, laying the whole weight of their affairs upon it, yet slipping opportunities. Lord treasurer mends every day, though slowly: I hope he will take care of himself. Pray, will you send to *Parvisol*, to send me a bill of twenty pounds as soon as he can? for I want money. I must have money; I will have money, firrahs.

Nov. 1. I went to-day into the city, to settle some business with *Stratford*, and to dine with him; but he was engaged, and I was so angry I would not dine with any other merchant, but went to my printer and ate a bit, and did business of mischief with him; and I shall have the spectacles and *Miscellany* to-morrow, and

and leave them with *Leigh*. A fine day always makes me go into the city, if I can spare time, because it is exercise; and that does me more good than any thing. I have heard nothing since of my head, but a little I do not know how, sometimes: but I am very temperate, especially now the treasurer is ill, and the ministers often at *Hampton-court*, and the secretary not yet fixed in his house, and I hate dining with many of my old acquaintance. Here has been a fellow discovered going out of the *East-India* house with sixteen thousand pounds in money and bills; he would have escaped, if he had not been so uneasy with thirst, that he stole out before his time, and was caught. But what is that to *MD*? I wish we had the money, provided the *East-India* company was never the worse; you know we must not covet, &c. Our weather, for this fortnight past, is checquered, a fair and a rainy day; this was very fine, and I have walked four miles; with *MD* would do so, lazy fluttikins.

2. It has rained all day with a *continuendo*, and I went in a chair to dine with Mrs. *Van*; always there in a very rainy day. But I made a shift to come back afoot. I live a very retired life, pay very few visits, and keep but very little company; I read no news-papers. I am sorry I sent you the *Examiner*; for the printer is going to print them in a small volume: it seems the author is too proud to have them printed by subscription, though his friends offered, they say, to make it worth

five hundred pounds to him. The *Spectators* are likewise printing, in a larger and smaller volume: so I believe they are going to leave them off, and indeed people grow weary of them, though they are often prettily written. We have had no news for me to send you now towards the end of my letter. The queen has the gout a little; I hoped the lord treasurer would have had it too; but *Radcliffe* told me yesterday, it was the rheumatism in his knee and foot; however he mends, and I hope will be abroad in a short time. I am told, they design giving away several employments before the parliament sits, which will be the thirteenth instant. I either do not like, or not understand, this policy; and if lord treasurer does not mend soon, they must give them just before the session. But he is the greatest procrastinator in the world.

3. A fine day this, and I walked a pretty deal; I stuffed the secretary's pockets with papers, which he must read and settle at *Hampton-Court*, where he went to-day, and stays some time. They have no lodgings for me there, so I cannot go; for the town is small, chargeable, and inconvenient. Lord treasurer had a very ill night last night, with much pain in his knee and foot, but is easier to-day.—And so I went to visit *Prior* about some business, and so he was not within, and so Sir *Andrew Fountain* made me dine to-day again with Mrs. *Van*, and I came home soon, remembering this must go to-night, and that I had a letter of *MD's* to answer. O lord,
where

where is it? let me see; so, so, here it is. You grudge writing so soon. Pox on that bill! the woman would have me manage that money for her. I do not know what to do with it now I have it; I am like the unprofitable steward in the Gospel: *I laid it up in a napkin; there thou hast what is thine own, &c.* Well, well, I know of your new mayor. (I will tell you a pun; a fishmonger owed a man two crowns; so he sent him a piece of bad ling and a tench, and then said he was paid: how is that now? find it out; for I will not tell you: which of you finds it out?) Well, but as I was saying, what care I for your mayor? I fancy *Ford* may tell *Forbes* right, about my returning to *Ireland* before *Christmas*, or soon after. I am sorry you did not go on with your story about *Pray God you be John*; I never heard it in my life, and wonder what it can be.—Ah, *Stella*, faith you leaned upon your Bible to think what to say when you writ that. Yes, that story of the secretary's making me an example is true; “never heard it before:” why how could you hear it? is it possible to tell you the hundredth part of what passes in our companies here? The secretary is as easy with me as Mr. *Addison* was. I have often thought what a splutter Sir *William Temple* makes about being secretary of state; I think Mr. *St. John* the greatest young man I ever knew; wit, capacity, beauty, quickness of apprehension, good learning, and an excellent taste; the best orator in the house of commons, admirable

conversation, good nature, and good manners; generous, and a despiser of money. His only fault is talking to his friends in way of complaint of too great a load of business, which looks a little like affectation: and he endeavours too much to mix the fine gentleman, and man of pleasure, with the man of business. What truth and sincerity he may have, I know not: he is now but thirty-two, and has been secretary above a year. Is not all this extraordinary? How he stands with the queen and lord treasurer, I have told you before. This is his character; and I believe you will be diverted by knowing it. I writ to the archbishop of *Dublin*, bishop of *Cloyne*, and of *Clogher* together, five weeks ago, from *Windsor*: I hope they had my letters; pray know if *Clogher* had his.—Fig for your physician and his advice, madam *Dingley*; if I grow worse, I will; otherwise I will trust to temperance and exercise: your fall of the leaf; what care I when the leaves fall? I am sorry to see them fall with all my heart; but why should I take physick because leaves fall off from trees? that will not hinder them from falling. If a man falls from a horse, must I take physick for that?—This arguing makes you mad; but it is true right reason, not to be disproved.—I am glad at heart to hear poor *Stella* is better; use exercise and walk, spend pattens and spare potions, wear out clogs and waste claret. Have you found out my pun of the fishmonger? Do not read a word more till you have got it. And *Stella* is handsome again,

again, you say? and is she fat? I have sent to *Leigh* the set of *Examiners*; the first thirteen were written by several hands, some good, some bad; the next three and thirty were all by one hand, that makes forty-fix^l: then that author, whoever he was, laid it down, on purpose to confound guessers: and the last six were written by a woman^m. Then there is

^l Here the doctor's memory failed him a little: he should have said, The first twelve were written by several hands (for *Swift's Examiners* commenced with N^o 13), and the next thirty-two were by one hand, in all forty-four. See his letter to *Stella*, dated *June 7, 1711*. If the reader has any doubt of this matter still remaining, let him consult the two last paragraphs of the forty-fourth *Examiner*; and for curiosity, if he pleases, read the first paragraph of the forty-fifth number, where he will find the *Examiner* intends to proceed on a plan quite different from *Swift's* course of politicks. However, in six or eight weeks after *Swift* became silent, the *Examiner* was laid down, although revived again the *December* following, and continued to be a lively and spirited paper for two or three months, the writers of it being supplied with hints from Mr. secretary *St. John* and Dr. *Swift*. But the ministry having then obtained their ends in parliament, and the peace being in great forwardness, they suffered the *Examiner* to sink again into obscurity and dulness.

^m In confirmation of the last note, it may be observed, that the original volume of *Examiners* consists of fifty numbers. It appears above, "the last six were written by a woman" (Mrs. *Mantley*);

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is an account of *Guiscard* by the same woman, but the facts sent by *Presto*. Then *An Answer to the Letter to the lords about Gregg*, by *Presto*; *Prior's* journey, by *Presto*; *Vindication* of the duke of *Marlborough* entirely by the same woman; *Comment* on *Hare's* sermon by the same woman, only hints sent to the printer from *Presto* to give her. Then there is the *Miscellany*, an apron for *Stella*, a pound of chocolate without sugar for *Stella*, a fine snuff-rasp of ivory, given me by Mrs. *St. John* for *Dingley*, and a large roll of tobacco, which she must hide or cut shorter out of modesty, and four pair of spectacles for the Lord knows who. There is the cargo, I hope it will come safe. Oh, Mrs. *Masbam* and I are very well; we write to one another, but it is upon business; I believe I told you so before; pray pardon my forgetfulness in these

ley); consequently Dr. *Swift* ended at N^o 44. Our author, however, has made a like mistake in this Journal, July 17, where he says, "I do not like any thing in the *Examiner* after the 45th, except the first part of the 46th." It is evident that Dr. *Swift* here meant the first part of N^o 45, as on the 22^d of June (the day after N^o 46 was published) he says, "Yesterday's was a sad *Examiner*, and last week's was very indifferent, though some scraps of the old spirit; as if he had given some hints." But, as that paper will best speak for itself, the reader will find in our next volume the introduction to N^o 45, to complete those which have been inserted in vol. VIII. of this collection. N.
cases;

L E T T E R XXXIII. 45

cases; poor *Presto* cannot help it. *MD* shall have the money as soon as *Tooke* gets it. And so I think I have answered all, and the paper is out, and now I have fetcht up my week, and will send you another this day fortnight.—Why, you rogues, two crowns make *trench-ill-ling*: you are so dull you could never have found it out. Farewell, &c. &c.

L E T T E R XXXIV.

London, Nov. 3, 1711.

MY thirty-third lies now before me just finished, and I am going to seal and send it; so let me know whether you would have me add any thing: I gave you my journal of this day; and it is now nine at night, and I am going to be busy for an hour or two.

4. I left a friend's house to-day where I was invited, just when dinner was setting on, and pretended I was engaged, because I saw some fellows I did not know; and went to *Sir Matthew Dudley's*, where I had the same inconvenience, but he would not let me go, otherwise I would have gone home, and sent for a slice of mutton and a pot of ale, rather than dine with persons unknown, as bad for aught I know as your deans, parsons, and curates. Bad flabby weather to-day.—Now methinks I write at ease, when I have no letter of *MD's* to answer. But I mistook, and have got the large paper. The queen is laid up with

with the gout at *Hampton-court*; she is now seldom without it any long time together; I fear it will wear her out in a very few years. I plainly find I have less twitchings about my toes since these ministers are sick and out of town, and that I do not dine with them. I would compound for a light, easy gout, to be perfectly well in my head.—Pray walk when the frost comes, young ladies, go a frost-biting. It comes into my head, that, from the very time you first went to *Ireland*, I have been always plying you to walk and read. The young fellows here have begun a kind of fashion to walk, and many of them have got swinging strong shoes on purpose; it has got as far as several young lords; if it hold, it would be a very good thing. Lady *Lucy* and I are fallen out: she rails at me, and I have left visiting her.

5. *MD* was very troublesome to me last night in my sleep: I was adreamed, methought, that *Stella* was here: I asked her after *Dingley*; and she said, “She had left her
“ in *Ireland*, because she designed her stay to
“ be short;” and such stuff.—*Monfieur Pontchartrain*, the secretary of state in *France*, and *Monfieur Fontenelle*, the secretary of the *Royal Academy* there (who writ the *Dialogues des Morts*, &c.), have sent letters to lord *Pembroke*, “That the *Academy* have, with the
“ king’s consent, chosen him one of their
“ members, in the room of one who is lately
“ dead.” But the cautious gentleman has given me the letters to shew my lord *Dartmouth*

mouth and Mr. *St. John*, our two secretaries, and let them see there is no treason in them; which I will do on *Wednesday*, when they come from *Hampton-court*. The letters are very handsome; and it is a great mark of honour and distinction to lord *Pembroke*. I hear the two *French* ministers are come over again about the peace; but I have seen nobody of consequence to know the truth. I dined to-day with a lady of my acquaintance who was sick, in her bed-chamber, upon three herrings and a chicken; the dinner was my bespeaking. We begin now to have chesnuts and *Seville* oranges. Have you the latter yet? It was a terrible windy day; and we had processions in carts of the *Pope* and the *Devil*, and the butchers rang their cleavers. You know this is the fifth of *November*, Popery and gun-powder.

6. Since I am used to this way of writing, I fancy I could hardly make out a long letter to *MD* without it. I think I ought to allow for every line taken up by telling you where I dined: but that will not be above seven lines in all, half a line to a dinner. Your *Ingoldsby* is going over; and they say here he is to be made a lord.—Here was I staying in my room till two this afternoon for that puppy Sir *Andrew Fountain*, who was to go with me into the city, and never came; and, if I had not shot a dinner flying, with one Mr. *Murray*, I might have fasted, or gone to an alehouse. You never said one word of goody *Stoyte* in your letter; but I suppose

these *Winter* nights we shall hear more of her. Does the *Provost* laugh as much as he used to do? we reckon him here a good-for-nothing fellow.—I design to write to your dean one of these days, but I can never find time, nor what to say. I will think of something: but, if *DD*ⁿ were not in *Ireland*, I believe seriously I should not think of the place twice a year. Nothing there ever makes the subject of talk in any company where I am.

7. I went to-day to the city on business, but stopped at a printer's and staid there; it was a most delicious day. I hear the parliament is to be prorogued for a fortnight longer; I suppose, either because the queen has the gout, or that lord treasurer is not well, or that they would do something more towards a peace. I called at lord treasurer's at noon, and sat a while with lord *Harley*, but his father was asleep. A bookseller has reprinted, or new-titled, *A Sermon of Tom Swift's*, printed last year^o, and publishes an advertisement calling it *Dr. Swift's Sermon P.* Some

ⁿ These two initial letters include both *Stella* and *Dingley*.

^o A Thanksgiving Sermon, under the title of *Noah's Dove*.

^p In other Letters, he frequently mentions, "that the lord treasurer, when he had a mind to vex him, would call him, or introduce him to company, by the name of *Dr. Thomas Swift*." As a clue to this jealousy, or dislike, let it be remembered,

Some friend of lord *Galway* has, by his directions, published a four-shilling book about his conduct in *Spain*, to defend him; I have but just seen it. But what care you for books, except *Presto's Miscellanies*? *Leigh* promised to call and see me, but has not yet: I hope he will take care of his cargo, and get your *Chester* box. A murrain take that box, every thing is spoilt that is in it. How does the strong box do? You say nothing of *Raymond*: is his wife brought-to-bed again; or how? has he finished his house; paid his debts; and put out the rest of the money to use? I am glad to hear poor *Joe* is like to get his two hundred pounds. I suppose *Trim* is now reduced to slavery again. I am glad of it; the people were as great rascals as the gentlemen. But I must go to-bed, firrahs; the secretary is still at *Hampton-court* with my papers, or is come only to-night. They plague me with attending them.

8. I was with the secretary this morning; and we dined with *Prior*; and did business this afternoon till about eight; and I must alter and undo, and a clutter. I am glad the

bered, that *Tom Swift*, "his little parson-cousin," as the Dean styles him, affected to be thought author of the *Tale of a Tub*. See a Letter from *Swift* to *Ben Tooke*, his bookseller, dated June 29, 1710, in vol. XVI. of this collection, p. 112. We are indebted for this remark to Mr. *Duncombe's* publication of "*Letters of several eminent Persons deceased*," vol. I. p. 2. N.

parliament is prorogued. I staid with *Prior* till eleven; the secretary left us at eight. *Prior*, I believe, will be one of those employed to make the peace, when a *Congress* is opened. Lord *Ashburnham* told to-day at the *Coffee-house*, "That lord *Harley* was yesterday morning married to the duke of *Newcastle's* daughter, the great heiress;" and it got about all the town. But I saw lord *Harley* yesterday at noon in his night-gown; and he dined in the city with *Prior* and others; so it is not true: but I hope it will be so; for I know it has been privately managing this long time: the lady will not have half her father's estate; for the duke left lord *Pelham's* son his heir; the widow duchess will not stand to the will, and she is now at law with *Pelham*. However, at worst, the girl will have about ten thousand pounds a year, to support the honour: for lord treasurer will never save a groat for himself. Lord *Harley* is a very valuable young gentleman; and they say the girl is handsome, and has good sense, but red hair.

9. I designed a jaunt into the city to-day to be merry, but was disappointed; so one always is in this life; and I could not see lord *Dartmouth* to-day, with whom I had some business. Business and pleasure both disappointed! You can go to your dean, and, for want of him, goody *Stoyte*, or *Walls*, or *Manley*, and meet every where with cards and claret. I dined privately with a friend on a herring and chicken, and half a flask of bad *Florence*.

I begin

I begin to have fires now, when the mornings are cold : I have got some loose bricks at the back of my grate, for good husbandry. Fine weather. *Patrick* tells me, " my caps are wearing out : " I know not how to get others. I want a necessary-woman strangely ; I am as helpless as an elephant.—I had three pacquets from the archbishop of *Dublin*, cost me four shillings, all about *Higgins*, printed stuff, and two long letters. His people forget to enclose them to *Lewis* ; and they were only directed to Doctor *Swift*, without naming *London*, or any thing else : I wonder how they reached me, unless the post-master directed them. I have read all the trash, and am weary.

10. Why ; if you must have it out, something is to be published of great moment, and three or four great people are to see there are no mistakes in point of fact : and it is so troublesome to send it among them, and get their corrections, that I am weary as a dog. I dined to-day with the printer, and was there all the afternoon ; and it plagues me, and there is an end, and what would you have ? Lady *Dupplin*, lord treasurer's daughter, is brought to bed of a son. Lord treasurer has had an ugly return of his gravel. It is good for us to live in gravel-pits, but not for gravel-pits to live in us : a man in this case should leave no stone unturned. Lord treasurer's sickness, the queen's gout, the forwarding the peace, occasion putting off the parliament a fortnight longer. My head has
no

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no ill returns. I had good walking to-day in the city, and take all opportunities of it on purpose for my health; but I cannot walk in the *Park*, because that is only for walking sake, and loses time, so I mix it with business: I wish *MD* walked half as much as *Presto*. If I was with you, I would make you walk; I would walk behind or before you, and you should have masks on, and be tuckt up like any thing; and *Stella* is naturally a stout walker, and carries herself firm, methinks I see her strut, and step clever over a kennel; and *Dingley* would do well enough, if her petticoats were pinned up; but she is so embroiled, and so fearful, and then *Stella* scolds, and *Dingley* stumbles, and is so daggled. Have you got the whalebone petticoats amongst you yet? I hate them; a woman here may hide a moderate gallant under them. Phaw, what is all this I am saying? methinks I am talking to *MD* face to face.

11. Did I tell you that old *Frowde*, the old fool, is selling his estate at *Pepperhara*, and is skulking about the town nobody knows where? and who do you think manages all this for him, but that rogue *Child*, the double squire of *Farnham*; I have put Mrs. *Masbam*, the queen's favourite, upon buying it; but that is yet a great secret; and I have employed lady *Oglethorp* to inquire about it. I was with lady *Oglethorp* to-day, who is come to town for a week or two, and to-morrow I will see to hunt out the old fool; he is utterly
ruined,

ruined, and at this present in some blind alley with some dirty wench. He has two sons that must starve, and he never gives them a farthing. If Mrs. *Masham* buys the land, I will desire her to get the queen to give some pension to the old fool, to keep him from absolutely starving. What do you meddle with other peoples affairs for? says *Stella*. O, but Mr. *Masham* and his wife are very urgent with me, since I first put them in the head of it. I dined with Sir *Matthew Dudley*, who, I doubt, will soon lose his employment.

12. Morning. I am going to hunt out old *Frowde*, and to do some business in the city. I have not yet called to *Patrick*, to know whether it be fair. It has been past dropping these two days. Rainy weather hurts my pate and my purse. He tells me it is very windy, and begins to look dark; woe be to my shillings! an old saying and a true;

“Few fillings,

“Many shillings.”

If the day be dark, my purse will be light.

To my enemies be this curse;

A dark day and a light purse.

And so I will rise, and go to my fire, for *Patrick* tells me I have a fire; yet it is not shaving day, nor is the weather cold; this is too extravagant. What is become of *Dilly*? I suppose you have him with you. *Stella* is just now shewing a white leg, and putting it into the slipper.—Present my service to her, and tell her I am engaged to the dean; and desire she will come too: or, *Dingley*, cannot you write a note? This is *Stella's* morning dialogue,

dialogue, no, morning speech, I mean.—Morrow, firrahs, and let me rise as well you; but I promise you, *Walls* cannot dine with the dean to-day, for she is to be at Mrs. *Proby's* just after dinner, and to go with *Gracy Spencer* to the shops to buy a yard of muslin, and a silver lace for an under-petticoat. Morrow again, firrahs.—At night. I dined with *Stratford* in the city, but could not finish my affairs with him; but now I have resolved to buy five hundred pounds *South-Sea* stock, which will cost me three hundred and eighty ready money; and I will make use of the bill of a hundred pounds you sent me, and transfer Mrs. *Walls* over to *Hawkshaw*; or, if she dislikes it, I will borrow a hundred pounds of the secretary, and repay her. Three shillings coach-hire to-day. I have spoken to *Frowde's* brother, to get me the lowest price of the estate, to tell Mrs. *Masbam*.

13. I dined privately with a friend to-day in the neighbourhood. Last *Saturday* night I came home, and the drab had just washed my room, and my bed-chamber was all wet, and I was forced to go to-bed in my own defence, and no fire: I was sick on *Sunday*, and now have got a swinging cold. I scolded like a dog at *Patrick*, although he was out with me; I detest washing of rooms: cannot they wash them in a morning, and make a fire, and leave open the windows? I slept not a wink last night for hawking and spitting; and now every body has colds. Here is a clutter: I will go to bed and sleep if I can.

14. Lady

14. Lady *Mounntjoy* sent to me two days ago; so I dined with her to-day, and in the evening went to see lord treasurer. I found *Patrick* had been just there with a how d'ye; and my lord had returned answer, that he desired to see me. Mrs. *Masbam* was with him when I came; and they are never disturbed: it is well she is not very handsome: they sit alone together, settling the nation. I sat with lady *Oxford*, and stopt Mrs. *Masbam* as she came out, and told her what progress I had made, &c. and then went to lord treasurer: he is very well, only uneasy at rising or sitting, with some rheumatic pain in his thigh, and a foot weak. He shewed me a small paper, sent by an unknown hand to one Mr. *Cook*, who sent it to my lord: it was written in plain large letters, thus;

Though G——d's knife did not succeed;

A F——n's yet may do the Deed.

And a little below; *Burn this, you Dog.* My lord has frequently such letters as these: once he shewed me one, which was a vision describing a certain man, his dress, his sword, and his countenance, who was to murder my lord. And he told me, "He saw a fellow in the chapel at *Windsor*, with a dress very like it." They often send him letters signed "Your humble servant, *The Devil*," and such stuff. I sat with him till after ten, and have business to do.

15. The secretary came yesterday to town from *Hampton-Court*, so I went to him early this morning; but he went back last night again:

again: and coming home to-night, I found a letter from him to tell me, "That he was just come home from *Hampton-Court*, and just returning, and will not be here till *Saturday* night." A pox take him! he stops all my business. I will beg leave to come back when I have got over this; and hope to see *MD* in *Ireland* soon after *Christmas*.—I am weary of courts, and want my journies to *Laracor*; they did me more good than all the ministries these twenty years. I dined to-day in the city, but did no business as I designed. Lady *Mountjoy* tells me, "That *Dilly* is got to *Ireland*, and that the archbishop of *Dublin* was the cause of his returning so soon." The parliament was prorogued two days ago for a fortnight, which, with the queen's absence, makes the town very dull and empty. They tell me, the duke of *Ormond* brings all the world away with him from *Ireland*. *London* has nothing so bad in it in *Winter*, as your knots of *Irish* folks; but I go to no *Coffee-house*, and so I seldom see them. This letter shall go on *Saturday*; and then I am even with the world again. I have lent money, and cannot get it, and am forced to borrow for myself.

16. My man made a blunder this morning, and let up a visiter, when I had ordered to see nobody, so I was forced to hurry a hang-dog instrument of mine into my bed-chamber, and keep him cooling his heels there above an hour.—I am going on fairly in the common forms of a great cold; I believe it will last
me

me about ten days in all.—I should have told you that in those two verses sent to lord treasurer, the *G——d* stands for *Guiscard*; that is easy; but we differed about *F——n*; I thought it was for *Frenchman*, because he hates them, and they him: and so it would be, “That although *Guiscard's* knife missed its design, the knife of a *Frenchman* might yet do it.” My lord thinks it stands for *Felton*, the name of him that stabbed the first duke of *Buckingham*—Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I dined with the *Vans* to-day, and my cold made me loiter all the evening. Stay, young women, do not you begin to owe me a letter? just a month to-day since I had your *N. 22.* I will stay a week longer, and then I will expect like agog; till then you may play at ombre, and so forth, as you please. The *Whigs* are still crying down our peace; but we will have it, I hope, in spite of them; the emperor comes now with his two eggs a penny, and promises wonders to continue the war; but it is too late; only I hope the fear of it will serve to spur on the *French* to be easy and sincere. Night, firrahs; I will go early to bed.

17. Morning. This goes to-night; I will put it myself in the post-office. I had just now a long letter from the archbishop of *Dublin*^a, giving me an account of the ending your sessions, how it ended in a storm;—which storm, by the time it arrives here, will be

^a Printed in vol. XIX. p. 115. N.

only *half nature*. — I cannot help it, I will not hide. I often advised the dissolution of that parliament, although I did not think the scoundrels had so much courage; but they have it only in the wrong, like a bully that will fight for a whore, and run away in an army. I believe, by several things the archbishop says, he is not very well either with the government or clergy.—See how luckily my paper ends with a fortnight.—God Almighty bless and preserve dearest little *MD*!—I suppose your lord-lieutenant is now setting out for *England*. I wonder the bishop of *Clogher* does not write to me; or let me know of his statues, and how he likes them: I will write to him again, as soon as I have leisure. Farewell, dearest *MD*, and love *Presto*, who loves *MD* infinitely above all earthly things, and who will.—My service to Mrs. *Stoyte* and *Catharine*. I am sitting in my bed; but will rise to seal this. Morrow, dear rogues. Farewell again, dearest *MD*, &c.

L E T T E R XXXV.

London, Nov. 17, 1711.

I PUT my last this evening in the post-office. I dined with Dr. *Cockburn*. This being queen *Elizabeth's* birth-day, we have the D— and all to do among us. I just heard of the stir as my letter was sealed this morning; and was so cross I would not open it to tell you. I have been visiting lady *Oglethorpe*
and

and lady *Worsley*; the latter is lately come to town for the Winter, and with child, and what care you? This is queen *Elizabeth's* birth-day, usually kept in this town by 'prentices, &c. but the *Whigs* designed a mighty procession by midnight, and had laid out a thousand pounds, to dress up the *Pope*, *Devil*, *Cardinals*, *Sacbeverell*, &c. and carry them with torches about, and burn them. They did it by contribution. *Garth* gave five guineas, Dr. *Garth* I mean, if ever you heard of him. But they were seized last night, by order from the secretary: you will have an account of it, for they bawl it about the streets already. They had some very foolish and mischievous designs; and it was thought they would have put the rabble upon assaulting my lord treasurer's house, and the secretary's; and other violences. The *Militia* was raised to prevent it; and now, I suppose, all will be quiet. The figures are now at the secretary's office at *Whitehall*. I design to see them if I can.

18. I was this morning with Mr. secretary, who just came from *Hampton-Court*. He was telling me more particulars about this business of burning the *Pope*. It cost a great deal of money, and had it gone on, would have cost three times as much: but the town is full of it, and half a dozen *Grub-street* papers already. The secretary and I dined at brigadier *Britton's*; but I left them at six, upon an appointment with some sober company of men and ladies, to drink punch at
Sir

Sir *Andrew Fountain's*. We were not very merry; and I do not love rack punch, I love it better with brandy; are you of my opinion? Why then; twelve-penny weather; firrahs, why do not you play at shuttle-cock? I have thought of it a hundred times; faith, *Presto* will come over after *Christmas*, and will play with *Stella* before the cold weather is gone. Do you read the *Spectators*? I never do; they never come in my way; I go to no *Coffee-houses*. They say abundance of them are very pretty; they are going to be printed in small volumes; I will bring them over with me. I shall be out of my hurry in a week; and if *Leigh* be not gone over, I will send you by him what I am now finishing. I do not know where *Leigh* is; I have not seen him this good while, though he promised to call: I shall send to him. The queen comes to town on *Thursday* for good and all.

19. I was this morning at lord *Dartmouth's* office, and sent out for him from the committee of council, about some business. I was asking him more concerning this bustle about the figures in wax-work of the *Pope* and *Devil*, &c. He was not at leisure, or he would have seen them. I hear the owners are so impudent, that they design to replevin them by law. I am assured that the figure of the *Devil* is made as like lord treasurer as they could. Why; I dined with a friend in *St. James's-street*. Lord treasurer, I am told, was abroad to-day; I will know to-morrow how he does after it. The duke of
Marb-

Marlborough is come, and was yesterday at *Hampton-Court* with the queen; no, it was the other day; no, it was yesterday; for to-day I remember Mr. secretary was going to see him, when I was there, not at the duke of *Marlborough's*, but at the secretary's; the duke is not so fond of me. What care I? I won seven shillings to-night at picquet: I play twice a year or so.

20. I have been so teased with *Whiggish* discourse by Mrs. *Barton* and lady *Betty Germain*, never saw the like. They turn all this affair of the pope-burning into ridicule; and indeed they have made too great a clutter about it, if they had no real reason to apprehend some tumults. I dined with lady *Betty*. I hear *Prior's* commission is passed, to be ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary for the peace; my lord privy-seal, who you know is bishop of *Bristol*, is the other; and lord *Strafford*, already ambassador at *The Hague*, the third: I am forced to tell you ignorant fluts who is who. I was punning scurvily with Sir *Andrew Fountain* and lord *Pembroke* this evening; do you ever pun now? Sometimes with the dean, or *Tom Leigh*. *Prior* puns very well. Od so, I must go see his excellency, it is a noble advancement; but they could do no less, after sending him to *France*. Lord *Strafford* is as proud as hell; and how he will bear one of *Prior's* mean birth on an equal character with him, I know not. And so I go to my business, and bid you good night.

E

21. I was

21. I was this morning busy with my printer; I gave him the fifth sheet, and then I went and dined with him in the city, to correct something, and alter, &c. and I walked home in the dusk, and the rain overtook me: and I found a letter here from Mr. *Lewis*; well, and so I opened it; and he says, "The peace is past danger, &c." Well; and so there was another letter inclosed in his; well; and so I looked on the outside of this t'other letter. Well; and so who do you think this t'other letter was from? Well; and so I will tell you, it was from little *MD*, *N. 23, 23, 23, 23.* I tell you it is no more, I have told you so before^r: but I just looked again to satisfy you. Hie, *Stella*, you write like an emperor, a great deal together; a very good hand, and but four false spellings in all. Shall I send them to you? I am glad you did not take my correction ill. Well; but I will not answer your letter now, firrah, faucy boxes, no, no; not yet; just a month and three days from the last, which is just five weeks: you see it comes just when I begin to grumble.

22. Morning. *Tooke* has just brought me *Dingley's* money. I will give you a note for it at the end of this letter. There was half a crown for entering the letter of attorney: but I swore to stop that. I will spend your mo-

^r Nothing was ever more in *Swift's* style and manner of conversation than these repetitions and the words following.

ney bravely here. Morrow, dear firrahs.—
At night. I dined to-day with Sir *Thomas Hanmer*: his wife, the duchess of *Grafton*, dined with us; she wears a great high head-dress, such as was in fashion fifteen years ago, and looks like a mad woman in it; yet she has great remains of beauty. I was this evening to see lord *Harley*, and thought to have set with lord treasurer; but he was taken up with the *Dutch* envoy, and such folks; and I would not stay. One particular in life here, different from what I have in *Dublin*, is, that whenever I come home I expect to find some letter for me, and seldom miss; and never any worth a farthing, but often to vex me. The queen does not come to town till *Saturday*. *Prior* is not yet declared; but, these ministers being at *Hampton-court*, I know nothing; and if I write news from common hands, it is always lies. You will think it affectation; but nothing has vexed me more, for some months past, than people I never saw, pretending to be acquainted with me, and yet speak ill of me too, at least some of them. An old crooked *Scotch* countess, whom I never heard of in my life, told the duchess of *Hamilton* the other day, “That I
“often visited her.” People of worth never do that: so that a man only gets the scandal of having scurvy acquaintance. Three ladies were railing against me some time ago, and said, “They were very well acquainted with
“me;” two of which I had never heard of; and the third I had only seen twice where I
E 2 happened

happened to visit. A man who has once seen me in a *Coffee-house* will ask me how I do, when he sees me talking at *Court* with a minister of state, who is sure to ask me, "How
" I came acquainted with that scoundrel?" But come, firrahs, this is all stuff to you; so I will say no more on this side the paper, but turn over.

23. My printer invited Mr. *Lewis* and me to dine at a tavern to-day, which I have not done five times since I came to *England*: I never will call it *Britain*; pray do not call it *Britain*. My week is not out, and one side of this paper is out; and I have a letter to answer of *MD's* into the bargain: must I write on the third side? faith, that will give you an ill habit. I saw *Leigh* last night: he gives a terrible account of *Sterne*; he reckons he is seduced by some wencher; he is over head and ears in debt, and has pawned several things. *Leigh* says, "He goes on *Monday*
" next for *Ireland*, but believes *Sterne* will
" not go with him." *Sterne* has kept him these three months. *Leigh* has got the apron and things, and promises to call for the box at *Chester*; but I despair of it. Good-night, firrahs: I have been late abroad.

24. I have finished my pamphlet to-day, which has cost me so much time and trouble: it will be published in three or four days, when the parliament begins sitting. I suppose the queen is come to town; but know nothing, having been in the city finishing and correcting with the printer. When I came
home,

home, I found letters on my table as usual, and one from your mother, to tell me, "That
 " you desire your writings and a picture
 " should be sent to me, to be sent over to
 " you." I have just answered her letter; and
 promised to take care of them, if they be
 sent to me. She is at *Farnham*. It is too
 late to send them by *Leigh*; besides, I will
 wait your orders, madam *Stella*. I am going
 to finish a letter to lord treasurer about re-
 forming our language^s; but first I must put
 an end to a ballad: and go you to your cards,
 firrahs; this is card season.

25. I was early with the secretary to-day,
 but he was gone to his devotions, and to re-
 ceive the sacrament: several rakes did the
 same; it was not for piety, but employments,
 according to act of parliament. I dined with
 lady *Mary Dudley*, and passed my time since
 insipidly, only I was at *Court* at noon, and
 saw fifty acquaintance I had not met this long
 time: that is the advantage of a *Court*; and
 I fancy I am better known than any man
 that goes there. Sir *John Walters'* quarrel
 with me has entertained the town ever since;
 and yet we never had a word, only he railed
 at me behind my back. The parliament is
 again to be prorogued for eight or nine days;
 for the *Whigs* are too strong in the house of
 lords: other reasons are pretended, but that is
 the truth. The prorogation is not yet known,
 but will be to-morrow.

26. Mr. *Lewis* and I dined with a friend of his, and unexpectedly there dined with us an *Irish* knight, one Sir *John St. Leger*, who follows the law here, but at a great distance: he was so pert, I was forced to take him down more than once. I saw to-day the *Pope* and *Devil*, and the other figures of *Cardinals*, &c. fifteen in all, which have made such a noise. I have put an under-strapper upon writing a two-penny pamphlet, to give an account of the whole design. My large pamphlet will be published to-morrow; copies are sent to the great men this night. *Domville* is come home from his travels; I am vexed at it; I have not seen him yet; I design to present him to all the great men.

27. *Domville* came to me this morning, and we dined at *Pontack's*, and were all day together, till six this evening: he is perfectly as fine a gentleman as I know: he set me down at lord treasurer's, with whom I staid about an hour, till Monsieur *Buys*, the *Dutch* envoy, came to him about business. My lord treasurer is pretty well, but stiff in the hips with the remains of the rheumatism. I am to bring *Domville* to my lord *Harley* in a day or two. It was the dirtiest rainy day that ever I saw. The pamphlet is published: lord treasurer had it by him on the table, and was asking me about the mottos in the title-page: he gave me one of them himself. I must send you the pamphlet if I can.

* This pamphlet was, *The Conduct of the Allies*.

28. Mrs. *Van* sent to me to dine with her to-day, because some ladies of my acquaintance were to be there; and there I dined. I was this morning to return *Domville* his visit, and went to visit Mrs. *Masbam*, who was not within. I am turned out of my lodging by my landlady; it seems her husband and son are coming home; but I have taken another lodging hard-by, in *Leicester-fields*. I presented Mr. *Domville* to Mr. *Lewis* and Mr. *Prior* this morning. *Prior* and I are called the two *Sofias*, in a *Whig* news-paper. *Sofias*, can you read it? The pamphlet begins to make a noise: I was asked by several whether I had seen it; and they advised me to read it, for it was something very extraordinary. I shall be suspected: and it will have several paltry answers. It must take its fate, as *Savage* said of his sermon that he preached at *Farnham* on Sir *William Temple's* death. *Domville* saw *Savage* in *Italy*, and says he is a coxcomb, and half mad: he goes in red, and with yellow waistcoats, and was at ceremony kneeling to the pope on a *Palm-sunday*, which is much more than kissing his toe; and I believe it will ruin him here when it is told. I will answer your letter in my new lodgings: I have hardly room; I must borrow from the other side.

29. New lodgings. My printer came this morning, to tell me he must immediately print a second edition, and lord treasurer made one or two small additions: they must work day and night to have it out on *Saturday*;

day; they sold a thousand in two days ^u. Our society met to-day; nine of us were present; we dined at our brother *Bathurst's*; we made several regulations, and have chosen three new members, lord *Orrery*, *Jack Hill*, who is Mrs. *Masbam's* brother, he that lately miscarried in the expedition to *Quebeck*, and one colonel *Disney*. We have taken a room in a house near *St. James's* to meet in. I left them early, about correcting the pamphlet, &c. and am now got home, &c.

30. This morning I carried *Domville* to see my lord *Harley*; and I did some business with lord treasurer; and have been all this afternoon with the printer, adding something to the second edition. I dined with the printer. The pamphlet makes a world of noise, and will do a great deal of good: it tells abundance of most important facts, which

^u This pamphlet was particularly obnoxious to the Whigs. Bishop *Burnet* observes, "Many mercenary pens were set on work to justify our proceedings, and to defame our Allies, more particularly the *Dutch*: this was done with much art, but with no regard to truth, in a pamphlet, intitled, *The Conduct of the Allies, and of the late Ministry*; to which very full answers were written, detecting the thread of falshood that run through that work." History, vol. IV. p. 338. This paragraph may have been a probable cause of the severity with which the Dean has described Bishop *Burnet* in vol. XVI. p. 178. and in some other parts of this collection. N.

were

were not at all known. I will answer your letter to-morrow morning; or suppose I answer it just now, though it is pretty late? Come then—You say, “You are busy with “parliaments, &c.” that is more than ever I will be when I come back; but you will have none these two years. Lord *Santry*, &c.^w yes, I have had enough of it. I am glad *Dilley* is mended: does not he thank me for shewing him the *Court* and the great peoples faces? He had his glass out at the queen and the rest. It is right what *Dilly* says: I depend upon nothing from my friends, but to go back as I came. Never fear *Laracor*; it will mend with a peace; or surely they will give me the *Dublin* parish. *Stella* is in the right: the bishop of *Ossory* is the silliest, best-natured wretch breathing, of as little conse-

^w Lord *Santry* was as violent a *Whig* as *Dick Tighe* [see Letter LVIII. in vol. XIX. p. 128.]; and Dr. *Higgins*, who is in this place hinted at by the &c. much such another as *Sackeverell*; consequently my lord was an outrageous enemy and persecutor of *Higgins*. However, it happened one day that lord *Santry* was looking out of the great window at *Lucas's Coffee-house* when *Higgins* was passing by, “How do you do, Doctor?” said my lord, in a sneering contemptuous manner. “Very well, I “thank you, little master,” said *Higgins*. “Let “me out, let me out to him,” cried *Santry* in a rage, pretending to leap out of the window, which was not far from the ground. “Aye, do,” said *Higgins*, “let him out, I will soon pitch him in to “you again.”

quence

quence as an egg-shell.—Well, the spelling I have mentioned before; only the next time say *at least*, and not *at lest*. Pox on your *Newbury*! what can I do for him? I will give his case (I am glad it is not a woman's) to what members I know; that is all I can do. Lord treasurer's lameness goes off daily. Pray God preserve poor good Mrs. *Stoyte*! she would be a great loss to us all: pray give her my service, and tell her she has my heartiest prayers. I pity poor Mrs. *Manley*; but I think the child is happy to die, considering how little provision it would have had. Poh! every pamphlet abuses me, and for things that I never writ. *Joe* should have written me thanks for his two hundred pounds: I reckon he got it by my means: and I must thank the duke of *Ormond*, who, I dare swear, will say he did it on my account. Are they golden-pippins, those seven apples? We have had much rain every day as well as you. 7*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.* old blunder! not 18*sh.* I have reckoned it 18 times. *Hawkshaw's* eight pounds is not reckoned; and, if it be secure, it may lie where it is, unless they desire to pay it: so *Parvisol* may let it drop till further orders; for I have put Mrs. *Wesley's* money into the bank, and will pay her with *Hawkshaw's*.—I mean that *Hawkshaw's* money goes for an addition to *MD*, you know; but be good housewives. *Bernage* never comes now to see me; he has no more to ask: but I hear he has been ill.—A pox on Mrs. *South's* affair! I can do nothing in it, but by way of assisting
any

any body else that solicits it, by dropping a favourable word, if it comes in my way. Tell *Walls*, "I do no more for any body
"with my lord treasurer, especially a thing
"of this kind." Tell him, "I have spent
"all my discretion, and have no more to use."
—And so I have answered your letter fully
and plainly—And so I have got to the third
side of my paper, which is more than belongs
to you, young women.

It goes to-morrow,
To nobody's sorrow.

You are silly, not I; I am a poet, if I had
but, &c.—Who is silly now? rogues and
lasses, tinder-boxes and buzzards. O Lord,
I am in a high vein of silliness; methought I
was speaking to dearest little *MD*, face to face.
There; so lads, enough for to-night;

To cards with the blackguards.

Good night, my delight, &c.

Dec. 1. Pish! firrahs, put a date always
at the bottom of the letter as well as the top,
that I may know when you send it: your last
is of *Nov. 3*; yet I had others at the same
time written a fortnight after. Whenever
you would have any money, send me word
three weeks before; and in that time you
will certainly have an answer, with a bill on
Parvisol: pray do this; for my head is full,
and it will ease my memory. Why, I think,
I quoted to you some of —'s letter, so you
may imagine how witty the rest was; for it
was all of a bunch, as goodman *Peesley* says.
Pray let us have no more *Business*, but *Busy-*
ness:

ness: the deuce take me if I know how to spell it. Your wrong spelling, madam *Stella*, has put me out: it does not look right: let me see: *Bussiness*, *Busyness*, *Business*, *Bisyness*, *Bisness*, *Bysness*: faith, I know not which is right, I think the second: I believe I never writ the word in my life before; yes, fure I must though: *Business*, *Busyness*, *Bisyness*.— I have perplexed myself, and cannot do it. Pr'ythee ask *Watts*. *Business*, I fancy that is right. Yes it is; I looked in my own pamphlet, and found it twice in ten lines, to convince you that I never writ it before. Oh, now I see it as plain as can be; so yours is only an s too much. The parliament will certainly meet on *Friday* next: the *Whigs* will have a great majority in the house of lords; no care is taken to prevent it; there is too much neglect; they are warned of it, and that signifies nothing: it was feared there would be some peevish address from the lords against a peace. It is said about the town, "That severall of the allies begin now to be content that a peace should be treated." This is all the news I have. The queen is pretty well; and so now I bid poor dearest *MD* farewell till to-night, then I will talk with them again.

The fifteen images that I saw were not worth forty pounds, so I stretched a little when I said a thousand. The *Grub-street* account of that tumult is published. The *Devil* is not like lord treasurer: they were all in your odd antic masks, bought in common

mon shops. I fear *Prior* will not be one of the plenipotentiaries.

I was looking over some of this letter, and find I make many mistakes of leaving out words; so it is impossible to find my meaning, unless you be conjurers. I will take more care for the future, and read over every day just what I have written that day; which will take up no time to speak of.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

London, Dec. 1, 1711.

MY last was put in this evening. I intended to dine with Mr. *Masbam* to-day, and called at *White's Chocolate-house*, to see if he was there. Lord *Wharton* saw me at the door, and I saw him, but took no notice, and was going away; but he came through the crowd, called after me, and asked me how I did, &c. This was pretty; and I believe he wished every word he spoke was a halter to hang me. *Masbam* did not dine at home; so I ate with a friend in the neighbourhood. The printer has not sent me the second edition; I know not the reason, for it certainly came out to-day; perhaps they are glutted with it already. I found a letter from lord *Harley* on my table, to tell me, "That his father desires I would make two small alterations." I am going to be busy, &c."

2. Morning. See the blunder: I was making it the 37th day of the month, from the number above. Well, but I am staying here for old *Frowde*, who appointed to call this morning: I am ready-dressed to go to church; I suppose he dare not stir out but on *Sundays*. The printer called early this morning, told me, "The second edition went off yesterday" in five hours, and he must have a third ready to-morrow, for they might have sold half another:" his men are all at work with it, though it be *Sunday*. This old fool will not come, and I shall miss church.—Morrow, firrahs.—At night. I was at *Court* to-day: the queen is well, and walked through part of the rooms. I dined with the secretary, and dispatched some business. He tells me, "The *Dutch* envoy designs to complain of that pamphlet." The noise it makes is extraordinary. It is fit it should answer the pains I have been at about it. I suppose it will be printed in *Ireland*. Some lay it to *Prior*; others to Mr. secretary *St. John*; but I am always the first they lay every thing to. I will go sleep, &c.

3. I have ordered *Patrick* not to let any odd fellow come up to me; and to-day a fellow would needs speak with me from Sir *George Prettyman*. I had never heard of him, and would not see the messenger; but at last it proved that this Sir *George* has sold his estate, and is a beggar. *Smithers*, the *Farnham* carrier, brought me this morning a letter from your mother, with three papers inclosed

of lady *Giffard's* writing, one owning some exchequer business of *one hundred pounds* to be *Stella's*, another for *one hundred pounds* that she has of yours, which I made over to you for *Mariston*, and a third for *three hundred pounds*; the last is on itampt paper, I think they had better lie in *England*, in some good hand, till lady *Giffard* dies; and I will think of some such hand before I come over. I was asking *Smithers* about all the people of *Farnham*. Mrs. *White* has left off dressing, is troubled with lameness and swelled legs, and seldom stirs out; but her old hang-dog husband as hearty as ever. I was this morning with lord treasurer about something he would have altered in the pamphlet; but it cannot be till the fourth edition, which I believe will be soon; for I dined with the printer, and he tells me they have sold off half the third. Mrs. *Percival* and her daughter have been in town these three weeks, which I never heard till to-day; and Mrs. *Wesley* is come to town too, to consult Dr. *Radcliffe*. The *Whigs* are resolved to bring that pamphlet into the house of lords, to have it condemned, *so I hear*. But the printer will stand to it, and not own the author: he must say, "He had it from the penny-post." Some people talk as if the house of lords would do some peevish thing; for the *Whigs* are now a great majority in it. Our ministers are too negligent of such things: I have never slipped giving them warning; some of them are sensible of it; but lord treasurer stands too much upon

his own legs. I fancy his good fortune will bear him out in every thing; but in reason I should think this ministry to stand very unsteady: if they can carry a peace, they may hold; I believe not else.

4. Mr. secretary sent to me to-day to dine with him alone; but we had two more with us, which hindered me doing some business. I was this morning with young *Harcourt*, secretary to our society, to take a room for our weekly meetings; and the fellow asked us five guineas a week, only to have leave to dine once a week: was not that pretty? so we broke off with him, and are to dine next *Thursday* at *Harcourt's* (he is lord keeper's son). They have sold off above half the third edition; and answers are coming out: the *Dutch* envoy refused dining with Dr. *D'Avenant*, because he was suspected to write it. I have made some alterations in every edition; and it has cost me more trouble, for the time, since the printing, than before. It is sent over to *Ireland*; and I suppose you will have it reprinted.

5. They are now printing the fourth edition, which is reckoned very extraordinary, considering it is a dear twelve-penny book, and not bought up in numbers by the party to give away, as the *Whigs* do, but purely upon its own strength. I have got an under-spur-leather to write an *Examiner* again, and the secretary and I will now and then send hints; but we would have it a little upon the *Grubstreet*, to be a match for their writers.

I dined

I dined with lord treasurer to-day at five: he dined by himself after his family, and drinks no claret yet, for fear of his rheumatism, of which he is almost well. He was very pleasant, as he is always; yet I fancied he was a little touched with the present posture of affairs. The elector of *Hanover's* minister here has given in a violent memorial against the peace, and caused it to be printed. The *Whig* lords are doing their utmost for a majority against *Friday*, and design, if they can, to address the queen against the peace. Lord *Nottingham*, a famous tory and speech-maker, is gone over to the *Whig* side: they toast him daily; and lord *Wharton* says, "It is *Dismal*" (so they call him from his looks) "will save *England* at last." Lord treasurer was hinting as if he wished a ballad was made on him, and I will get up one against to-morrow^x. He gave me a scurrilous printed paper of bad verses on himself, under the name of *English Catiline*, and made me read them to the company. It was his birth-day, which he would not tell us, but lord *Harley* whispered it to me.

6. I was this morning making the ballad, two degrees above *Grubstreet*; at noon I paid a visit to Mrs. *Masbam*, and then went to dine with our society. Poor lord keeper dined below stairs, I suppose on a bit of mutton.

^x Printed in vol. XVII. p. 94, under the title of "*Toland's* Invitation to *Dismal*, to dine with "*the Calves-head Club.*" N.

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We chose two members; we were eleven met, the greatest meeting we ever had: I am next week to introduce lord *Orrery*. The printer came before we parted, and brought the ballad, which made them laugh very heartily a dozen times. He is going to print the pamphlet in small, a fifth edition, to be taken off by friends, and sent into the country. A fix-penny answer is come out, good for nothing, but guessing me among others for the author. To-morrow is the fatal day for the parliament meeting, and we are full of hopes and fears. We reckon we have a majority of ten on our side in the house of lords; yet I observed Mrs. *Masbam* a little uneasy; she assures me the queen is stout. The duke of *Marlborough* has not seen the queen for some days past; Mrs. *Masbam* is glad of it, "because, she says, he tells a hundred lies to his friends of what she says to him:" he is one day humble, and the next on the high ropes. The duke of *Ormond*, they say, will be in town to-night by twelve.

7. This being the day the parliament was to meet, and the great question to be determined, I went with Dr. *Freind* to dine in the city, on purpose to be out of the way, and we sent our printer to see what was our fate; but he gave us a most melancholy account of things. The earl of *Nottingham* began, and spoke against a peace; and desired, "That in their address they might put in a clause to advise the queen not to make a peace without *Spain*;" which was debated, and carried

ried by the *Whigs* by about six voices: and this has happened entirely by my lord treasurer's neglect, who did not take timely care to make up all his strength, although every one of us gave him caution enough. *Nottingham* has certainly been bribed. The question is yet only carried in the committee of the whole house; and we hope, when it is reported to the house to-morrow, we shall have a majority, by some *Scotch* lords coming to town. However, it is a mighty blow and loss of reputation to lord treasurer, and may end in his ruin. I hear the thing only as the printer brought it, who was at the debate; but how the ministry take it, or what their hopes and fears are, I cannot tell until I see them. I shall be early with the secretary to-morrow, and then I will tell you more; and shall write a full account to the bishop of *Clogher* to-morrow, and to the archbishop of *Dublin*, if I have time. I am horribly down at present. I long to know how lord treasurer bears this, and what remedy he has. The duke of *Ormond* came this day to town, and was there.

8. I was early this morning with the secretary, and talked over this matter. He hoped, "that, when it was reported this day
 "in the house of lords, they would disagree
 "with their committee, and so the matter
 "would go off, only with a little loss of reputation to lord treasurer." I dined with Dr. *Cockburn*; and after a *Scotch* member came in, and told us that the clause was car-

ried against the *Court* in the house of lords almost two to one : I went immediately to Mrs. *Masbam*, and meeting Dr. *Arbuthnot* (the queen's favourite physician) we went together. She was just come from waiting at the queen's dinner, and going to her own. She had heard nothing of the thing being gone against us. It seems lord treasurer had been so negligent, that he was with the queen while the question was put in the house : I immediately told Mrs. *Masbam*, " That either " she and lord treasurer had joined with the " queen to betray us, or that they two were " betrayed by the queen." She protested solemnly it was not the former, and I believed her ; but she gave me some lights to suspect the queen is changed : for yesterday, when the queen was going from the house, where she sat to hear the debate, the duke of *Shrewsbury* lord chamberlain asked her, " whether " he or the great chamberlain *Lindsay* ought " to lead her out ?" She answered short, " Neither of you ;" and gave her hand to the duke of *Somerset*, who was louder than any in the house for the clause against a peace. She gave me one or two more instances of this sort, which convince me that the queen is false, or at least very much wavering. Mr. *Masbam* begged us to stay, because lord treasurer would call, and we were resolved to fall on him about his negligence in securing a majority. He came, and appeared in good humour as usual, but I thought his countenance was much cast down. I raillied him, and
desired

desired him to give me his staff, which he did; I told him, "If he would secure it me a week, I would set all right." He asked, "How?" I said, "I would immediately turn lord *Marlborough*, his two daughters, the duke and duchess of *Somerset*, and lord *Cholmondeley*, out of all their employments; and I believed he had not a friend but was of my opinion." *Arbuthnot* asked, "How he came not to secure a majority?" He could answer nothing, but, "That he could not help it, if people would lie and forswear." A poor answer for a great minister! There fell from him a scripture expression, that *the hearts of kings are unsearchable*. I told him, "It was what I feared, and was from him the worst news he could tell me." I begged him to know what we had to trust to. He stuck a little; but at last bid me not fear, for all would be well yet. We would fain have had him eat a bit where he was, but he would go home; it was past six: he made me go home with him. There we found his brother and Mr. secretary. He made his son take a list of all in the house of commons who had places, and yet voted against the court, in such a manner as if they should lose their places: I doubt he is not able to compass it. Lord keeper came in an hour, and they were going upon business. So I left him, and returned to Mrs. *Masham*; but she had company with her, and I would not stay.—This is a long journal, and of a day that may produce great alterations, and hazard the ruin of *England*.

The *Whigs* are all in triumph; they foretold how all this would be, but we thought it boasting. Nay, they said "The parliament should be dissolved before *Christmas*;" and perhaps it may: this is all your d——d duchess of *Somerset's* doings. I warned them of it nine months ago, and a hundred times since: the secretary always dreaded it. I told lord treasurer, "I should have the advantage of him; for he would lose his head, and I should only be hanged, and so carry my body entire to the grave."

9. I was this morning with Mr. secretary; we are both of opinion that the queen is false. I told him what I heard, and he confirmed it by other circumstances. I then went to my friend *Lewis*, who had sent to see me. He talks of nothing but retiring to his estate in *Wales*. He gave me reasons to believe the whole matter is settled between the queen and the *Whigs*; he hears that lord *Somers* is to be treasurer; and believes that, sooner than turn out the duchess of *Somerset*, she will dissolve the parliament, and get a *Whiggish* one, which may be done by managing elections. Things are now in the crisis, and a day or two will determine. I have desired him to engage lord treasurer, that, as soon as he finds the change is resolved on, he will send me abroad as queen's secretary somewhere or other, where I may remain till the new ministers recall me; and then I will be sick for five or six months till the storm has spent itself. I hope he will grant me this; for I should hardly trust myself

self to the mercy of my enemies while their anger is fresh. I dined to-day with the secretary, who affects mirth, and seems to hope all will yet be well. I took him aside after dinner; told him how I had served them, and had asked no reward, but thought I might ask security; and then desired the same thing of him, to send me abroad before a change. He embraced me, and swore he would take the same care of me as himself, &c. but bid me "have courage, for that in two days my lord treasurer's wisdom would appear greater than ever; that he suffered all that had happened on purpose, and had taken measures to turn it to advantage." I said, "God send it!" But I do not believe a syllable; and, as far as I can judge, the game is lost. I shall know more soon and my Letters will at least be a good history, to shew you the steps of this change.

10. I was this morning with *Lewis*, who thinks they will let the parliament sit till they have given the money, and then dissolve them in *Spring*, and break the ministry. He spoke to lord treasurer about what I desired him. My lord desired him with great earnestness to assure me, "That all would be well, and that I should fear nothing." I dined in the city with a friend. This day the commons went to the queen with their address; and all the lords who were for the peace went with them, to shew their zeal. I have now some further conviction that the queen is false, and it begins to be known.

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11. I went between two and three to see Mrs. *Masbam*; while I was there, she went to her bed-chamber, to try a petticoat. Lord treasurer came in to see her, and seeing me in the outer room fell a raillying me; says he, "You had better keep company with me, than with such a fellow as *Lewis*, who has not the soul of a chicken, nor the heart of a mite." Then he went in to Mrs. *Masbam*, and as he came back desired her leave to let me go home with him to dinner. He asked, "Whether I was not afraid to be seen with him?" I said, "I never valued my lord treasurer in my life, and therefore should have always the same esteem for Mr. *Harley* and lord *Oxford*." He seemed to talk confidently, as if he reckoned that all this would turn to advantage. I could not forbear hinting, "that he was not sure of the queen; and that those scoundrel starving lords would never have dared to vote against the Court, if *Somerset* had not assured them, that it would please the queen." He said, "That was true, and *Somerset* did so." I staid till six; then *De Buys*, the *Dutch* envoy, came to him, and I left him. *Prior* was with us a while after dinner. I see him and all of them cast down; though they make the best of it.

12. *Ford* is come to town; I saw him last night; he is in no fear, but sanguine, although I have told him the state of things. This change so resembles the last, that I wonder they do not observe it. The secretary sent for me yesterday to dine with him, but I was abroad;

abroad; I hope he had something to say to me. This is morning, and I write in bed. I am going to the duke of *Ormond*, whom I have not yet seen. Morrow, firrahs.—At night. I was to see the duke of *Ormond* this morning: he asked me two or three questions after his civil way, and they related to *Ireland*: at last I told him, “That, from the time I had seen him, I never once thought of *Irish* affairs.” He whispered me, “That he hoped I had done some good things here.” I said, “If every body else had done half as much, we should not have been as we are.” Then we went aside, and talked over affairs. I told him how all things stood, and advised him what was to be done. I then went and sat an hour with the duchess; then as long with lady *Oglethorp*, who is so cunning a devil, that I believe she could yet find a remedy, if they would take her advice. I dined with a friend at court.

13. I was this morning with the secretary; he will needs pretend to talk as if things would be well. “Will you believe it, said he, if you see these people turned out?” I said, “Yes, if I saw the duke and duchess of *Somerset* out:” he swore, “If they were not, he would give up his place.” Our Society dined to-day at Sir *William Wyndham*’s; we were thirteen present. Lord *Orrery* and two other members were introduced; I left them at seven. I forgot to tell you, that the printer told me yesterday, “That *Morpheus*, the publisher, was sent for by that lord
“chief

“ chief justice *Y*, who was a manager against
 “ *Sacheverell*: he shewed him two or three
 “ papers and pamphlets; among the rest mine
 “ of the *Conduct of the Allies*, threatened him,
 “ asked who was the author, and has bound
 “ him over to appear next term.” He would
 not have the impudence to do this, if he did
 not foresee what was coming at court.

14. Lord *Shelburne* was with me this morn-
 ing, to be informed of the state of affairs; and
 desired I would answer all his objections
 against a peace, which was soon done, for he
 would not give me room to put in a word.
 He is a man of good sense enough; but
 argues so violently, that he will some day or
 other put himself into a consumption. He
 desires that he may not be denied when he
 comes to see me; which I promised, but will
 not perform. *Leigh* and *Sterne* set out for
Ireland on *Monday* sevensnight: I suppose
 they will be with you long before this.—I
 was to-night drinking very good wine in scurvy
 company, at least some of them; I was drawn
 in, but will be more cautious for the future;
 it is late, &c.

15. Morning. They say the *Occasional*
bill is brought to-day into the house of lords;
 but I know not. I will now put an end to
 my letter, and give it into the post-house my-
 self. This will be a memorable letter, and
 I shall sigh to see it some years hence. Here
 are the first steps towards the ruin of an ex-

y Parker, afterwards earl of *Macclesfield*.

cellent

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cellent ministry; for I look upon them as certainly ruined: and God knows what may be the consequences.—I now bid my dearest *MD* farewell; for company is coming, and I must be at lord *Dartmouth's* office by noon. Farewell, dearest *MD*; I wish you a merry *Christmas*; I believe you will have this about that time. Love *Presto*, who loves *MD* above all things a thousand times. Farewell again, dearest *MD*, &c.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

London, Dec. 15, 1711.

I PUT in my letter this evening myself. I was to-day inquiring at the secretary's office of Mr. *Lewis*, how things went. I there met *Prior*, who told me, "He gave all for
" gone, &c. and was of opinion the whole
" ministry would give up their places next
" week:" *Lewis* thinks they will not till
Spring, when the session is over: both of
them entirely despair. I went to see Mrs.
Masbam, who invited me to dinner; but I
was engaged to *Lewis*. At four I went to
Masbam's. He came and whispered me, "That
" he had it from a very good hand, that all
" would be well;" and I found them both
very chearful. The company was going to
the *Opera*, but desired I would come and sup
with them. I did so at ten; and lord trea-
surer was there, and sat with us till past
twelve, and was more chearful than I have
seen

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seen him these ten days. Mrs. *Masbam* told me, "He was mightily cast down some days ago:" and he could not indeed hide it from me. *Arbutnot* is in good hopes, that the queen has not betrayed us, but only has been frightened and flattered, &c. But I cannot yet be of his opinion, whether my reasons are better, or that my fears are greater. I do resolve, if they give up, or are turned out soon, to retire for some months, and I have pitched upon the place already; but I will take methods for hearing from *MD*, and writing to them. But I would be out of the way upon the first of the ferment; for they lay all things on me, even some I have never read.

16. I took courage to-day, and went to *Court* with a very chearful countenance. It was mightily crowded; both parties coming, to observe each other's faces. I avoided lord *Halifax's* bow till he forced it on me; but we did not talk together. I could not make less than fourscore bows, of which about twenty might be to *Whigs*. The duke of *Somerset* is gone to *Petworth*, and, I hear, the duchess too, of which I shall be very glad. Prince *Eugene*, who was expected here some days ago, we are now told, will not come at all. The *Whigs* designed to have met him with forty thousand horse. Lord treasurer told me, some days ago, of his discourse with the emperor's resident, that puppy *Hoffman*, about prince *Eugene's* coming; by which I found my lord would hinder it, if he could: and we shall

shall be all glad if he does not come, and think it a good point gained. Sir *Andrew Fountain, Ford*, and I, dined to-day with Mrs. *Van* by invitation.

17. I have mistaken the day of the month, and been forced to mend it thrice. I dined to-day with Mr. *Masbam* and his lady, by invitation. Lord treasurer was to be there, but came not. It was to entertain *Buys*, the *Dutch* envoy, who speaks *English* well enough: he was plaguy politic, telling a thousand lies, of which none passed upon any of us. We are still in the condition of suspense, and, I think, have little hopes. The duchess of *Somerset* is not gone to *Petworth*, only the duke; and that is a poor sacrifice. I believe the queen certainly designs to change the ministry, but perhaps may put it off till the session is over; and I think they had better give up now, if she will not deal openly; and then they need not answer for the consequences of a peace, when it is in other hands, and may yet be broken. They say, my lord privy seal sets out for *Holland* this week:" so the peace goes on.

18. It has rained hard from morning till night, and cost me three shillings in coach-hire. We have had abundance of wet weather. I dined in the city, and was with the printer, who has now a fifth edition of the *Conduct*, &c. It is in small, and sold for six pence. They have printed as many as three editions, because they are to be sent in numbers into the country by great men, &c. who subscribe

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subscribe for hundreds. It has been sent a fortnight ago to *Ireland*: I suppose you will print it there. The *Tory* lords and commons in parliament argue all from it; and all agree, that never any thing of that kind was of so great consequence, or made so many converts. By the time I have sent this letter, I expect to hear from little *MD*: it will be a month two days hence since I had your last, and I will allow ten days for accidents. I cannot get rid of the leavings of a cold I got a month ago; or else it is a new one. I have been writing letters all this evening till I am weary; and I am sending out another little thing, which I hope to finish this week, and design to send to the printer in an unknown hand. There was printed a *Grubstreet* speech of lord *Nottingham*; and he was such an owl to complain of it in the house of lords, who have taken up the printer for it. I heard at *Court*, that *Walpole* (a great *Whig* member) said, "That I and my whimsical club writ it" "at one of our meetings; and that I should" "pay for it." He will find he lies; and I shall let him know by a third hand my thoughts of him. He is to be secretary of state, if the ministry changes: but he has lately had a bribe proved against him in parliament, while he was secretary at war. He is one of the *Whigs* chief speakers.

19. Sad dismal weather. I went to the secretary's office, and *Lewis* made me dine with him. I intended to have dined with lord treasurer. I have not seen the secretary
this

this week. Things do not mend at all. Lord *Dartmouth* despairs, and is for giving up; *Lewis* is of the same mind: but lord treasurer only says, "Poh, poh, all will be well" I am come home early, to finish something I am doing; but I find I want heart and humour, and would read any idle book that came in my way. I have just sent away a penny paper, to make a little mischief. *Patrick* is gone to the burial of an *Irish* footman, who was Dr. *King's* servant: he died of a consumption, a fit death for a poor starving wit's footman. The *Irish* servants always club to bury a countryman.

20. I was with the secretary this morning, and for aught I can see we shall have a languishing death: I can know nothing, nor themselves neither. I dined, you know, with our society; and that odious secretary would make me president next week: so I must entertain them this day sevensnight at the *Thatched-house Tavern*, where we dined to-day: it will cost me five or six pounds; yet the secretary says, he will give me wine. I found a letter when I came home from the bishop of *Clogher*.

21. This is the first time I ever got a new cold before the old one was going: it came yesterday, and appeared in all due forms, eyes and nose running, &c. and is now very bad, and I cannot tell how I got it. Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I were invited to dine with Mrs. *Van*.—I was this morning with the duke of *Ormond*; and neither he nor I
can

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can think of any thing to comfort us in present affairs. We must certainly fall, if the duchess of *Somerset* be not turned out; and nobody believes the queen will ever part with her. The duke and I were settling when Mr. secretary and I should dine with him, and he fixed upon *Tuesday*; and when I came away, I remembered it was *Christmas-day*. I was to see lady —, who is just up after lying-in; and the ugliest sight I have seen, pale, dead, old, and yellow, for want of her paint. She has turned my stomach. But she will soon be painted, and a beauty again.

22. I find myself disordered with a pain all round the small of my back, which I imputed to *Champagne* I had drunk, but find it to have been only my new cold. It was a fine frosty day, and I resolved to walk into the city. I called at lord treasurer's at eleven, and staid some time with him. He shewed me a letter from a great Presbyterian parson ^z to him, complaining how their friends had betrayed them by passing this *Conformity Bill*: and he shewed me the answer he had written; which his friends would not let him send, but was a very good one. He is very chearful, but gives one no hopes, nor has any to give. I went into the city, and there I dined.

^z This Presbyterian teacher was Mr. *Showers*. See his letter to the lord high treasurer *Oxford*, and my lord treasurer's answer (written by Dr. *Swift*), in vol. XVI. of this collection, p. 122.

23. Morn-

23. Morning. As I was dressing to go to church, a friend that was to see me advised me not to stir out; so I shall keep at home to-day, and only eat some broth, if I can get it. It is a terrible cold frost; and snow fell yesterday, which still remains; look, there you may see it from the pent-houses. The lords made yesterday two or three votes about peace, and *Hanover*, of a very angry kind, to vex the ministry; and they will meet sooner by a fortnight than the commons; and, they say, are preparing some knocking addresses.—Morrow, firrahs. I will sit at home, and, when I go to bed, I will tell you how I am.—I have set at home all day, and eaten only a mess of broth and a roll. I have written a *Prophecy*, which I design to print: I did it to-day, and some other verses.

24. I went into the city to-day in a coach, and dined there. My cold is going. It is now bitter hard frost, and has been so these three or four days. My *Prophecy*^a is printed, and will be published after *Christmas-day*: I like it mightily: I do not know how it will pass. You will never understand it, at your distance, without help. I believe every body will guess it to be mine, because it is somewhat in the same manner with that of *Merlin*^b in the *Miscellanies*. My lord privy-seal set out this day for *Holland*: he will have a cold journey. I gave *Patrick* half a crown for his

^a The *Windsor Prophecy*, printed in vol. XIV, of this collection, p. 253.

^b Printed in vol. III. p. 238. N.

Christmas-box, on condition he would be good; and he came home drunk at midnight. I have taken a memorandum of it, because I never design to give him a groat more. It is cruel cold.

25. I wish dearest *MD* a merry *Christmas*, and many a one; but mine is melancholy: I durst not go to church to-day, finding myself a little out of order, and it snowing prodigiously, and freezing. At noon I went to Mrs. *Van*, who had this week engaged me to dine there to-day; and there I received the news, that poor Mrs. *Long* died at *Lynn*, in *Norfolk*, on *Saturday* last, at four in the morning: she was sick but four hours. We suppose it was the asthma, which she was subject to as well as the dropsy, as she sent me word in her last letter, written about five weeks ago, but then said she was recovered. I never was more afflicted at any death. The poor creature had retired to *Lynn* two years ago, to live cheap, and pay her debts. In her last letter she told me, "She hoped to be easy by *Christmas*;" and she kept her word, although she meant it otherwise. She had all sorts of amiable qualities; and no ill ones, but the indiscretion of too much neglecting her own affairs. She had two thousand pounds left her by an old grand-mother, with which she intended to pay her debts, and live on an annuity she had of one hundred pounds a year, and *Newburg-house*, which would be about sixty pounds more. That odious grand-mother, living so long, forced her to retire; for

for the two thousand pounds were settled on her after the old woman's death, yet her bruté of a brother, Sir *James Long*, would not advance it for her; else she might have paid her debts, and continued here, and lived still: I believe melancholy helped her on to her grave. I have ordered a paragraph to be put in *The Post-boy*, giving an account of her death, and making honourable mention of her; which is all I can do to serve her memory: but one reason was spite; for her brother would fain have her death a secret, to save the charge of bringing her up here to bury her, or going into mourning. Pardon all this, for the sake of a poor creature I had so much friendship for.

26. I went to Mr. secretary this morning, and he would have me dine with him. I called at noon at Mrs. *Masbam's*, who desired me not to let the *Prophecy* be published, for fear of angering the queen about the duchess of *Somerset*: so I writ to the printer, to stop them. They have been printed, and given about, but not sold. I saw lord treasurer there, who had been two hours with the queen: and Mrs. *Masbam* is in hopes things will do well again. I went at night again, and supped at Mr. *Masbam's*; and lord treasurer sat with us till one o'clock. So it is late, &c.

27. I entertained our society at the *Thatch-ed-house Tavern* to-day at dinner; but brother *Bathurst* sent for wine, the house affording none. The printer had not received my letter,

ter, and so he brought us dozens apiece of the *Prophecy*; but I ordered him to part with no more. It is an admirable good one; and people are mad for it. The frost still continues violently cold. Mrs. *Masbam* invited me to come to-night and play at cards; but our society did not part till nine. But I supped with Mrs. *Hill*, her sister; and there was Mrs. *Masbam*, and lord treasurer; and we stayed till twelve. He is endeavouring to get a majority against next *Wednesday*, when the house of lords is to meet; and the *Whigs* intend to make some violent addresses against a peace, if not prevented. God knows what will become of us.—It is still prodigiously cold; but so I told you already. We have eggs on the spit; I wish they may not be addle. When I came home to-night I found, forsooth, a letter from *MD*, N. 24, 24, 24, 24; there, do you know the number now? and at the same time one from *Joe*, full of thanks: let him know I have received it, and am glad of his success, but will not put him to the charge of a letter. I had a letter some time ago from Mr. *Warburton*^c; and I beg one of you will copy out what I shall tell you, and send it by some opportunity to *Warburton*. It is as follows: “The Doctor has received Mr. “*Warburton’s* letter; and desires he will let “the Doctor know, where that accident he “mentions is like soon to happen, and he “will do what he can in it.”—And pray,

^c Dr. *Swift’s* curate at *Laracor*.

madam,

madam, let them know, that I do this to save myself the trouble, and them the expence, of a letter.—And I think this is enough for one that comes home at twelve from a lord treasurer and Mrs. *Masbam*. Oh, I could tell you ten thousand things of our mad politicks, upon what small circumstances great affairs have turned. But I will go rest my busy head.

28. I was this morning with brother *Batburst* to see the duke of *Ormond*. We have given his grace some hopes to be one of our society. The secretary, and I, and *Batburst*, are to dine with him on *Sunday* next. The duke is not much in hopes, but has been very busy in endeavouring to bring over some lords against next *Wednesday*. The duchess caught me as I was going out: she is sadly in fear about things, and blames me for not mending them by my credit with lord treasurer; and I blame her. She met me in the street at noon, and engaged me to dine with her, which I did; and we talked an hour after dinner in her closet. If we miscarry on *Wednesday*, I believe it will be by some strange sort of neglect. They talk of making eight new lords, by calling up some peers eldest sons; but they delay strangely. I saw judge *Coote* to-day at the duke of *Ormond's*: he desires to come and see me, to justify his principles.

29. Morning. This goes to-day. I will not answer yours, your 24th, till my next, which shall begin to-night, as usual. Lord *Shelburn* has sent to invite me to dinner, but

G

I am

98 LETTERS TO STELLA.

I am engaged with *Lewis* at *Ned Southwell's*. Lord *Northampton* and lord *Aylesbury's* sons are both made peers; but we shall want more. I write this post to your dean. I owe the archbishop a letter this long time. All people that come from *Ireland* complain of him, and scold me for protecting him. Pray, madam *Dingley*, let me know what *Presto* has received for this year, or whether any thing is due to him for last: I cannot look over your former letters now. As for *Dingley's* own accompt of her exchequer money, I will give it on the other side. Farewell, my own dearest *MD*, and love *Presto*; and God ever blefs dearest *MD*, &c. &c. I wish you many happy *Christmases* and *New Years*.

I have owned to the dean a letter I just had from you; but that I had not one this great while before.

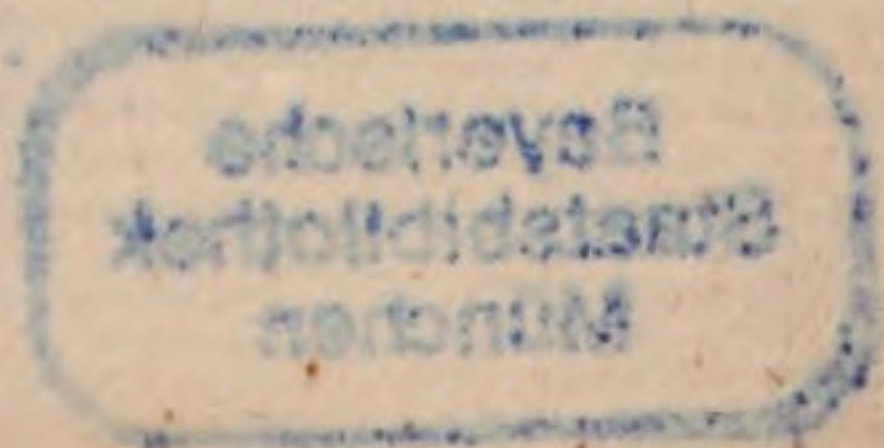
Dingley's Accompt.

Received of Mr. <i>Tooke</i> ,	-	-	6	17	6
Deducted for entering the letter	}	-	0	2	6
of attorney,					
For the three half crowns it used	}	-	0	7	6
to cost you, I do not know					
why nor wherefore,					
For exchange to <i>Ireland</i> ,	-	-	0	10	0
For coach-hire,	-	-	0	2	6

In all, just 8 0 0

So there is your money, and we are both even: for I will pay you no more than that eight pounds *Irish*, and pray be satisfied.

Church



Churchwardens accompts, boys!

Saturday night. I have broke open my letter, and tore it into the bargain; to let you know, to let you know that we are all safe; the queen has made no less than twelve lords, to have a majority; nine new ones, the other three peers sons; and has turned out the duke of *Somerset*. She is awaked at last, and so is lord treasurer: I want nothing now but to see the duchess out. But we shall do without her. We are all extremely happy. Give me joy, firrahs. This is written in a *Coffee-house*. Three of the new lords are of our Society.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

London, Dec. 29, 1711.

I PUT my letter in this evening, after coming from dinner at *Ned Southwell's*, where I drank very good *Irish* wine, and we were in great joy at this happy turn of affairs. The queen has been at last persuaded to her own interest and security; and I freely think she must have made both herself and kingdom very unhappy, if she had done otherwise. It is still a mighty secret that *Masbam* is to be one of the new lords; they say he does not yet know it himself; but the queen is to surprise him with it. Mr. secretary will be a lord at the end of the session; but they want him still in parliament. After all, it is a strange unhappy necessity of making so many

peers together; but the queen has drawn it upon herself, by her confounded trimming and moderation. Three, as I told you, are of our Society.

30. I writ the dean and you a lie yesterday; for the duke of *Somerset* is not yet turned out. I was to-day at *Court*, and resolved to be very civil to the *Whigs*; but saw few there. When I was in the bed-chamber, talking to lord *Rochester*, he went up to lady *Burlington*, who asked him, who I was; and lady *Sunderland* and she whispered about me: I desired lord *Rochester* to tell lady *Sunderland*, "I doubted she was not as much in love with me as I was with her;" but he would not deliver my message. The duchess of *Shrewsbury* came running up to me, and clapt her fan up to hide us from the company, and we gave one another joy of this change; but sighed, when we reflected on the *Somerset* family not being out. The secretary and I, and brother *Bathurst*, and lord *Windsor*, dined with the duke of *Ormond*. *Bathurst* and *Windsor* are to be two of the new lords. I desired lord *Radnor's* brother, at *Court* to-day, to let my lord know I would call on him at fix; which I did, and was arguing with him three hours to bring him over to us, and I spoke so closely, that I believe he will be tractable; but he is a scoundrel, and though I said I only talked for my love to him, I told a lie; for I did not care if he were hanged: but every one gained over is of consequence. The duke of *Marlborough*
was

was at *Court* to-day, and nobody hardly took notice of him. *Masbam's* being a lord begins to take wind: nothing at *Court* can be kept a secret. *Wednesday* will be a great day: you shall know more.

31. Our frost is broken since yesterday, and it is very flabbery; yet I walked to the city and dined, and ordered some things with the printer. I have settled Dr. *King* in the *Gazette*; it will be worth two hundred pounds a year to him. Our new lords patents are passed: I do not like the expedient, if we could have found any other. I see I have said this before. I hear the duke of *Marlborough* is turned out of all his employments: I shall know to-morrow, when I am to carry Dr. *King* to dine with the secretary.—These are strong remedies; pray God the patient is able to bear them! The last-ministry-people are utterly desperate.

Jan. 1. Now I wish my dearest little *MD* many happy new-years; yes, both *Dingley* and *Stella*, aye and *Presto* too, many happy new-years. I dined with the secretary, and it is true that the duke of *Marlborough* is turned out of all. The duke of *Ormond* has got his regiment of *Foot-guards*; I know not who has the rest. If the ministry be not sure of a peace, I shall wonder at this step, and do not approve it at best. The queen and lord treasurer mortally hate the duke of *Marlborough*; and to that he owes his fall, more than to his other faults; unless he has been tampering too far with his party, of which I have

not heard any particulars; however it be, the world abroad will blame us. I confess my belief, that he has not one good quality in the world besides that of a general, and even that I have heard denied by several great foldiers. But we have had constant fuccess in arms while he commanded. Opinion is a mighty matter in war, and I doubt but the *French* think it impossible to conquer an army that he leads, and our foldiers think the same; and how far even this step may encourage the *French* to play tricks with us, no man knows. I do not love to see personal resentment mix with public affairs.

2. This being the day the lords meet, and the new peers to be introduced, I went to *Westminster*, to see the fight; but the crowd was too great in the house, So I only went into the robing-room, to give my four brothers joy, and Sir *Thomas Mansel*, and lord *Windsor*; the other fix I am not acquainted with. It was apprehended the *Whigs* would have raised some difficulties; but nothing happened. I went to see lady *Masham* at noon, and with her joy of her new honour, and a happy new-year. I found her very well pleased; for peerage will be some sort of protection to her upon any turn of affairs. She engaged me to come at night, and sup with her and lord treasurer: I went at nine, and she was not at home; so I would not stay.—No, no, I will not answer your letter yet, young women. I dined with a friend in the neighbourhood. I see nothing here like
Christmas,

Christmas, except brawn or mince-pies in places where I dine, and giving away my half-crowns like farthings to great mens porters and butlers. Yesterday I paid seven good guineas to the fellow at the tavern, where I treated the society. I have a great mind to send you the bill. I think I told you some articles. I have not heard whether any thing was done in the house of lords after introducing the new ones. *Ford* has been sitting with me till peeast tweeleve a clock.

3. This was our society-day: lord *Dupplin* was president; we choose every week; the last president treats, and chooses his successor. I believe our dinner cost fifteen pounds besides wine. The secretary grew brisk, and would not let me go, nor lord *Lansdown*, who would fain have gone home to his lady, being newly married to lady *Mary Thynne*. It was near one when we parted; so you must think I cannot write much to-night. The adjourning of the house of lords yesterday, as the queen desired, was just carried by the twelve new lords, and one more. Lord *Radnor* was not there: I hope I have cured him. Did I tell you, "That I have brought Dr. *King* in to be *Gazetteer*?" it will be worth above two hundred pounds a year to him. I believe I told you so before; but I am forgetful. Go, get you gone to ombre, and claret, and toasted oranges. I will go sleep.

4. I cannot get rid of the leavings of my cold. I was in the city to-day, and dined with my printer, and gave him a ballad made by several

several hands, I know not whom. I believe lord treasurer had a finger in it: I added three stanzas: I suppose Dr. *Arbuthnot*^d had the greatest share. I have been overseeing some

^d This gentleman, the son of an episcopal clergyman in Scotland, was born at *Kincairdshire*, near *Montrose*. He had his education in the university of *Aberdeen*, where he took the degree of doctor of physic. The Revolution deprived the father of his church preferment; and though he was possessed of a small paternal estate, yet necessity obliged the son to seek his fortune abroad. He came to *London*; and, for his support, commenced teacher of the mathematicks. While thus employed, he published, in 1697, *An Examination of Dr. Woodward's Account of the Deluge*. This tract, which abounded with learning and good sense, established his literary fame. In 1700, he published his *Essay on the Usefulness of the Mathematicks*. In the profession of physick, he advanced by slow but sure degrees; and fully established his reputation by a successful cure he performed on prince *George* of *Denmark*, who was suddenly taken ill at *Epsom*, and employed him afterwards as his physician. In 1709, he was appointed physician in ordinary to the queen, and admitted a fellow of the college, as he had been some years of the royal society. His acquaintance with Dr. *Swift* commenced probably in 1711.—Mr. *Pope*, in a letter to Mr. *Digby*, Sept. 1, 1722, says, “The first time he saw the doctor, Dean *Swift* observed to him, *that he was a man that could do every thing but walk.*” The distinguished part he bore in the *Memoirs of Scriblerus* has been already mentioned in this volume,

some other little prints, and a pamphlet made by one of my under-strappers. *Somerſet* is not

p. 18. In 1715, he aſſiſted *Pope* and *Gay* in *Three Hours before Marriage*, a dramatic performance, which was brought on the ſtage without ſucceſs. The queen's death, and the diſaſters which befell his friends on that occaſion, ſunk deeply on his ſpirits; and, to divert his melancholy, he paid a viſit to his brother, an eminent banker at *Paris*. Returning to *London*, and having loſt his reſidence at *St. James's*, he took a houſe in *Dover-ſtreet*. In 1727, he publiſhed *Tables of Antient Coins, Weights, and Measures*, a work of great uſe and real erudition. In 1732, he contributed towards detecting the ſcandalous frauds of the *Charitable Corporation*; and in that year publiſhed his valuable *Eſſay concerning the Nature of Aliments*, &c. which was followed next year by the *Effects of Air on Human Bodies*. He was apparently led to the ſubjects of theſe treatiſes by the conſideration of his own caſe, an aſthma; which, gradually increaſing with his years, became ſhortly after deſperate. In the year 1734, he retired to *Hampſtead*, in hopes of relief, but with a mind moſt perfectly reſigned. On the 17th of *July* 1734, he told Mr. *Pope*, "I have the
 " ſatisfaction to find that I am as officiouſly ſerved
 " by my friends as he that has thouſands to leave in
 " legacies, beſides the aſſurance of their ſincerity.
 " God Almighty has made my bodily diſtreſs as
 " eaſy as a thing of that nature can be. I have
 " found ſome relief, at leaſt ſometimes, from the
 " air of this place. My nights are bad, but many
 " poor creatures have worſe." He died in *February* 1735; and the Dean laments his loſs with a
 moſt

not out yet. I doubt not but you will have the *Prophecy in Ireland*, although it is not published here, only printed copies given to friends. Tell me, do you understand it? No, faith, not without help. Tell me what you stick at, and I will explain. We turned out a member of our Society yesterday for gross neglect and non-attendance. I writ to him, by order, to give him notice of it. It is *Tom Harley*, secretary to the treasury, and cousin-german to lord treasurer. He is going to *Hanover* from the queen. I am to give the duke of *Ormond* notice of his election as soon as I can see him.

5. I went this morning with a parishioner of mine, one *Nuttal*, who came over here for a legacy of one hundred pounds, and a roguish lawyer had refused to pay him, and would not believe he was the man. I writ to the lawyer a sharp letter, "That I had taken

most pathetic sincerity. "The death of Mr. *Gay* "and the Doctor" (says he to Mr. *Pope*) "have "been terrible wounds near my heart. Their "living would have been a great comfort to me, "although I should never have seen them; like a "sum of money in a bank, from which I should "receive at least annual interest, as I do from you, "and have done from lord *Bolingbroke*." Several letters, which passed between Dr. *Arbutnot* and the Dean, are printed in this collection: and his works were published at *Glasgow*, in two volumes, 1751, which are said to contain all his Miscellanies, except those which are taken into this collection. N.

"*Nuttal*

“*Nuttal* into my protection, and was resolved to stand by him :” and the next news was, “That the lawyer desired I would meet him, and attest he was the man ?” which I did, and his money was paid upon the spot. I then visited lord treasurer, who is now right again, and all well, only that the *Somerset* family is not out yet. I hate that, I do not like it, as the man said by, &c. Then I went and visited poor *Will. Congreve*, who had a *French* fellow tampering with one of his eyes : he is almost blind of both. I dined with some merchants in the city, but could not see *Stratford*, with whom I had business. *Presto*, leave off your impertinence, and answer our letter, faith *MD*. Yes, yes, one of these days, when I have nothing else to do. Oh, faith, this letter is a week written, and not one side done yet.—These ugly spots are not tobacco, but this is the last gilt sheet I have of large paper, therefore hold your tongue. *Nuttal* was surprized, when they gave him bits of paper instead of money ; but I made *Ben Tooke* put him in his geers : he could not reckon ten pounds, but was puzzled with the *Irish* way. *Ben Tooke* and my printer have desired me to make them stationers to the ordnance, of which lord *Rivers* is master instead of the duke of *Marlborough*. It will be a hundred pounds a year a-piece to them, if I can get it. I will try to-morrow.

6. I went this morning to earl *Rivers*, gave him joy of his new employment, and desired him to prefer my printer and book-feller

feller to be stationers to his office. He immediately granted it me; but, like an old courtier, told me, "It was wholly on my account; but that he heard I had intended to engage Mr. secretary to speak to him, and desired I would engage him to do so; but that, however, he did it only for my sake." This is a court trick, to oblige as many as you can at once. I read prayers to poor Mrs. *Wesley* (who is very much out of order) instead of going to church; and then I went to *Court*, which I found very full, in expectation of seeing prince *Eugene*, who landed last night, and lies at *Leicester-house*; but he was not to see the queen till six this evening. I hope and believe he comes too late to do the *Whigs* any good. I refused dining with the secretary, and was like to lose my dinner, which was at a private acquaintance's. I went at six to see the prince at *Court*; but he was gone in to the queen: and, when he came out, Mr. secretary, who introduced him, walked so near him, that he quite screened him from me with his great perriwig. I will tell you a good passage: As prince *Eugene* was going with Mr. secretary to *Court*, he told the secretary, "That *Hoffman*, the emperor's resident, said to his highness, that it was not proper to go to *Court* without a long wig, and his was a tyed-up one. Now, says the prince, I knew not what to do; for I never had a long perriwig in my life; and I have sent to all my valets and footmen to see whether any of them have one, that I might

“ might borrow it; but none of them has
 “ any.”—Was not this spoken very greatly,
 with some sort of contempt? But the secretary
 said, “ It was a thing of no consequence, and
 “ only observed by gentlemen ushers.” I
 supped with lord *Mansam*, where lord trea-
 surer and Mr. secretary supped with us; the
 first left us at twelve, but the rest did not
 part till two: yet I have written all this, be-
 cause it is fresh: and now I will go sleep, if
 I can; that is, I believe I shall, because I
 have drunk a little.

7. I was this morning to give the duke of
Ormond notice of the honour done him to
 make him one of our Society, and to invite
 him on *Thursday* next to the *Thatched-house*.
 He has accepted it with the gratitude and hu-
 mility such a preferment deserves: but cannot
 come till the next meeting, because prince
Eugene is to dine with him that day; which
 I allowed for a good excuse, and will report
 accordingly. I dined with lord *Mansam*, and
 sat there till eight this evening; and came
 home, because I was not very well, but a
 little griped: but now I am well again, I
 will not go, at least but very seldom, to lord
Mansam's suppers. Lord treasurer is ge-
 nerally there, and that tempts me; but late
 sitting up does not agree with me; there is
 the short and the long, and I will not do it
 so take your answer, dear little young wo-
 men; and I have no more to say to you to-
 night, because of the archbishop; for I am
 VOL. V. [or XXIII.] H goin

going to write a long letter to him; but not so politicly as formerly: I will not trust him.

8. Well; then come, let us see this letter; if I must answer it, I must. What is here now? Yes faith, I lamented my birth-day two days after, and that is all; and your rhyme, madam *Stella*; were those verses made upon my birth-day? Faith, when I read them, I had them running in my head all the day, and said them over a thousand times. They drank your health in all their glasses, and wished, &c. I could not get them out of my head. What; no, I believe it was not; what do I say upon the eighth of *December*? Compare, and see whether I say so. I am glad of Mrs. *Stoyte's* recovery, heartily glad: your *Dolly Manley's* and bishop of *Cloyne's* child I have no concern about: I am forry in a civil way, that is all. Yes, yes, Sir *George St. George* dead. Go, cry, madam *Dingley*; I have written to the dean.

Raymond will be rich;

For he has the building itch.

I wish all he has got may put him out of debt. Poh, I have fires like lightning; they cost me twelvepence a week, besides small-coal. I have got four new caps, madam, very fine and convenient, with striped cambrick, instead of muslin; so *Patrick* need not mend them, but take the old ones. *Stella* snatched *Dingley's* words out of her pen; *Presto* a cold? why all the world here is dead with them: I never

Dr. *Swift*, upon his birth-day, used always to read the third chapter of *Job*.

had

had any thing like it in my life ; it is not gone in five weeks. I hope *Leigh* is with you before this, and has brought your box : how do you like the ivory rasp ? *Stella* is angry ; but I will have a finer thing for her. Is not the apron as good ? I am sure I shall never be paid it : so all is well again. What the quarrel with Sir *John Walters* ? Why, we had not one word of quarrel ; only he railed at me when I was gone. And lord keeper and treasurer teased me for a week ; it was nuts to them : a serious thing with a vengeance. The *Whigs* may sell their estates then, or hang themselves, as they are disposed ; for a peace there will be. Lord treasurer told me, that *Conolly* was going to *Hanover*. Your provost is a coxcomb. *Stella* is a good girl, for not being angry when I tell her of her spelling ; I see none wrong in this. God Almighty be praised that your disorders lessen ; it increases my hopes mightily that they will go off. And have you been plagued with the fear of the plague ? Never mind those reports ; I have heard them five hundred times. *Replevi* ? *Replevin*, simpleton ; it is *Dingley* I mean ; but it is a hard word, and so I will excuse it. I stated *Dingley's* accounts in my last. I forgot *Catharine's* seven-penny dinner. I hope it was beef-steaks ; I will call and eat them in *Spring* : but goody *Stoyte* must give me coffee, or green tea, for I drink no bohea. Well, aye, the pamphlet ; but there are some additions to the fourth edition : the fifth edition was of four thousand,

in a smaller print, fold for six pence. Yes, I had the twenty pound bill from *Parvisol*; and what then? Pray now eat the *Laracor* apples; I beg you not to keep them, but tell me what they are. You have had *Tooke's* bill in my last. And so there now, your whole letter is answered. I tell you what I do; I lay your letter before me, and take it in order, and answer what is necessary; and so, and so. Well; when I expected we were all undone, I designed to retire for six months, and then steal over to *Laracor*; and I had in my mouth a thousand times two lines of *Shakespear*, where cardinal *Wolfey* says;

“ A weak old man, batter'd with storms of
“ state,

“ Is come to lay his weary bones among
“ you.”

I beg your pardon, I have cheated you all this margin; I did not perceive it; and I went on wider and wider like *Stella*; aukward fluts, *she writes so so, there^m*: that is as like as two eggs a penny.—*A weak old man*, now I am saying it, and shall till to-morrow.—The duke of *Marlborough* says, “ There is
“ nothing he now desires so much as to con-
“ trive some way how to soften Dr. *Swift*.
He is mistaken; for those things that have been hardest against him were not written by me. Mr. secretary told me this from a friend of the duke's; and I am sure, now he is down,

^m These words in the manuscript imitate *Stella's* writing, and are sloped the wrong way.

I shall

I shall not trample on him ; although I love him not, I dislike his being out. *Bernage* was to see me this morning, and gave some very indifferent excuses for not calling here so long. I care not two-pence. Prince *Eugene* did not dine with the duke of *Marlborough* on *Sunday* ; but was last night at lady *Betty Germaine's* assemblée, and a vast number of ladies to see him. Mr. *Lewis* and I dined with a private friend. I was this morning to see the duke of *Ormond*, who appointed me to meet him at the *Cockpit* at one, but never came. I sat too some time with the duchess. We do not like things very well yet. I am come home early, and going to be busy. I will go write.

9. I could not go sleep last night till past two, and was waked before three by a noise of people endeavouring to break open my window ; for a while I would not stir, thinking it might be my imagination ; but hearing the noise continued, I rose and went to the window, and then it ceased : I went to-bed again, and heard it repeated more violently ; then I rose, and called up the house, and got a candle : the rogues had lifted up the sash a yard ; there are great sheds before my windows, although my lodgings be a story high ; and if they get upon the sheds, they are almost even with my window. We observed their track, and panes of glass fresh broken. The watchmen told us to-day, “ They saw them, “ but could not catch them.” They attacked others in the neighbourhood, about the same

time, and actually robbed a house in *Suffolk-Street*, which is the next street but one to us. It is said, they are seamen discharged from service. I went up to call my man, and found his bed empty; it seems he often lies abroad. I challenged him this morning as one of the robbers. He is a sad dog; and the minute I come to *Ireland*, I will discard him. I have this day got double iron bars to every window in my dining-room and bed-chamber; and I hide my purse in my thread stocking between the bed's head and the wainscot. *Lewis* and I dined with an old *Scotch* friend, who brought the duke of *Douglas*, and three or four more *Scots* upon us.

10. This was our Society day you know; but the duke of *Ormond* could not be with us, because he dined with prince *Eugene*. It cost me a guinea contribution to a poet, who had made a copy of verses upon monkies, applying the story to the duke of *Marlborough*; the rest gave two guineas, except the two physicians, who followed my example. I do not like this custom; the next time I will give nothing. I sat this evening at lord *Masbam's* with lord treasurer: I do not like his countenance; nor I do not like the posture of things well.

We cannot be stout,
Till *Somerset* is out;
as the old saying is.

11. Mr. *Lewis* and I dined with the chancellor of the exchequer, who eats the most elegantly of any man I know in town: I
walked

walked lustily in the *Park* by moon-shine till eight, to shake off my dinner and wine; and then went to sup at Mr. *Domville's* with *Ford*, and staid till twelve. It is told me to-day as a great secret, that the duke of *Somerset* will be out soon; that the thing is fixt; but what shall we do with the dutchess? They say, the duke will make her leave the queen out of spight, if he be out. It has stuck upon that *fear* a good while already. Well, but *Lewis* gave me a letter from *MD*, N. 25. O Lord, I did not expect one this fortnight, faith. You are mighty good, that is certain; but I will not answer it, because this goes to-morrow, only what you say of the printer being taken up; I value it not; all is safe there; nor do I fear any thing, unless the ministry be changed: I hope that danger is over. However, I shall be in *Ireland* before such a change; which could not be, I think, till the end of the session, if the *Whigs* designs had gone on. Have not you an apron by *Leigh*, madam *Stella*? have you all I mentioned in a former letter?

12. Morning. This goes to-day as usual. I think of going into the city; but of that at night. It is fine moderate weather these two or three days last. Farewell, &c. &c.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

London, Jan. 12, 1711-12.

WHEN I sealed up my letter this morning, I looked upon myself to be not worth a groat in the world. Last night, after Mr. *Ford* and I left *Domville*, *Ford* desired me to go with him for a minute upon earnest business; and then told me, “That
 “both he and I were ruined: for he had
 “trusted *Stratford* with five hundred pounds
 “for tickets for the lottery; and he had been
 “with *Stratford*, who confessed he had lost
 “fifteen thousand pounds by Sir *Stephen*
 “*Evans*, who broke last week; that he con-
 “cluded *Stratford* must break too; that he
 “could not get his tickets, but *Stratford*
 “made him several excuses, which seemed
 “very blind ones, &c.” And *Stratford* had
 near four hundred pounds of mine, to buy
 me five hundred pounds in the *South-Sea* com-
 pany. I came home reflecting a little; no-
 thing concerned me but *MD*. I called all
 my philosophy and religion up; and, I thank
 God, it did not keep me awake beyond my
 usual time above a quarter of an hour. This
 morning I sent for *Tooke*, whom I had em-
 ployed to buy the stock of *Stratford*, and
 settle things with him. He told me, “I was
 “secure; for *Stratford* had transferred it to
 “me in form in the *South-Sea* house, and he
 “had accepted it for me, and all was done.”

“OR

“on stampt parchment. However, he would
 “be further informed; and, at night, sent
 “me a note to confirm me.” However, I
 am not yet secure; and, besides, am in pain
 for *Ford*, whom I first brought acquainted
 with *Stratford*. I dined in the city.

13. *Domville* and I dined with *Ford* to-day
 by appointment: the lord *Mansel* told me at
 court to-day, “That I was engaged to him:”
 but *Stratford* had promised *Ford* to meet him
 and me to-night at *Ford*’s lodgings. He did
 so; said, “He had hopes to save himself in
 “his affair with *Evans*.” *Ford* asked him for
 his tickets: he said, “He would send them
 “to-morrow;” but, looking in his pocket-
 book, said, “He believed he had some of
 “them about him;” and gave him as many
 as came to two hundred pounds, which re-
 joiced us much; besides, he talked so frankly,
 that we think there is no danger. I asked
 him, “Was there any more to be settled be-
 “tween us in my affair?” He said, “No;”
 and answered my questions just as *Tooke* had
 got them from others; so I hope I am safe.
 This has been a scurvy affair. I believe *Stella*
 would have half laughed at me, to see a sus-
 picious fellow, like me, over-reached. I saw
 prince *Eugene* to-day at Court: I do not think
 him an ugly-faced fellow, but well enough,
 and a good shape.

14. The parliament was to sit to-day; and
 met, but were adjourned by the queen’s di-
 rections till *Thursday*. She designs to make
 some important speech then. She pretended

illness: but I believe they were not ready, and they expect some opposition; and the *Scotch* lords are angry, and must be pacified. I was this morning to invite the duke of *Ormond* to our Society on *Thursday*, where he is then to be introduced. He has appointed me at twelve to-morrow about some business: I would fain have his help, to impeach a certain lord; but I doubt we shall make nothing of it. I intended to have dined with lord treasurer, but I was told he would be busy; so I dined with Mrs. *Van*; and at night I sat with lord *Masbam* till one. Lord treasurer was there, and chid me for not dining with him: he was in very good humour. I brought home two flasks of *Burgundy* in my chair: I wish *MD* had them. You see it is very late; so I will go to-bed, and bid *MD* good night.

15. This morning I presented my printer^g and bookseller^h to lord *Rivers*, to be stationers to the *Ordnance*; *Stationers*, that is the word; I did not write it plain at first. I believe it will be worth three hundred pounds a year between them. This is the third employment I have got for them. *Rivers* told them, "The Doctor commanded him; and he durst not refuse it." I would have dined with lord treasurer to-day again, but lord *Mansel* would not let me, and forced me home with him. I was very deep with the duke

^g Mr. *Barber* (afterwards Sir *John Barber*, and lord mayor.) N.

^h Mr. *Benjamin Tooke*. N.

of *Ormond* to-day at *The Cockpit*, where we met to be private; but I doubt I cannot do the mischief I intended. My friend *Penn* came there, *Will Penn* the quaker, at the head of his brethren, to thank the duke for his kindness to their people in *Ireland*. To see a dozen scoundrels with their hats on, and the duke complimenting with his off, was a good sight enough. I sat this evening with Sir *William Robinson*, who has mighty often invited me to a bottle of wine: and it is past twelve.

16. This being *Fast-day*, Dr. *Freind* and I went into the city to dine late, like good fasters. My printer and bookseller want me to hook in another employment for them in *The Tower*, because it was enjoyed before by a stationer, although it be to serve the *Ordnance* with oil, tallow, &c. and is worth four hundred pounds *per annum* more: I will try what I can do. They are resolved to ask several other employments of the same nature to other offices; and I will then grease fat sows, and see whether it be possible to satisfy them. Why am not I a stationer? The parliament sits to-morrow; and *Walpole*, late secretary at war, is to be swinged for bribery, and the queen is to communicate something of great importance to the two houses, at least they say so. But I must think of answering your letter in a day or two.

17. I went this morning to the duke of *Ormond* about some business; and he told me,

“He could not dine with us to-day, being to dine with prince *Eugene*.” Those of our Society of the house of commons could not be with us, the house sitting late on *Walpole*. I left them at nine, and they were not come. We kept some dinner for them. I hope *Walpole* will be sent to *The Tower*, and expelled the house: but, this afternoon the members I spoke with in the court of requests talked dubiously of it. It will be a leading card to maul the duke of *Marlborough* for the same crime, or at least to censure him. The queen’s message was only to give them notice of the peace she is treating, and to desire they will make some law to prevent libels against the government; so farewell to *Grub-street*.

I heard to-day that the commoners of our Society did not leave the parliament till eleven at night, then went to those I left, and stayed till three in the morning. *Walpole* is expelled, and sent to *The Tower*. I was this morning again with lord *Rivers*, and have made him give the other employment to my printer and bookseller; it is worth a great deal. I dined with my friend *Lewis* privately, to talk over affairs. We want to have this duke of *Somerset* out, and he apprehends it will not be; but I hope better. They are going now at last to change the commissioners of the customs: my friend Sir *Matthew Dudley* will be out, and three more, and *Prior* will be in. I have made *Ford* copy out a small pamphlet, and send it to the press, that I might not be known for author: it is

A Letter to the October Club, if ever you heard of such a thing.—Methinks this letter goes on but slowly for almost a week; I want some little conversation with *MD*, and to know what they are doing just now. I am sick of politicks. I have not dined with lord treasurer these three weeks; he chides me, but I do not care; I do not.

19. I dined to-day with lord treasurer; this is his day of choice company; where they sometimes admit me, but pretend to grumble. And to-day they met on some extraordinary business; the keeper, steward, both secretaries, lord *Rivers*, and lord *Anglesey*; I left them at seven, and came away, and have been writing to the bishop of *Clogher*. I forgot to know where to direct to him since Sir *George St. Ashe's* death; but I have directed to the same house: you must tell me better; for the letter is sent by the bell-man. Do not write to me again till this is gone, I charge you; for I will not answer two letters together. The duke of *Somerset* is out, and was with his yellow liveries at parliament to-day. You know he had the same with the queen, when he was master of the horse: we hope the duchess will follow, or that he will take her away in spite. Lord treasurer, I hope, has now saved his head. Has the dean received my letter? ask him at cards to-night.

20. There was a world of people to-day at *Court*, to see prince *Eugene*; but all bit, for he did not come. I saw the duchess of *Somerset* talking with the duke of *Buckingham*; she
looked

looked a little down, but was extremely courteous. The queen has the gout, but is not in much pain. Must I fill this line too ⁱ? well then, so let it be. The duke of *Beaufort* has a mighty mind to come into our Society; shall we let him? I spoke to the duke of *Ormond* about it, and he doubts a little whether to let him in or no. They say, the duke of *Somerset* is advised by his friends to let his wife stay with the queen; I am sorry for it. I dined with the secretary to-day, with mixt company; I do not love it. Our Society does not meet till *Friday*, because *Thursday* will be a busy day in the house of commons; for then the duke of *Marlborough's* bribery is to be examined into about, the pension paid him by those that furnished bread to the army.

21. I have been five times with the duke of *Ormond* about a perfect trifle, and he forgets it: I used him like a dog this morning for it. I was asked to-day by several in the court of requests, "Whether it was true that the ^f author of the *Examiner*^k was taken up in ^f an action of twenty thousand pounds by

ⁱ It is the last of the page, and written close to the edge of the paper.

^k Upon the 10th and 17th of this month the *Examiner* was very severe upon the duke of *Marlborough*, and in consequence of this report pursued him with greater virulence in the following course of his papers. But *Swift* was not the writer of the *Examiner* at that period.

^f the

“the duke of *Marlborough*?” I dined in the city, where my printer shewed me a pamphlet called *Advice to the October Club*¹, which he said was sent him by an unknown hand; I commended it mightily: he never suspected me; it is a two-penny pamphlet. I came home, and got timely to bed; but about eleven one of the secretary’s servants came to me, to let me know, “That lord treasurer would immediately speak with me at lord *Masham’s* upon earnest business; and, that if I was abed, I should rise and come.” I did so; lord treasurer was above, with the queen; and when he came down he laughed, and said, “it was not he that sent for me:” the business was of no great importance, only to give me a paper, which might have been done to-morrow. I stayed with them till past one, and then got to-bed again. Pize take their frolicks! I thought to have answered your letter.

22. Doctor *Gastrell* was to see me this morning; he is an eminent divine, one of the canons of *Christ-church*, and one I love very well: he said, “He was glad to find I was not with *James Broad*.” I asked what he meant; “Why,” says he, “have you not seen the *Grub-street* paper, that says, Dr. *Swift* was taken up, as author of the *Examiner*, on an action of twenty thousand pounds, and was now at *James Broad’s*” (who, I suppose, is some bailiff).

¹ Printed in vol. VIII. of this collection, p. 287. N. I knew

I knew nothing of this ; but at the court of requests twenty people told me, “ they heard “ I had been taken up.” Lord *Lansdown* observed to the secretary and me, “ That the “ *Whiggs* spread three lies yesterday^m ; that “ about me ; and another, that *Maccartney*, “ who was turned out last *Summer*, is again “ restored to his places in the army ; and the “ third, that *Jack Hill*’s commission for lieutenant of *The Tower* is stopt, and that “ *Cadogan* is to continue.” *Lansdown* thinks they have some design by these reports ; I cannot guess it. Did I tell you that *Sacheverell* has desired mightily to come and see me ; but I have put it off : he has heard that I have spoken to the secretary in behalf of a brother whom he maintains, and who desires an employment. The other day, at the court of requests, Dr. *Yalden* saluted me by name ; *Sacheverell*, who was just by, came up to me, and made me many acknowledgements and compliments. Last night I desired lord treasurer to do something for that brother of *Sacheverell*’s : he said, “ He never knew “ he had a brother ;” but thanked me for telling him, and immediately put his name in his table-book. I will let *Sacheverell* know this, that he may take his measures accordingly ; but he shall be none of my acquaintance. I dined to-day privately with the se-

^m These lies are all particularly mentioned by the *Examiner*, N. 10, dated Feb. 7, 1711-12.

cretary,

cretary, left him at six, paid a visit or two, and came home.

23. I dined again to-day with the secretary; but could not dispatch some business I had with him, he has so much besides upon his hands at this juncture; and preparing against the great business to-morrow, which we are all top full of. The ministers' design is, that the duke of *Marlborough* shall be censured as gently as possible, provided his friends will not make head to defend him; but if they do, it may end in some severer votes. A gentleman who was just now with him tells me, "He is much cast down, and fallen away; but he is positive, if he has but ten friends in the house, that they shall defend him to the utmost, and endeavour to prevent the least censure upon him;" which I think cannot be, since the bribery is manifest: Sir *Solomon Medina* paid him six thousand pounds a year, to have the employment of providing bread for the army; and the duke owns it, in his letter to the commissioners of accompts. I was to-night at lord *Masham's*; lord *Dupplin* took out my new little pamphlet, and the secretary read a great deal of it to lord treasurer; they all commended it to the skies, and so did I, and they began a health to the author. But I doubt lord treasurer suspected: for he said, "This is Dr. *Davenant's* style;" which is his cant when he suspects me. But I carried the matter very well. Lord treasurer put the pamphlet in his pocket

pocket to read at home. I will answer your letter to-morrow.

24. The secretary made me promise to dine with him to-day after the parliament was up; I said, "I would come;" but I dined at my usual time; knowing the house would sit late on this great affair. I dined at a tavern with Mr. *Domville* and another gentleman; I have not done so before these many months. At ten this evening I went to the secretary, but he was not come home; I sat with his lady till twelve, then came away; and he just came as I was gone, and he sent to my lodgings, but I would not go back; and so I know not how things have passed; but hope all is well; and I will tell you to-morrow day. It is late, &c.

25. The secretary sent to me this morning to know whether we should dine together; I went to him, and there I learnt, that the question went against the duke of *Marlborough* by a majority of a hundred; so the ministry is mighty well satisfied, and the duke will now be able to do no hurt. The secretary and I and lord *Masbam*, &c. dined with lieutenant-general *Withers*, who is just going to look after the army in *Flanders*: the secretary and I left them a little after seven; and I am come home, and will now answer your letter, because this goes to-morrow: let me see.—The box at *Chester*; oh, burn that box, and hang that *Sterne*; I have desired one to inquire for it who went towards *Ireland* last *Monday*, but am in utter despair of it.—No,
I was

I was not splenetic; you see what plunges the *Court* has been at, to set all right again, And that duchess is not out yet, and may one day cause more mischief. *Somerset* shews all about a letter from the queen, desiring him to let his wife continue with her. Is not that rare! I find *Dingley* smelt a rat; because the *Whigs* are *upish*; but if ever I hear that word again, I will *upish* you. I am glad you got your rasp safe and sound; does *Stella* like her apron? Your criticks about guarantees of succession are puppies; that is an answer to the objection. The answerers here made the same objection, but it is wholly wrong. I am of your opinion, that lord *Marlborough* is used too hardly: I have often scratched out passages from papers and pamphlets sent me before they were printed; because I thought them too severe. But he is certainly a vile man, and has no sort of merit beside the military. The *Examiners*ⁿ are good for little: I would fain have hindered the severity of the two or three last, but could not. I will either bring your papers over, or leave them with *Tooke*, for whose honesty I will engage. And I think it is best not to venture them with me at sea. *Stella* is a prophet, by fore-

ⁿ This paper, which had been laid aside in *July* 1711, was again resumed in *December*; probably by *Mrs. Manley*, who wrote the last six numbers of the former collection.—Whoever was the writer, the hints were in general supplied by Mr. secretary *St. John*, and occasionally by *Dr. Swift*. See vol. *XVIII.* p. 156. N.

telling

telling so very positively that all would be well. Duke of *Ormond* speak against peace? No, simpleton: he is one of the staunchest we have for the ministry. Neither trouble yourself about the printer: he appeared the first day of term, and is to appear when summoned again; but nothing else will come of it. Lord *Chief Justice* is cooled since this new settlement. No; I will not split my journals in half; I will write but once a fortnight: but you may do as you will; which is, read only half at once, and the other half next week. So now your letter is answered. (Pox on these blots!) What must I say more? I will set out in *March*, if there be a fit of fine weather; unless the ministry desire me to stay till the end of the session, which may be a month longer; but I believe they will not: for I suppose the peace will be made, and they will have no further service for me. I must make my canal fine this *Summer*, as fine as I can. I am afraid I shall see great neglects among my quick-fets. I hope the cherry-trees on the river-walk are fine things now. But no more of this.

26. I forgot to finish this letter this morning, and am come home so late I must give it to the bell-man; but I would have it go to-night, lest you should think there is any thing in the story of my being arrested in an action of twenty thousand pounds by lord *Marlborough*, which I hear is in *Dyer's* letter, and consequently, I suppose, gone to *Ireland*. Farewell, dearest MD, &c. &c.

LET-

L E T T E R XL.

London, Jan. 26, 1711-12.

I HAVE no gilt paper left of this size, so you must be content with plain. Our Society dined together to-day; for it was put off, as I told you, upon lord *Marlborough's* business, on *Thursday*. The duke of *Ormond* dined with us to-day, the first time; we were thirteen at table; and lord *Lansdown* came in after dinner, so that we wanted but three. The secretary proposed the duke of *Beaufort*, who desires to be one of our Society; but I stopt it, because the duke of *Ormond* doubts a little about it, and he was gone before it was proposed. I left them at seven, and sat this evening with poor Mrs. *Wesley*, who has been mighty ill to-day with a fainting fit: she has often convulsions too; she takes a mixture with *assa fetida*, which I have now in my nose; and every thing smells of it. I never smelt it before, it is abominable. We have eight packets, they say, due from *Ireland*.

27. I could not see prince *Eugene* at Court to-day, the crowd was so great. The *Whigs* contrive to have a crowd always about him, and employ the rabble to give the word, when he sets out from any place^o. When the duchess

^o “The design of his visit (says the very impartial Abbé *Milot*) was probably to animate the
“Whigs,

chefs of *Hamilton* came from the queen after church, she whispered me, "that she was going to pay me a visit:" I went to lady *Oglethorp's*, the place appointed; for ladies always visit me in third places, and she kept me till near four: she talks too much, is a plaguy detractor, and I believe I shall not much like her. I was engaged to dine with lord *Masbam*: they staid as long as they could, yet had almost dined, and were going in anger to pull down the brass peg for my hat, but lady *Masbam* saved it. At eight I went again to lord *Masbam's*; lord treasurer is generally there at night: we sat up till almost two. Lord treasurer has engaged me to contrive some way to keep the archbishop of *York* from being seduced by lord *Nottingham*. I will do what I can in it to-morrow. It is very late, so I must go sleep.

28. Poor Mrs. *Manley* ^P the author is very ill of a dropfy and sore leg; the printer tells me, "he is afraid she cannot live long." I am heartily sorry for her; she has vety generous

"Whigs, by his presence, and his intrigues. This great man treated *Marlborough* as if he had been still in favour. *Oxford*, having invited him one day to dinner, congratulated himself on having at his table the first general in *Europe*. If I am, said the prince, it is your lordship whom I am to thank for it: the noblest encomium on *Marlborough*, whose disgrace was principally owing to this minister!" *Elements of the History of England*, translated by Mrs. *Brooke*, vol. IV. p. 266. N.

^P See vol. XXII. p. 146. N.

principles

principles for one of her sort; and a great deal of good sense and invention: she is about forty, very homely, and very fat. Mrs. *Van* made me dine with her to-day. I was this morning with the duke of *Ormond* and the prolocutor, about what lord treasurer spoke to me yesterday; I know not what will be the issue. There is but a slender majority in the house of lords; and we want more. We are sadly mortified at the news of the *French* taking the town in *Brasil* from the *Portuguese*. The sixth edition of three thousand of the *Conduct of the Allies* is sold, and the printer talks of a seventh: eleven thousand of them have been sold; which is a most prodigious run. The little two-penny *Letter of Advice to the October Club* does not sell; I know not the reason; for it is finely written, I assure you; and, like a true author, I grow fond of it, because it does not sell: you know that is usual to writers, to condemn the judgement of the world: if I had hinted it to be mine, every body would have bought it; but it is a great secret.

26. I borrowed one or two idle books of *Contes de Fees* 9, and have been reading them these two days, although I have much business upon my hands. I loitered till one at home: then went to Mr. *Lewis* at his office; and the vice chamberlain told me, “That lady *Ryalton* “had yesterday resigned her, employment of lady “of the bed-chamber, and that lady *Jane Hyde*, “lord *Rochester’s* daughter, a mighty pretty girl,

“is to succeed;” he said too, “That lady *Sunderland* would resign in a day or two.” I dined with *Lewis*, and then went to see Mrs. *Wesley*, who is letter to-day. But you must know, that Mr. *Levis* gave me two letters, one from the bishop of *Cloyne*, with an inclosed from lord *Inchiquin* to lord treasurer; which he desires I would deliver and recommend. I am told, that lord was much in with lord *Wharton*, and I remember he was to have been one of the lords justices by his recommendation; yet the bishop recommends him as a great friend to the church, &c. I’ll do what I think proper. The other letter was from little faucy *MD*, N. 26. O Lord, never saw the like, under a cover too, and by way of journal; we shall never have done. Sirrahs; how durst you write so soon, for ahs? I won’t answer it yet.

30. I was this morning with the secretary, who was sick, and out of humour: he would needs drink *Champagne* some days ago, on purpose to spite me, because I advised him against it, and now he pays for it. *Stella* used to do such tricks formerly; he put me in mind of her. Lady *Sunderland* has resigned her place too. It is lady *Catharine Hyde* that succeeds lady *Ryalton*; and not lady *Jane*. Lady *Catharine* is the late earl of *Rocheſter*’s daughter. I dined with the secretary, then visited his lady; and sat this evening with lady *Masbam*; the secretary came to us: but lord treasurer did not; he dined with the master of the rolls, and staid late with him. Our Society does not meet till to-morrow feyennight, because we think

think the parliament will be very busy to-morrow upon the state of the war; and the secretary, who is to treat as president, must be in the house. I fancy my talking of persons and things here must be very tedious to you, because you know nothing of them; and I talk as if you did. You know *Kevin's-street*, and *Werburgh-street*, and (what do you call the street where Mrs. *Walls* lives?) and *Ingoldsby*, and *Higgins*, and lord *Santry*; but what care you for lady *Catharine Hyde*? Why do you say nothing of your health, firrah? I hope it is well,

31. *Trimnel*, bishop of *Norwich*, who was with this lord *Sunderland* at *Moore-park* in their travels, preached yesterday before the house of lords; and to-day the question was put to thank him, and print his sermon; but passed against him; for it was a terrible *Whig* sermon. The *Bill* to repeal the *Act for naturalizing Protestant foreigners* passed the house of lords to-day by a majority of twenty, though the *Scotch* lords went out, and would vote neither way, in discontent about duke *Hamilton's* patent, if you know any thing of it. A poem is come out to-day inscribed to me, by way of a flirt; for it is a *Whiggish* poem, and good for nothing. They plagued me with it in the court of requests. I dined with lord treasurer at five alone, only with one *Dutchman*. *Prior* is now a commissioner of the customs. I told you so before, I suppose. When I came home to-night, I found a letter^r from

Dr. *Sacheverell*, thanking me for recommending his brother to lord treasurer and Mr. secretary for a place. Lord treasurer sent to him about it: so good a solicitor was I, although I once hardly thought I should be a solicitor for *Sacheverell*.

Feb. 1. Has not your dean of *St. Patrick's* received my letter? You say nothing of it, although I writ above a month ago. My printer has got the gout, and I was forced to go to him to-day, and there I dined. It was a most delicious day; why don't you observe whether the same days be fine with you? To-night at six Dr. *Atterbury*, and *Prior*, and I, and Dr. *Freind*, met at Dr. *Robert Freind's* house at *Westminster*, who is master of the school: there we sat till one, and were good enough company. I here take leave to tell politic *Dingley*, that the passage in the *Conduct of the Allies* is so far from being blameable, that the secretary designs to insist upon it in the house of commons, when the *Treaty of Barrier* is debated there, as it now shortly will, for they have ordered it to be laid before them. The pamphlet of *Advice to the October Club* begins now to sell; but I believe it's fame will hardly reach *Ireland*: it is finely written, I assure you. I long to answer your letter; but won't yet; you know it is late, &c.

2. This day ends *Christmas*; and what care I? I have neither seen, nor felt, nor heard any *Christmas* this year. I passed a lazy dull day: I was this morning with lord treasurer, to get some papers from him, which he will remember

as much as a cat, although it be his own business. It threatened rain, but did not much; and *Prior* and I walked an hour in the *Park*, which quite put me out of my measures. I dined with a friend hard by; and in the evening sat with lord *Masham* till twelve. Lord treasurer did not come; this is an idle dining day usually with him. We want to hear from *Holland* how our peace goes on; for we are afraid of those scoundrels the *Dutch*, lest they should play us tricks. Lord *Marr*, a *Scotch* earl, was with us at lord *Masham's*; I was arguing with him about the stubbornness and folly of his countrymen; they are so angry about the affair of duke *Hamilton*, whom the queen has made a duke of *England*, and the house of lords will not admit him: he swears, "he would
 " vote for us, but dare not; because all *Scot-*
 " *land* would detest him if he did; he should
 " never be chosen again, nor be able to live
 " there."

3. I was at *Court* to-day to look for a dinner; but did not like any that were offered me; and I dined with lord *Mountjoy*. The queen has the gout in her knee, and was not at chapel. I hear we have a *Dutch* mail; but I know not what news, although I was with the secretary this morning. He shewed me a letter from the *Hanover* envoy, M. *Bothmar*, complaining that the *Barrier Treaty* is laid before the house of commons; and desiring that no infringement may be made in the *Guarantee of the Succession*; but the secretary has written him a peppering answer. I fancy you under-

stand all this, and are able state-girls, since you have read the *Conduct of the Allies*. We are all preparing against the birth day, I think it is *Wednesday* next. If the queen's gout increases, it will spoil sport. Prince *Eugene* has two fine suits made against it: and the queen is to give him a sword worth four thousand pounds; the diamonds set transparent.

4. I was this morning soliciting at the house of commons' door for Mr. *Vesey*, a son of the archbishop of *Tuam*, who has petitioned for a *Bill*, to relieve him in some difficulty about his estate; I secured him about fifty members. I dined with lady *Masbam*. We have no packet from *Holland*, as I was told yesterday; and this wind will hinder many people from appearing at the birth-day, who expected cloaths from *Holland*. I appointed to meet a gentleman at the secretary's to-night, and they both failed. The house of commons have this day made many severe votes about our being abused by our allies. Those who spoke, drew all their arguments from my book, and their votes confirm all I writ; the *Court* had a majority of a hundred and fifty: all agree, that it was my book that spirited them to these resolutions; I long to see them in print. My head has not been so well as I could wish it for some days past; but I have not had any giddy fit, and I hope it will go over.

5. The secretary turned me out of his room this morning, and shewed me fifty guineas rolled up, which he was going to give to some *French spy*. I dined with four *Irishmen* at a
tavern

ravern to-day; I thought I had resolved against it before, but I broke it. I played at cards this evening at lady *Masbam's*, but I only played for her while she was writing; and I won her a pool; and suppt there. Lord treasurer was with us, but went away before twelve. The ladies and lords have all their cloaths ready against to-morrow: I saw several mighty fine; and I hope there will be a great appearance, in spite of that spiteful *French* fashion of the *Whiggish* ladies not to come, which they have all resolved to a woman; and I hope it will more spirit the queen against them for ever.

6. I went to dine at lord *Masbam's* at three, and met all the company just coming out of *Court*; a mighty crowd; they staid long for their coaches: I had an opportunity of seeing several lords and ladies of my acquaintance in their fineries. Lady *Ashburnham* looked the best in my eyes. They say, the *Court* was never fuller nor finer. Lord treasurer, his lady, and two daughters, and Mrs. *Hill*, dined with lord and lady *Masbam*; the five ladies were monstrous fine. The queen gave prince *Eugene* the diamond sword to-day; but nobody was by when she gave it, except my lord chamberlain. There was an entertainment of *Opera* songs at night; and the queen was at all the entertainment, and is very well after it. I saw lady *Wharton*, as ugly as the Devil, coming out in the crowd all in an undress; she had been with the *Marlborough* daughters and lady *Bridgewater* in *St. James's*, looking out of the window, all undressed, to see the fight.

fight. I do not hear that one *Whig* lady was there, except those of the bed-chamber. Nothing has made so great a noise as one *Kelson's* chariot, that cost nine hundred and thirty pounds, the finest was ever seen. The rabble huzzaed him as much as they did prince *Eugene*. This is birth-day chat.

7. Our Society met to-day, the duke of *Ormond* was not with us; we have lessened our dinners, which were grown so extravagant, that lord treasurer and every body else cried shame^s. I left them at seven, visited for an hour, and then came home, like a good boy. The queen is much better after yesterday's exercise: her friends wish she would use a little more. I opposed lord *Jersey's* election into

* When Mr. *Prior* was president, he treated the Society at home, and sent the treasurer this poetical invitation:

“ My Lord,
 “ Our weekly Friends to morrow meet
 “ At *Matthew's* palace (in *Duke Street*),
 “ To try for once, if they can dine
 “ On bacon-ham and mutton-chine;
 “ If, wearied with the great affairs
 “ Which *Britain* trusts to *Harley's* cares,
 “ Thou, humble Statesman, mayst descend
 “ Thy mind one moment to unbend;
 “ To see thy servant from his soul
 “ Crown with thy health the sprightly bowl:
 “ Among the guests, which e'er my house
 “ Receiv'd, it never can produce
 “ Of honour a more glorious proof—
 “ Tho' *Dorset* us'd to bless my roof.” N.

our Society, and he is refused: I likewise opposed the duke of *Beaufort*; but I believe he will be chosen in spite of me: I don't much care; I shall not be with them above two months; for I resolve to set out for *Ireland* the beginning of *April* next (before I treat them again), and see my willows.

8. I dined to-day in the city; this morning a scoundrel dog, one of the queen's musick, a *German*, whom I had never seen, got access to my chamber by *Patrick's* folly, and gravely desired me to get an employment in the customs for a friend of his, who would be very grateful; and likewise to forward a project of his own, for raising ten thousand pounds a year upon *Operas*: I used him civiler than he deserved; but it vexed me to the pluck. He was told, "I had a mighty interest with lord treasurer, "and one word of mine, &c."—Well; I got home early, on purpose to answer *MD's* letter, *N. 26*; for this goes to-morrow.—Well; I never saw such a letter in all my life; so saucy, so journalish, so sanguine, so pretending, so every thing.—I satisfied all your fears in my last. All is gone well, as you say; yet you are an impudent slut, to be so positive; you will swagger so upon your sagacity, that we shall never have done. Pray don't mislay your reply; I would certainly print it, if I had it here: how long is it? I suppose, half a sheet: was the Answer written in *Ireland*? Yes, yes, you shall have a letter when you come from *Baligall*. I need not tell you again who's out and who's in: we can never get out the duchess
of

of *Somerset*.—So, they say *Presto* writ the *Conduct*, &c. Do they like it? I don't care whether they do or no; but the *Resolutions* printed the other day in the *Votes* are almost quotations from it; and would never have passed, if that book had not been written. I will not meddle with the *Spectator*, let him fair-sex it to the world's end. My disorder is over, but blood was not from the p—les.—Well, madam *Dingley*, the frost; why we had a great frost, but I forget how long ago; it lasted above a week or ten days: I believe about six weeks ago; but it did not break so soon with us, I think, as *December* 29; yet I think it was about that time, on second thoughts. *MD* can have no letter from *Presto*, says you; and yet four days before you own you had my thirty-seventh, unreasonable fluts! The bishop of *Gloucester* is not dead, and I am as likely to succeed the duke of *Marlborough* as him if he were; there's enough for that now. It is not unlikely that the duke of *Shrewsbury* will be your governor; at least I believe the duke of *Ormond* will not return.—Well, *Stella* again: why really three editions of the *Conduct*, &c. is very much for *Ireland*; it is a sign you have some honest among you.—Well; I will do *Mr. Manley* all the service I can: but he will ruin himself. What business had he to engage at all about the city? cannot he wish his cause well, and be quiet, when he finds that stirring will do it no good, and himself a great deal of hurt? I cannot imagine who should open my letter; it must be done at your side.—If I hear
of

of any thoughts of turning out Mr. *Manley*, I will endeavour to prevent it. I have already had all the gentlemen of *Ireland* here upon my back often, for defending him. So now I have answered your saucy letter. My humble service to goody *Stoyte* and *Catharine*; I will come soon for my dinner.

9. Morning. My cold goes off at last; but I think I have got a small new one. I have no news since last. They say, "We hear, by the way of *Calais*, that peace is very near concluding." I hope it may be true. I'll go and seal up my letter, and give it myself to-night into the post-office; and so I bid my dearest *MD* farewell to-night. I heartily wish myself with them, as hope saved. My willows, and quicksets, and trees, will be finely improved, I hope, this year. It has been fine hard frosty weather yesterday and to-day. Farewell, &c. &c. &c.^t

^t In the Nineteenth Volume of this Collection, the course of these Journals is continued, from this present date, *Feb. 9, 1711-12*, until the summer of the year 1713, when Dr. *Swift* was made dean of *St. Patrick's, Dublin*. The first of these Journals in that volume is the fifty-eighth Letter, p. 127; and the last of them the seventy-second, ending p. 203.

L I T E R A R Y

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E.

L E T T E R I.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. JANE SWIFT ^u.

1696.

I RECEIVED your kind letter from *Robert* by word of mouth, and think it a vast condescension in you to think of us in all your greatness: now shall we hear nothing from you for five months but *We Courtiers*. *Loory* is well, and presents his humble duty to my lady, and love to his fellow-servant: but he is the miserablest creature in the world; eternally in his melancholy note, whatever I can do; and if his finger does but ache, I am in such a fright you would wonder at it. I

^u The Doctor's sister, afterwards Mrs. *Fenton*, frequently mentioned in the preceding Journal, and probably the Mrs. *F*—— alluded to in vol. XXII. p. 331. See also Mr. *Deane Swift's* Essay, p. 66, and 84.

pray

pray return my service to Mrs. *Kilby*, in payment of hers by *Robert*.

Nothing grows better by your absence but my lady's chamber-floor, and Tumble-down *Dick*. Here are three letters for you, and *Molly* will not send one of them; she says, you ordered her to the contrary. Mr. *Mose* and I desire you will remember our love to the king, and let us know how he looks.

Robert says, "The Czar is there, and is fallen in love with you, and designs to carry you to *Muscovy*." Pray provide yourself with muffs and sable tippetts, &c.

Æolus has made a strange revolution in the rooks nests; but I say no more, for it is dangerous to meddle with things above us.

I desire your absence heartily; for now I live in great state^w, and the cook comes in to know what I please to have for dinner: I ask very gravely what is in the house, and accordingly give orders for a dish of pigeons, or &c. You shall have no more ale here, unless you send us a letter. Here is a great bundle and a letter for you; both came together from *London*. We all keep home, like so many cats.

^w Written at Sir *William Temple's* house at *Moor-Park*.

L E T T E R II.

Mrs. LONG * to Dr. SWIFT.

November 18, 1711.

I F you will again allow me the pleasure of hearing from you without murmuring, I will let you enjoy that of laughing at me for any foolish word I misapply; for I know you are too reasonable to expect me to be nicely right in the matter; but then, when you take a fancy to be angry, pray let me know it quietly, that I may clear my meanings, which are always far from offending my friends, however unhappy I may be in my expressions. Could I expect you to remember any part of my letters so long ago, I would ask you, that you should know where to find me when you had a mind to it; but I suppose you were in a romantic strain, and designed to have surprized me talking to myself in a wood, or by the sea. Forgive the dullness of my apprehension; and if telling you that I am at *Linn* will not do, I will print it, however inconvenient it may yet be to me; for I am not the better for the old lady's death, but am put in hopes of being easy at *Christmas*; however, I shall still continue to

* Thus indorsed by the Doctor; "Poor Mrs. Long's last letter, written five weeks before she died."

be Mrs. *Smyth*, near *St. Nicholas's* Church in the town aforesaid; so much for my affairs *Y*. — Now as to my health, that was much out of order last *Summer*; my distemper was a dropfy or *asthma* (you know what I mean, but I cannot spell it right) or both, lazy distempers, which I was too lazy to molest whilst they would let me sit in quiet; but when they grew so unreasonable as not to let me do that, I applied myself to Dr. *Inglis*, by whose advice I am now well enough. To give you the best account I can of this place, the ladies will make any returns, if one may believe what they say of one another; the men I know little of, for I am here what you have often upbraided me with, a Prude in every thing but censuring my neighbours; a couple of divines, two aldermen, and a custom-house officer, are all my men acquaintance; the gay part of the town I know nothing of, and although for the honour of the place I will suppose there are good poets, yet that I never inquired after. I have a shelf pretty well filled at home, but want a *Miscellany* Mr. *Steele* put out last year; miss *Hessy* promised it me, but has forgot it: I fancy you have interest enough with him to get it for me. I wish too at your leisure you would make a pedigree for me; the people here want sadly to know what I am. I pretend to no more than being of *George Smyth's* family of *Nitly*, but do not talk much of it, for fear of be-

Y See many curious particulars of this lady in the *Journal to Stella*, p. 94 of this volume. N.

traying myself; so they fancy some mystery to be in the matter, and would give their rivals place to be satisfied. At first they thought I came hither to make my fortune, by catching up some of their young fellows; but, having avoided that sort of company, I am still a riddle they know not what to make of. Many of them seem to love me well enough; for I hear all they say of one another without making mischief among them, and give them tea and coffee when I have it, which are the greatest charms I can boast of: the fine lady I have left to *Moll* (who I suppose was at *The Bath*) or any other that will take it up; for I am grown a good housewife; I can pot and pickle, fir, and handle a needle very prettily; see miss *Hessy's* scarf, I think that is improving mightily. If miss *Hessy* keeps company with the eldest *Hatton*, and is still a politician, she is not the girl I took her for; but to me she seems melancholy. Sure Mr. *St. John* is not so altered but he will make returns; but how can I pretend to judge of any thing, when my poor cousin is taken for an hermaphrodite; a thing I as little suspected her for as railing at any body; I know so little cause for it, that I must be silent. I hear but little of what is done in the world, but should be glad the ministry did themselves the justice to distinguish men of merit. May I wish you joy of any preferment? I shall do it heartily: but if you have got nothing, I am busy to as much purpose as you, although my employments are

NEXT

next to picking straws. Oh, but you are acquainted with my lord *Fitzharding*, for which I rejoice with you, and am your most obedient servant,

ANNE LONG.

LETTER III.

Judge NUTLEY to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Dublin, Nov. 21, 1713.

I CANNOT help telling you that I think you do me great wrong in charging me with being too civil, and with want of plainness in my letters to you. If you will be abundant in your favours to me, how can I forbear thanking you? and if you will call that by a wrong name, that is your fault, and not mine. I hope I shall be able to convince you of your mistake, by putting you in the place of the party obliged; and then I will shew you, that I can be as ready (as you are) in doing good offices for a friend; and when I have done them, can treat you as you do me, as if you were the benefactor, and I had received the favour: I am sorry I did not keep a copy of my letter to you, that I might compare it with that which I shall have from you, whenever I shall be so happy to receive one from you upon that subject; for I am thoroughly persuaded, you will then as much outdo me in civility of expression, as you do now in the power of conferring favours.

K 2

By

By this time, I hope, I have satisfied you, that it is fit for me (and I am resolved) to express the sense I have of your friendship in as high a manner as I can, until I have an opportunity of making a better return: but to shew you that it is as uneasy to me to write civil things as it can be to you to read them, I will, as often as I can, do you services, that I may not be at the trouble or bear the reproach of being complaisant.

I am so much a philosopher as to know that to be great, is to be, but not to be thought, miserable; and I am of the opinion of those among them, who allow retaliation; and therefore, since you have declared your intention of loading me with cares, I will, as far as I can, make you sensible of the hurt you do me by laying a like burthen upon you.

I thank you most sincerely for the clear and full information you have given me of your grand church affair. It entirely agrees with my judgement; for I do think that what you propose will be the best service that has been done to this church and kingdom since the Restoration, and the doing it soon will be of great advantage to the queen's affairs at this juncture. For it has been given out among the party, that the ministry have an eye towards the *Whigs*; and that, if they now exert themselves, they will soon have an open declaration in their favour: we have a remarkable proof of this; for Mr. *Brodrick* has engaged a considerable number of the parliament-men
(many

(many of them not of his party) to promise him their votes for speaker, by telling them he has the approbation of the ministry and lord lieutenant: and since his grace has made known her majesty's pleasure, a new word is given out, that the liberties of the people are in the last danger, and that the crown is attempting the nomination of a speaker. I own I am no politician; but I think I understand the posture of affairs here: and I am assured that the church party is so strong, that if any thing be done on your side to excite their zeal, and discourage their adversaries, there will be but a short struggle here. But if the *Whigs* are permitted to hope, or what is as bad, to boast of their expectations, and nothing is done to enable others to confute them, they will, it is probable, be able to give trouble to the government; and what is now easy to be affected, will become difficult by delay; and I fear the want of doing this in time will occasion some uneasiness to the duke of *Shrewsbury*; for to this is owing the doubtful dispute, who shall be speaker.

I have shewed your letter to the gentleman chiefly concerned in it: this I did, because I knew it would produce a full expression of his sentiments; and I can assure you, whatever occasion may have been given you to think what you say in your letter, he has a true sense of your friendship to him. I will be guarantee that, according to the power he has, he will be ready to serve you, and that in kind.

My lord chancellor will send you his own
thanks. I am, most truly and sincerely,
Yours, &c.

L E T T E R IV.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT^z.

London, July 15, 1714.

YOU see I was in the right; but I could
with the booby^a had not convinced me
by naming my lord *Bolingbroke*, and then I
should have dealt well enough with him.
Since it has happened so, the best remedy I
could think of, was to write him a very civil
answer; in which, however, I have desired
to see the alterations: this is mentioned with
great respect to my lord. Though he is pro-
mised to have it again to-morrow, it is pro-
bable he may be disappointed; and there may
be time enough for me to receive your di-
rections what I shall do when I get it into
my hands. If the alterations are material,
shall I send it to some other printer as it was
first written^b? Reflect upon every thing you

^z Dr. Swift was at this time in *Berkshire*.

^a Mr. Barber.

^b This was the pamphlet intituled, *Thoughts on the present State of Affairs*, printed in vol. III. p. 272. The queen's death prevented the publication of it in those times. It never appeared until the year 1741.

think

think likely to happen; and tell me beforehand what is proper to be done, that no more time may be lost. I hate the dog, for making his court in such a manner.

I am very sorry you have had occasion to remove your premier minister. We are told now, we shall have no change in ours, and that the duke of *Shrewsbury* will perfectly reconcile all matters. I am sure you will not believe this any more than I do; but the *Dragon*^c has been more chearful than usual for three or four days; and therefore people conclude the breaches are healed. I rather incline to the opinion of those who say he is to be made a duke, and to have a pension. Another reason given why there is to be no change is, because the Parliament was not adjourned to issue new writs in the room of those who were to come in upon the new scheme, that they might sit in the house at the next meeting. But I cannot see why an adjournment may not do as well at the beginning as at the end of a session; and certainly it will displease less in *January* or *February*, than it would have done in *July*. The *Whigs* give out, the duke of *Marlborough* is coming over; and his house is actually now fitting up at *St. James's*. We have had more variety of lies of late than ever I remember. The history we were formerly talking of, would swell to a prodigious size, if it was carried on. There was a fire last night on *Tower-Hill*, that burnt

^c The earl of Oxford.

K 4

down

down forty or fifty houses. You say nothing of coming to town. I hope you do not mean to steal away to *Ireland* without seeing us.

L E T T E R V.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, July 17, 1714.

A SECOND to-morrow is almost past, and nothing has been yet left at *St. Dunstan's*. B.^d will lose by his prodigious cunning; but that is nothing to the punishment he deserves. Had it been only his fear, he would have chosen somebody else to consult with; but the rogue found out it was well written, and saw the passages that galled. I am heartily vext at the other person^e, from whom one might have expected a more honourable proceeding. There is something very mean in his desiring to make alterations, when I am sure he has no reason to complain, and is at least as fairly dealt with as his competitor^f. Besides, a great part of it is as much for his service as if he had given directions himself to have it done. What relates to the Pretender is of the utmost use to him; and therefore I am as much surprized at his delay, as at his ungenerous manner of treating an unknown author, to whom he is

^d Mr. Barber.

^e Lord Bolingbroke.

^f Lord Oxford.

so much obliged. But perhaps I may wrong him, and he will not desire to turn the whole to his own advantage. If it had come to me yesterday or to-day, I was resolved to have sent it to some other printer without any amendment; but now I shall wait till I have your directions. I wish you had employed somebody else at first; but what signifies wishing now? After what *B.* & writ in his last, I can hardly think he will be such a — as not to let me have it: and in my answer I have given him all manner of encouragement to do it. He has as much assurance as he can well desire, that the alterations shall be complied with, and a positive promise that it shall be returned to him the same day he leaves it at *St. Dunstan's*^h.

I cannot imagine why we have no mischief yet. Sure we are not to be disappointed at last, after the bustle that has been made. It is impossible they i can ever agree, and I want

g *Mr. Barber.*

h Two other Letters from *Mr. Ford*, on the subject of this pamphlet, are printed in vol. XX. It is plain, however, by *Mr. Barber's* Letter of July 6, that he knew the real author of the pamphlet. He tells *Dr. Swift*, “I have shewn it only to one
“ person, who is charmed with it, and will make
“ some small alterations and additions to it, with
“ your leave. You will the easier give leave, when
“ I tell you that it is one of the best pens in *Eng-*
“ *land.*” See vol. XX. p. 41. N.

i *Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke.*

something to make my letters still entertaining. I doubt you will hardly thank me for them, now the parliament is up; but as soon as any thing happens, you shall know it.

The queen has not yet appointed the time for removing to *Windsor*. My lord chief baron *Ward* is dead, and we have already named seven successors, among whom is your lord chancellor *Phipps*. *Frank Annesley* was to have had his place under my lord *Anglesey*, so that it is well for him we have provided him with another for life.

L E T T E R VI.

Lady BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Mr. DEAN,

London, May 5, 1716.

YOUR letter came in very good time to me, when I was full of vexation and trouble; which all vanishes, finding that you were so good to remember me under my afflictions, which have been not greater than you can think, but much greater than I can express. I am now in town; business called me hither; and when that is finished, I shall retire with more comfort than I came. Do not forsake an old friend, nor believe reports which are scandalous and false. You are pleased to inquire after my health; I can give you no good account of it at present; but that country whither I shall go next week will, I hope, set me up. As to my temper,
if

if it is possible, I am more insipid and dull than ever, except in some places, and there I am a little fury, especially if they dare mention my dear lord without respect, which sometimes happens; for good manners and relationship are laid aside in this town; it is not hard for you to guess whom I mean. I have not yet seen her grace^k, but design it in a day or two: we have kept a constant correspondence ever since our misfortunes, and her grace is pleased to call me sister. There is nobody in the world has a truer respect and value for her than myself. I send this to my friend *John*^l and beg you, when you do me the favour of an answer, to send it to him, who will take care to convey it to me in the country; for your letter lay a long while, before it came to my hands. I beg you to look with a friendly eye upon all my faults and blots in this letter; and that you will believe me what I really am, your most faithful humble servant,

F. B.

^k The duchess of *Ormond*.

^l *Mr. Barber* the printer. N.

L E T T E R VII.

PETER LUDLOW, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

September 10, 1718.

I SEND you the inclosed pamphlet by a private hand, not daring to venture it by the common post; for it is a melancholy circumstance we are now in, that friends are afraid to carry on even a bare correspondence, much more to write news, or send papers of consequence (as I take the inclosed to be) that way. But I suppose I need make no apology for not sending it by post: for you must know, and own too, that my fears are by no means groundless; for your friend Mr. *Manley*^m has been guilty of opening letters that were not directed to him, nor his wife, nor really to one of his acquaintance. Indeed I own it so happened, that they were of no consequence; but secrets of state, secrets of families, and other secrets (that one would by no means let Mr. *Manley* know), might have been discovered; besides a thousand, nay, for aught I know, more than a thousand calamities might have ensued; I need not (I believe) enumerate them to you; but, to be plain with you, no man nor woman would (with their eyes open) be obliged to shew

^m Post-master general of *Ireland*, whom Dr. *Swift* had greatly befriended in queen *Anne's* time.

all they had to Mr. *Manley*. These I think sufficient reasons for sending it in the manner I do; but submit them and myself to your candour and censure.

The paper, I believe, you will find very artfully written, and a great deal couched under the appearance (I own at first) of blunders and a silly Tale. For who, with half an eye, may not perceive, that, by the old woman's being drowned at *Radcliff-highway*, and not dead yet, is meant the Church, which may be sunk or drowned, but in all probability will rise again. Then the man who was followed, and overtaken, is easily guessed at. He could not tell (the ingenious author says) whether she was dead: true! but may be he will tell soon. But then the author goes on (who must be supposed a high-church-man) and inquires of a man riding a horseback upon a mare. That is preposterous, and must allude to a great man who has been guilty (or he is foully belied) of very preposterous actions; when the author comes up to him, the man takes him for a robber, or *Tory*, and ran from him, but you find he pursued him furiously. Mark that: and *The Horse*.—This is indeed carrying a figure farther than *Homer* does: he makes the shield or its device an epithet sometimes to his warrior, but never, as I remember, puts it in place of the person; but there is a figure for this in rhetorick, which I own I do not remember: by which we often say, “He is a good Fiddle;” or rather, as by the Gown is often
meant

meant particular Parsons. Well then, you find the Horse, seeing himself dead, or undone, ran away as fast as he could, and left the preposterous fellow to go afoot. During this their misfortune, the candid author (whom I cannot mention without a profound respect) calls them friends, and means to do them no harm; only inquires after the welfare of the church.—Ah! dear sir, this is the true character of the *Tories*. And here I cannot but compare the generosity and good-nature of the one, with the fullen ingratitude of the other; we find the horse gone, and they footing it give a surly answer; while the other (though a conqueror) offers his friendship, and asks the question with a *Pray inform me*.

I have gone, my dear friend, thus far with the paper, to shew how excellent a piece I take it to be, and must beg the favour of you to give me your opinion of it, and send me your animadversions upon the whole; which I am confident you will not refuse me, when you consider of how great an advantage they will be to the whole earth, who, may be, to this day, have read over these sheets with too superficial an understanding; and especially since it is the request of, learned sir, your most dutiful and most obedient humble servant,

Sir POLITICK WOULD-BE.

I submit it to your better judgement (when you make a more curious inquiry into the
arcana

arcana of this piece) to consider whether, by Sir *John Vangs* (who you find lives by the water-side) must not be meant the *Dutch*; since you find too, that he eats bag-pudding freezing hot; this may seem a paradox, but I have been assured by a curious friend of mine of great veracity, who had lived many *Winters* in *Holland*, that nothing is more common than for hot pudding to freeze in that cold country: but then what convinces me that by Sir *John* the *Dutch* must be meant, is, that you find he creeps out of a stopper-hole, which alludes to their mean origin. I must observe too, that gammer *Vangs* had an old woman to her son. That is a bob for Gloriousⁿ.—But I am under great concern to find so hard a sentence past upon poor *Swift*, because he is little. I think him better than any of them, and hope to see him greater.

LETTER VIII.

Dr. SWIFT to [STELLA] Mrs. JOHNSON^e.

JACK GRATTAN said nothing to me of it till last night; it is none of my fault: how did I know but you were to dine abroad? You should have sent your messenger sooner;

ⁿ The common appellation in *Ireland* for king *William III.*

^e Indorsed by Mrs. *Johnson*, "An answer to no letter."

yes, I think the dinner you provided for yourselves may do well enough here, but pray send it soon. I wish you would give a body more early warning; but you must blame yourselves. *Delany* says, "He will come in the evening;" and for aught I know, *Sheridan* may be here at dinner: which of you was it that undertook this frolick? Your letter hardly explained your meaning, but at last I found it. Pray do not serve me these tricks often. You may be sure, if there be a good bottle, you shall have it. I am sure I never refused you, and therefore that reflection might have been spared. Pray be more positive in your answer to this.

Deanry-house,
Sunday morning, April 30, 1721.

Margoose, and not *Mergoose*; it is spelt with an *a*, simpleton.

No, I am pretty well after my walk. I am glad the archdeacon *P* got home safe, and I hope you took care of him. It was his own fault; how could I know where he was? and he could have easily overtaken me; for I walked softly on purpose, I told *Delany* I would.

P Archdeacon *Wall*.

LET-

LETTER IX.

EDWARD Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT 9.

Good Mr. DEAN, *Wimpole, Nov. 2, 1724.*

THERE has nothing of late given me so much real trouble and uneasiness, as my having so long deferred writing to you, to make my acknowledgements for your most kind letter, and to assure you that I took every part of your obliging letter in the manner you would wish me to do: I must say, that, amidst my grief and concern, it gave me a secret pleasure to find that I was thought of by you; and, what was a great addition, that you still retained the same thoughts and sentiments of my dear father, and that you had not laid aside the design you once entertained of transmitting his name and story to posterity. I did delay writing some time, because I was in great hopes I should have been able to have given you a much more satisfactory account than I am now able to give, notwithstanding the search I have made in answer to your question, "*If he had left any Memoirs behind him*;" I suppose you mean in relation to himself. I have not yet been able to find any among his papers in town. This, with some other affairs, drew the time into the length it is; but I assure you, if I have

9 An answer to one printed in vol. XVI. p. 190. N.
the

the satisfaction to hear from you again (as I hope I shall) I will be more punctual in my returns; for I will allow nobody to value and esteem you more than I do.

There is certainly a very great number of materials for a history, a vast collection of letters and other papers: a great deal may be supplied elsewhere; but give me leave to say, that if you do not come into *England*, nothing can be done; it will not be possible to do any thing to purpose. Without this view, there would be nobody more welcome to me than yourself: you should live in your own way, and do just what was most agreeable to you: I have houses enough, you shall take your choice: I must with earnestness repeat it to you again, That I beg you will think of this matter seriously.

As to what you mention of the picture, I have often heard my father say, "That he did design to fit for you, but did not:" I shall certainly take care that you shall have a picture, and a good one: pray let me know what size you would have it of: if you design it should fit any particular place, you must send me the exact measure of the place.

Your sister^r, as you used to call her, is much your servant; she has been at *The Bath* for some time; she is better than when she went. I suppose you hear sometimes from our friend Mr. *Pope*: he has taken another voyage into *Homer-land*^s, as *Gay*

^r Lady Oxford.

^s Translation of the *Odyssey*.

calls it; I wish he may make an advantageous voyage of it.

I doubt you will say, that since I was so long before I began to write, that now I have begun, I do not know when to end; I will therefore tell you what I am with great truth,
 sir, your most obedient humble servant,
 OXFORD.

I desire your acceptance of a ring, a small remembrance of my father. How shall I send it you?

LETTER X.

EDWARD Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Dover-street, July 26, 1725.*

MR. Clayton^t going to Ireland, I take the opportunity of writing to you, in the first place to tell you, that I am ready to make good my promise which I made, of sending you a picture of my father. The painter has done his part, so that the picture is now ready, but I do not know how to send it to you safe: you did tell me a gentleman should call; but where he lives, or who he is, I know not. I am very desirous you should have it, because it has been so long coming; and I am very ambitious of doing any thing

^t Afterwards created lord Sunden by king George II. N.

that

that may be in the least agreeable to you. You had heard of this sooner, but I have been for three months out of town; I made a long progress, even beyond *Edinburgh* fifty miles.

I inquire of you sometimes of dean *Berkeley*^u: I was sorry to hear that you were troubled with that melancholy distemper, the want of hearing, although in some cases it is good; but one would have it in one's power to hear or not hear, as it suited best with one's inclinations.

I am also sorry that there is no mention made of any design of your coming into *England*. I long much for it, and do flatter myself with the thoughts of seeing you under my roof, where you shall execute more authority than I will allow to belong to any bishops made since.—Do not lay aside all thoughts of coming over; change of air may do you good as well as the voyage. I thank God, your sister is very well, considering the way she is in; I hope in two months, or thereabouts, she will be much better: she presents her humble service to you. *Peggy* is very well.

Pope is well, I suppose; he is rambling about the country. I have the pleasure of seeing a picture which is very like you every day, and is as good a picture as ever *Jervas* painted. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant and brother,

OXFORD.

^u D. *Berkeley* was then dean of *Derry*.

L E T.

LETTER XI.

EDWARD Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Dover-street, Aug. 30, 1725.*

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter; I am vexed that the trifle of the ring should not have reached you; I found where the fault lay; I hope you will soon receive both the picture and the ring safe; I have ordered them to the care of *Erasmus Lewis*, esq; our old friend; and he is a punctual man, and is well acquainted with Mr. *Ford*, and my lord *Arran's* chaplain, Mr. *Charleton*; so I hope this method will not fail that I have now taken. I would not be wanting in the least trifle, by which I might shew the value and esteem I have, and always must and will have for you.

The picture I have of you is the same which Mr. *Jervas* drew of you in *Ireland*; and it is very like you, and is a very good picture; and though Mr. *Jervas* is honoured with the place of his majesty's painter, he cannot paint a picture I shall so much value as I do that of the dean of *St. Patrick's*.

My old fellow collegiate has done so right a thing as to prefer one of your recommendation. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

OXFORD,
My

My wife sends her compliments to you;
she is as well as can be expected.

L E T T E R XII.

GEORGE ROCHFORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

I FIND myself stand in need of the advice
I bestowed on you the other night; and
therefore, if you have got rid of your cold, I
would prescribe a small jaunt ^w to *Belcamp*
this morning. If you find yourself thus dis-
posed, I will wait for you here in my boots:
the weather may perhaps look gloomy at the
Deanry; but I can assure you it is a fine day
in this parish ^x, where we set up for as good
taste as our neighbours: to convince you of
mine, I send you this invitation. I am, dear
Sir, your much obliged and obedient servant,
GEORGE ROCHFORD.

Wednesday morning,
Sept. 9, 1725.

^w Dr. Grattan's, about five miles from *Dublin*.

^x St. Mary's parish, about a mile from the
Deanry.

LET.

LETTER XIII.

EDWARD Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Dover-street, Oct. 19, 1725.*

I HOPE you will excuse these few lines for once, when I tell you that yesterday morning, I thank God, my wife was safely delivered of a son, and both mother and child are as well as can be expected. I fancy this will not be disagreeable news to the dean of *St. Patrick's*; except he be very much altered, which I believe not. I will not trouble you with any more, but to tell you that I am, with great respect, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

OXFORD.

LETTER XIV.

From the Prince of LILLIPUT.

†***† y

In *European* characters and *English* thus:
 The high and mighty prince EGROEGO, born to the most puissant empire of the *East*,
 Unto STELLA, the most resplendent glory of the *Western* hemisphere, sendeth health and happiness.

BRIGHTEST PRINCESS,

1727.

THAT invincible hero, the MAN MOUNTAIN, fortunately arriving at our coasts some years ago, delivered us from ruin, by

y Here we have a parcel of characters formed at random, by way of the address in the *Lilliputian* tongue.

conquering

conquering the fleets and armies of our enemies, and gave us hopes of a durable peace and happiness. But now the martial people of *Blefuscu*, encouraged from his absence, have renewed the war, to revenge upon us the loss and disgrace they suffered by our valiant champion.

The fame of your superexcellent person and virtue, and the huge esteem which that great general has for you, urged us, in this our second distress, to sue for your favour. In order to which, we have sent our able and trusty Nardac KOORBNILOB, requesting, That if our general does yet tread upon the terrestrial globe, you, in compassion to us, would prevail upon him to take another voyage for our deliverance,

And, lest any apprehensions of famine amongst us should render Nardac MOUNTAIN averse to the undertaking, we signify to you, that we have stored our folds, our coops, our granaries, and cellars, with plenty of provision for a long supply of the wastes to be made by his capacious stomach.

And furthermore, because as we hear you are not so well as we could wish, we beg you would compleat our happiness by venturing your most valuable person along with him into our country; where, by the salubrity of our finer air and diet, you will soon recover your health and stomach.

In full assurance of your complying goodness, we have sent you some provision for your voyage; and we shall with impatience wait

wait for your safe arrival to our kingdom.
Most illustrious lady, farewell.

Prince EGROEGO.

Dated the 11th day of the 6th Moon, in the
2001 year of the *Lilliputian* æra.

L E T T E R XV.

EDWARD Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Dover-street, Oct. 12, 1727.*

I WAS very much concerned to hear you were so much out of order when I went to the North; and upon my return, which was but lately, I was in hopes to have found you here, and that you would not have gone to your deanry till the *Spring*. I should be glad to hear that you are well, and have got rid of that troublesome distemper, your deafness.

I have seen *Pope* but once, and that was but for a few minutes; he was very much out of order, but I hope it only proceeded from being two days in town, and staying out a whole opera. He would not see the coronation, although he might have seen it with little trouble.

I came last night well home, after attending and paying my duty in my rank at the coronation. I hope there will not be another till I can have the laudable excuse of Old Age not to attend; which is no ill wish to their present majesties, since *Nottingham* at fourscore could bear the fatigue very well. I will not trouble

L

you

you with an account of the ceremony; I do not doubt but you will have a full and true account from much better hands.

I have been put in hopes that we shall see you again early in the *Spring*, which will be a very great pleasure to me.

There is a gentleman that is now upon putting out a new edition of the *Oxford Marmora*: I should take it for a great favour if you would be so kind to lend me your copy of that book. I think there are some corrections: if you think fit to do this, Mr. *Clayton*, who is in *Ireland*, will take care to bring it safe to me, and I will with great care return it to you again.

I must not conclude this without making my wife's compliments to you. I am, with true respect, Sir, your most humble servant,

OXFORD.

You forgot to send me the ballad.

Mr. *Clayton* will call upon you before he comes to *England*; I have written to him to that purpose.

L E T T E R XVI.

Mrs. MARTHA BLOUNT to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

May 7, 1728.

I AM very much pleased with your letter; but I should have thought myself much more obliged, had you been less sincere, and
not

not told me I did not owe the favour entirely to your inclinations, but to an information that I had a mind to hear from you: and I mistrust you think even that as much as I deserve. If so, you really are not deserving of my repeated inquiries after you, and my constant good wishes and concern for your welfare; which merit some remembrance without the help of another. I cannot say I have a great inclination to write to you, for I have no great vanity that way, at least not enough to support me above the fear of writing ill: but I would fain have you know how truly well I wish you.

I am sorry to hear no good account of your health: mine has been, since *Christmas* (at which time I had my fever and rash), neither well, nor ill enough to be taken notice of: but within these three weeks I have been sick in forms, and kept my bed for a week, and my chamber to this day.

This confinement, together with the mourning, has enabled me to be very easy in my chair-hire: for a dyed black gown and a scoured white one have done my business very well; and they are now just fit for *Peterham*, where we talk of going in three weeks; and I am not without hopes I shall have the same squire & I had last year. I am very unwilling to change; and moreover I begin to fear I have no great prospect of getting any new dangles; and therefore, in order to make a tolerable

u Dr. Swift.

L 2

figure,

figure, I shall endeavour to behave myself well, that I may keep my old ones.

As a proof that I continue to be well received at *Court*, I will tell you where the royal family design to pass their *Summer*: two months at *Richmond-Lodge*, the same time at *Hampton-Court*, and six weeks at *Windsor*. Mrs. *Howard* is well, and happier than ever you saw her; for her whole affair with her husband is ended to her satisfaction.

Dr. *Arbuthnot* I am very angry with: he neglects me for those he thinks finer ladies. Mr. *Gay's* fame continues, but his riches are in a fair way of diminishing: he is gone to *The Bath*: I wish you were ordered there, for I believe that would carry Mr. *Pope*, who is always inclined to do more for his friends than himself. He is much out of order, and is told nothing is so likely to do him good.

My illness has prevented my writing to you sooner. If I was a favourite at *Court*, I would soon convince you that I am very sincerely your faithful friend and very humble servant,
M. B.

L E T T E R XVII.

FRANCIS GEOGEGHAN, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

March 10, 1728-9.

YOUR time is precious, your curiosity not very small, my esteem of you very great; therefore come not within the walls of
the

the four courts in hopes of hearing a matrimonial decree in this reign; for on *Monday* (viz.) that is to say, the 10th of this instant *March*, 1728, his excellency *Thomas Wyndham Esq;* lord high chancellor of *Ireland*, pronounced, after your back was turned, and not with the assistance of the two chiefs, his decree in the case of *Stewart v. Stewart*, on *A. Powel* to this effect: He said, “ There was a full consent
 “ till such time as the draught of the settlement
 “ was sent down to Mrs. *Stewart*, to be considered by her and her friends; and after she
 “ had considered it, she shall not be at liberty
 “ to make any objections; for all restrictions
 “ of marriage are odious in the civil law, and
 “ not favoured by the common law, especially
 “ after the age of one and twenty;” therefore marry they may, and let Mr. *Nutley*^z be a lawyer for Mrs. *Rebecca Stewart*, the plaintiff, to take care of the settlement for her advantage, and let *Powel* chuse another lawyer for himself; though by the bye, Mr. *Nutley* would serve for both; and it is not necessary to inquire what *Powel* makes by his practice, although he assured the mother it amounted to one thousand four hundred pounds *per annum*.

Ovid, 'tis true, successfully imparts
 The rules to steal deluded virgins hearts;
 But oh! ye fair ones, pious *Nutley's* skill
 Instructs you to elude, by magic bill,
 The laws of God; and gratify your will. }

^z Mr. *Nutley* had been a judge in queen *Anne's* time. See his Letter to the Dean, in this volume, p. 147.

You will, I hope, excuse the liberty in one, who, to resent the indignity offered to you by *Ram's* coachman ^a, made him drunk soon after at *Gory*, which so much incensed the aforesaid *Ram*, that he discharged him his service, and he is now so reduced, that he has no other way of getting his bread but by crying in this city, *Ha' you any dirt to carry out?* I am Sir, your sincere friend and humble servant,

FRANCIS GEOGEGHAN,

L E T T E R XVIII.

— FLOWER, Esq; ^b to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R, *Ashbrook, March 18, 1728-9.*

AS I have been honoured with some of your letters, and as you are my old acquaintance, though to my sorrow not intimately so, I trust you will pardon this presumption. Perhaps you may be at a loss to guess what title I have to an old acquaintance with you; but as several little accidents make indelible impressions upon the minds of school-boys, near thirty years ago, when I was one, I remember I was committed to your care from *Sheene* to *London*: we took water at *Mortlake*, the commander of the little skiff was very drunk and insolent, put us ashore at *Hammer-smith*, yet insisted, with very abusive language, on his

^a See the *Intelligencer*, No 2.

^b Afterwards lord *Castledurrow*.

fare, which you courageously refused; the mob gathered; I expected to see your gown stript off, and for want of a blanket to take a flight with you in it, but

*Tum pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum
quem*

*Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus astant:
Ille regit dictis animos, & pectora mulcet.*

Virg. *Æn.* I. 155.

By your powerful eloquence you saved your bacon and money, and we happily proceeded on our journey. But it is not an inclination purely to tell you this old story, which persuades me to write. A friend from *Dublin* lately obliged me with a very entertaining paper, intituled *The Intelligencer*; it is number 20, a posthumous work of *Nestor Ironside*. A correspondent mentioning these papers in a letter raised my curiosity, with the specimen I had of them, to read the rest. For my part, I have buried myself in the country, and know little of the world, but what I learn from newspapers; you, who live so much in it, and from other more convincing proofs, I am satisfied, are acquainted with the *Intelligencer*. I wish his zeal could promote the welfare of his poor country, but I fear his labour is in vain.

The miseries of the North, as represented, demand the utmost compassion, and must soften the malice of the most bitter enemy; I hope they whose interest it is, if they rightly considered it, to relieve those miserable wretches,
will,

will redress so public a calamity; to which, if, as I have heard, some of the clergy, by exacting of tithes, have contributed; they deserve as great censure, as a certain dean, who lends several sums without interest to his poor parishioners, has gained credit and honour by his charitable beneficence. Bad men, to be sure, have crept in, and are of that sacred and learned order; the blackest of crimes, forgery, treason, and blasphemy, recently prove this: such should be spued out of it with utmost contempt, and punished according to their demerit with severe justice. If this allegation be true, I hope to see them censured by the *Intelligencer*, and recommend to him the words of *Jeremiah* to expatiate upon, c. x. 21. xii. 10, 11. I imagine the poor widow, his printer^c, is in danger of punishment: she suffered very cruelly for the *Drapier's Works*; I hope several contributed to ease her misfortunes on that occasion; I confess I am sorry I did not, but if you will give her a piece of gold, not in my name I beg, being unwilling to vaunt of charity, but as from a friend of yours, I shall by the first safe hand send one; in return, I expect the *Drapier's Works* intire.

I am sorry that, for the benefit of the ladies, the author has not given us the *English* of

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos

Matura Virgo.

Not having *Creech's Horace*, a gentleman prevailed on me to attempt translating of it in a

^c Mrs. Harding.

couple

couple of distichs; the science, which the compound *English* and *Greek* word signifies, little concerns a widower; but I should be glad to see it improved by good proficient in the *Ionic* jig. I own, in my little reading, I never met with this word, which puts me in mind of a passage on *The Thames*. My younger uncle, the grave Mr. *Flower*, his wife and mine, and parson *Dingle*; one day made the tour of the city: we saw *Bedlam*, the lions, and what not? and finished with a view of that noble engine under *London Bridge*: then we took water for *Whitehall*; rowed very silently to opposite the glass-house, where a dyer, his boat at anchor, was angling; poor *Jack* unfortunately asked; addressing himself to our waterman, "What that man was fishing for?" The wag answered very brisk, "For —, Master, will you buy any?" You are a man of too much humour not to be pleased with the reply. I never can think of it without a laugh; and am sure need not describe the scene to you. He is since called in our family by the name of *Jack Fisher*.

L E T T E R XIX.

Lady JOHNSTON ^e to Dr. SWIFT.

[March 30, 1729.]

To The Rev^d. The Dean of St. PaTricks.HON^D SR

I AM a Huckster and Lives in *Strand Street* & has Dealings with Several familys, a *saterday* Night a Case of Instruments ^f was sent me in pawn by a Certain person in *Marys Street*, for two rowls a print of Butter four Herrings and three Nagins of strong Waters, My foster brother who ply's about that End of the town tells Me, he want saw it in your hand, fearing *Hawkins's* ^g whip I send it to you, and will take an Other Course to gett My Money, so I Remain your Hon^{rs}

Humble Sarv^t to Commandy^e 30

MARTHA SHARP.

^e Thus endorsed by Dr. Swift, "*The best letter I ever read.*"

^f It is not unlikely this was a present of a case of instruments from Lady *Johnston* to the Doctor.

^g *Hawkins* was keeper of *Newgate*.

LET-

LETTER XX.

The Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

Dover-street, March 4, 1729-30.

GOOD MASTER DEAN;

IT is now above a whole year and six months since I have had the favour and pleasure of a line from your own self, and I have not troubled you with one from myself; the answer that you would naturally make is very obvious, "Why do you then trouble me now?" I reply, It is to join with my friend Mr. *Pope*, in recommending the person concerned in the enclosed proposal to your favour and protection, and to entreat that you would be so good as to promote his interest. I have not sent you any of his receipts; but will when you will please to let me know what number you can dispose of: I believe that your bishops have more learning, at least would be thought to have more, than our bench here can pretend to; so I hope they will all subscribe. The person concerned is a worthy honest man; and by this work of his, he is in hopes to get free of the load which has hung upon him some years: this debt of his is not owing to any folly or extravagance of his, but to the calamity of his house being twice burnt, which he was obliged to re-build; and having but sm
prefermall

preferment in the church, and a large family of children, he has not been able to extricate himself out of the difficulties these accidents have brought upon him. Three sons he has bred up well at *Westminster*, and they are excellent scholars: the eldest has been one of the ushers in *Westminster* school since the year 1714.

He is a man in years, yet hearty and able to study many hours in a day. This, in short, is the case of an honest, poor, worthy clergyman; and I hope you will take him under your protection. I cannot pretend that my recommendation should have any weight with you, but as it is joined to and under the wing of Mr. *Pope*.

I took hold of this opportunity to write to you, to let you know that you had such an humble servant in being, that often remembers you, and wishes to see you in this island. My family, I thank God, is well: my daughter had, last summer, the small-pox really, and in the natural way, and she is not marked at all. My wife and daughter desire that you will accept of their humble services, and say that they want much to see you.

I obeyed your commands, and did Mr. *Whaley*^h all the little service I was capable of: it was little enough that was in my power, God knows. He comes again before us soon after *Easter*: he seems to be in great hopes, I wish they may be well founded.

^h Mr. *Whaley* had at that time an appeal depending in the house of peers. N.

I think

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I think it is now time to release you, which I will not do until I have told you, I may say repeat to you, that I have a house for you, or house-room, come when you please, provided you come soon. I am, with true respect and esteem, your most obliged and most humble servant,

OXFORD.

Your lord lieutenant would do well to encourage this poor man: he deserves it better than *Bulkeley*.

LETTER XXI.

The Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Dover-street, July 15, 1730*

MR. *Clayton* telling me he was going for *Ireland*, I could not forbear sending you a few lines by him, although I may punish you; yet it is so great a pleasure to me to think of you, and to converse with you even in this manner, that I must expect you will be so good as to forgive the trouble this gives you.

I do not know what notions you entertain of us here; I fear and believe you are in a very bad way: this is my thought, that devoured we certainly shall be; but only this will be the difference, we shall have that great favour and instance of mercy, that we shall have the honour to follow you, and be the

VOL. V. [or XXIII.] M last

last devoured; and though this is so plain, and that demonstrable, yet we have so many unthinking, unaccountable puppies among us, that to them every thing seems to go well as it should do; and are so pleased with this thought, or rather do not think at all, that it is in vain to say any thing to them. This is a very disagreeable subject, and I will therefore leave it.

My wife is, I thank God, pretty well: her stomach is rather better than it was; *Peggy* is very well: both desire you will accept of their humble service. You mention your law affairs: I know so much of that sort of people called lawyers, that I pity most heartily any one that is obliged to be concerned with them: if you are not already, I hope you will be soon safe out of their hands.

I suppose Master *Whaley* is by this time got safe to his living, and enjoying the fruit of his victory, peace and quietnessⁱ. I believe he has enough of law, of lawyers, and of lords both spiritual and temporal. I hope he is well: if you see him, my service to him.

I wish you would come over here, that we might have the pleasure of seeing you. Why should you not pass the winter here? I should think it would be more agreeable to you than where you are.

Lord *Bathurst* has had a fever; but he is now well again. *Pope* I saw yesterday: he

ⁱ The appeal having been decided in his favour. N.
is

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is pretty well. I am, with true respect and esteem, Sir, your most affectionate humble servant,
OXFORD.

LETTER XXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

Dec. 28th, 1730.

YOU might give a better reason for restoring my book, that it was not worth keeping. I thought by the superscription that your letter was written by a man; for you have neither the scrawl nor the spelling of your sex. You live so far off, and I believe are so seldom at home, and I am so ill a visitor, that it is no wonder we meet so seldom: but if you knew what I say of you to others, you would believe it was not want of inclination: I mean what I say of you as I knew you formerly; for as to what you are now, I know but little. I give you the good wishes of the season; and am, with true esteem and affection, yours, &c.

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XXIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Lady ACHESON.

An April-fool Letter.

1732.

A Gentleman called here last night upon some business, who took Mr. —'s house yesterday at dinner, in his return from

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Wicklow.

Wicklow. He tells me that Mrs. — was brought to bed yesterday morning at five o'clock of half a child, just as if it was divided in two equal parts. It had one eye, half a nose and mouth, one leg, and so from top to bottom. They could see it was a boy, or rather half a boy: it was dead born, but she is very well. It was thought that this was the cause of all her colics. Mrs. *Brent* tells me she has known the like more than once. I am glad the poor woman had her mother and sister with her.

Are you not undone for want of *Monky*? How are you? Does your milk agree with you? We shall see you no more at church until *Monky* returns. Adieu, &c.

I mend a little.

Saturday morning.

L E T T E R XXIV.

Lady *ACHESON*'s Answer to Dr. *SWIFT*.

1732.

I AM greatly surprized at the account you give me of poor Mrs. —; but since it was so, I am heartily glad she has got rid of it. Mrs. *Morris*'s gout seized her all over on *Thursday*, so that she keeps her bed. None of them know any thing of this matter: they sent a boy yesterday to *Delgenney*, (I will not mention this thing to them till he returns) to let them know she was not able
to

to go to the country. I am sorry that you mend but a little: this bad weather has increased my cough; the milk agrees very well with me. I will be at your church to-morrow. I am, yours, &c.

Saturday morning.

LETTER XXV.

Alderman BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, Aug. 24, 1732.

I WISH Dr. *Delany* had complied with your request sooner, in acquainting me with your intentions in favour of Mr. *Pilkington*. I could have been glad also, that he had acquainted you, as I desired him; with the particulars how I stood circumstantiated in relation to the chaplain; for I flatter myself that your usual good-nature would have induced you to comply with my request, in writing a letter to me, in an authoritative way, in your recommendation of Mr. *Pilkington*; which would have given me a good excuse for my refusing a gentleman, whom my deputy and common-council men had recommended to me above six months ago.

Another accident happened in this affair, by the doctor's not receiving a letter I sent him, which, by mistake, came not to his hands (though at home) until many hours after my man had left it at his lodgings;

M 3

which

which letter, had he seen in time, it would have prevented some little difficulties I lie under in this affair, and which I must get over as well as I can.

For, Sir, when I reflect on the many obligations I have to you, which I shall ever acknowledge, I am glad of any occasion to shew my gratitude; and do hereby, at your request, make Mr. *Pilkington* my chaplain, when mayor. I wish it may answer his expectations; for the profits are not above one hundred and twenty pounds, if so much, as I am told. He constantly dines with the mayor; but I am afraid cannot lie in the Hall, the rooms being all of state. For your sake I will shew him all the civilities I can. You will recommend him to *Jo.* (Dr. I mean) *Trapp*. The mayor's day is the 30th of *October*; so that he may take his own time.

It would add very much to my felicity, if your health would permit you to come over in the spring, and see a pageant of your own making. Had you been here now, I am persuaded, you would have put me to an additional expence, by having a raree-shew (or pageant) as of old, on the lord-mayor's day. Mr. *Pope* and I were thinking to have a large machine carried through the city, with a printing-press, author, publishers, hawkers, devils, &c. and a satirical poem printed and thrown from the press to the mob, in public view, but not to give offence; but your absence spoils that design.

Pray

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Pray God preserve you long, very long, for the good of your country, and the joy and satisfaction of your friends! among whom I take the liberty to subscribe myself, with great sincerity, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

J. BARBER.

LETTER XXVI.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Dec. 23, 1732.

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 9th, and am infinitely obliged to you for the constant concern you shew for me. I am ashamed to trouble you so much, and so often, in my own affairs; and your great kindness makes me almost ashamed to ask pardon for it. * * * * *

I am very glad to hear the character you give of lord *Orrery*. He was extremely applauded for a speech he made against the Army Bill^k. There is no danger of repealing

^k It is somewhat strange (as Mr. *Duncombe* has observed) that the author of the *Irish* Peerage should assert, "That lord *Orrery* did not take his seat as an *English* baron till November 7, 1735; a mistake which has been copied in the supplement to the *Biographia Britannica*."—We find the

pealing the Test. The *Court* has taken the usual method of gaining the fanatic leaders, much against the grain of the body. It is said, the bishop of *Salisbury*¹ is the chief encourager of them; that the queen spoke to him, and that he answered, "He had promised, and would not fail them." He can be besmeared, although they would not suffer him "to go the dirty road to *Durham*." That was the excuse they made him upon the last vacancy of that see. I am extremely proud that lady *Acheson* does me the honour to remember her humble servant. I heartily wish she could be persuaded to keep good hours; having observed, by many of my acquaintance, that nothing impairs health so much as sitting up late. I often hear from my sister: she writes in quite another strain than she talked, with cheerfulness and good nature. I fancy *Arsalla*^m has cured the lady of her spleen.

I heartily wish you many new years, with health and happiness; and am most entirely, &c.

the name of his lordship, with that of many other lords, in a protest on the subject here mentioned by Mr. Ford, *March* 7, 1731-2; and again, on the 29th of the same month on a clause in the bill for reviving the duties on salt. N.

¹ Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, successively bishop of *Bangor*, *Hereford*, *Salisbury*, and *Winchester*. He died *April* 17, 1761, aged 85. N.

^m The seat of *Peter Ludlow*, Esq; father to the present lord *Ludlow*.

I am

I am told, poor *Gay's* play is now in rehearsal, and will please. It was that brought him to town a little before he diedⁿ; though, without his fever, he could not probably have held out long any where.

LETTER XXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. PILKINGTON.

MADAM, *Deanry-house. Jan. 1, 1732-3.*

I SEND you your bit of a news-paper with the verses^o, than which I never saw better in their kind. I have the same opinion of those

ⁿ *Nov. 16, 1732*, Mr. *Gay* tells the Dean, “I am at last come to *London* before the family, to follow my own inventions.—If my present project succeeds, you may expect a better account of my fortune a little while after the holidays. But I promise myself nothing.”—He died *Dec. 4*, only eighteen days after. Two of his dramatic pieces were brought out after his death; the *Opera* of *Achilles*, which was received with great applause; and the *Distrest Mother*, a tragedy, which proved unsuccessful. N.

^o Mrs. *Pilkington*, when she was about sixteen, having been teased by her brother to write some verses as a school exercise for him, asked him what he should write upon: Why, said he pertly, what should you write upon but the paper? So taking it for her subject, she writ the following lines; which,

those you were pleased to write upon me ^P, as
have also some particular friends of genius
and

which, four years after, were printed in one of the
London news-papers. See *Pilkington's* *Memoirs*,
vol. i. p. 88.

O spotless paper, fair and white!
On whom, by force, constrain'd I write,
How cruel am I to destroy
Thy purity, to please a boy!
Ungrateful I, thus to abuse
The fairest servant of the Muse.
Dear friend, to whom I oft' impart
The choicest secrets of my heart;
Ah, what atonement can be made
For spotless innocence betray'd?
How fair, how lovely didst thou show,
Like lily'd banks or falling snow!
But now, alas! become my prey,
No floods can wash thy stains away;
Yet this small comfort I can give,
That which destroy'd, shall make thee live.

^P Mrs. *Pilkington* having heard that Dr. *Swift* had
received a paper book, richly bound and gilt, from
the earl of *Orrery*, and a silver standish from Dr.
Delany, sent him an eagle quill with the following
verses upon his birth-day, *Nov.* 30, 1732.

Shall then my kindred all my glory claim,
And boldly rob me of eternal fame?
To every heart my gen'rous aid I lend,
To Music, Painting, Poetry, a friend.
'Tis I celestial harmony inspire,
* When fix'd to strike the sweetly warbling wire.

* *Quills of the harpsichord.*

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and taste, to whom I ventured to communicate them, who universally agree with me. But as I cannot with decency shew them, except to a very few, I hope, for both our sakes, others will do it for me. I can only assure you I value your present as much as either of the others, only you must permit it to be turned into a pen; which office I will perform with my own hand, and never permit any other to use it. I heartily wish you many happy new years; and am, with true esteem, Madam, your most obliged friend and servant,

J. SWIFT

LETTER XXVIII

Dr. SWIFT to the Earl of ORRERY.

MY LORD,

January, 1732-3.

IT is some time since Mrs. Ball gave me, inclosed and directed to me, your lordship's verses, in your own hand, with the al-

I to the faithful canvas have consign'd
 Each bright idea of the painter's mind;
 Behold from *Raphael's* sky-dipt pencils rise
 Such heavenly scenes as charm the gazer's eyes.
 O let me now aspire to higher praise!
 Ambitious to transcribe your deathless lays:
 Nor thou, immortal Bard, my aid refuse,
 Accept me as the servant of your Muse:
 Then shall the world my wondrous worth declare,
 And all mankind your matchless Pen revere.

terations you were pleased to make^a, for which I have long deferred my acknowledgements; and if I were to follow the course of my own nature, the delay should be longer: because, although I believe no man hath a more grateful sense of a real honour done him than myself, yet no man is in more confusion how to express it. Although I had not the least hand in publishing those verses (which would have ill become me), yet I will not be so affected as to conceal the pride I have in seeing them abroad, whatever enmity they may procure against your lordship, for publickly favouring one so obnoxious to present powers, and turning their hatred into envy; which last, as it is more tormenting to the owners, will better gratify my revenge. And of this advantage I shall make the proper use, leaving your lordship to shift for yourself, without the least grain of pity for what you may suffer.

In the mean time, I beg you to accept my most humble thanks, for the honour done me by so excellent a performance, on so barren a subject; by which words I wisely anticipate the censure of all those who love me not: in spite of whom it will be said in future ages, "That one of lord *Orrery's* first essays "in poetry were these verses on Dr. *Swift*." That your lordship may go on to be the great example, restorer, and patron, of virtue, learning, and wit, in a most corrupt, stupid,

^a See these verses in vol. VII. p. 198. N.

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and ignorant age and nation, shall be the constant wish, hope, and prayer, of, my Lord, your most obedient, obliged, and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XXIX.

Miss KELLY to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, *Jarvis-street, six o'clock, Friday evening, Feb. 2, 1732-3.*

I DANCED so long last night, that I have not been able till this moment to thank you for the goodness you shewed me this morning. Be assured, the favours you bestow on me are received with the greatest pleasure; and I only am sorry that it is not in my power to convince you that nobody can set a higher value on your friendship than I do.

Indeed I have an implicit faith in your medicine; for if only despising the poets can hinder its proving effectual, I must certainly receive from it all the benefit I desire; for really I am quite of the other side, and am a sincere admirer of all the good poets; but am more particularly attached to the best. What I shall do to convince you of the truth of this, I cannot determine: but surely the care I shall always take to mend upon your reproofs, will, in time, let you know that nobody can desire more sincerely to please you than,

than, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

F. A. KELLY.

I am half asleep, so do not be angry at these blots.

Being out of cash at present, I send you my note, which I hope will satisfy you.

I acknowledge to be indebted to the Reverend Doctor *Swift*, Dean of *St. Patrick's*, the sum of *o. l. 1 s. 1½ d. per* value received, this 2d day of *Feb. 1732-3*.

FRANCES ARABELLA KELLY^r.

L E T T E R XXX.

J. BARBER, Lord-Mayor of *London*, to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Feb. 6, 1732 33

Queen *Anne's* birth-day:
The bells all ringing.

BELIEVE me, Sir, and it is with great truth I speak it, that there is not a person in the world I would sooner oblige than yourself; and I should be glad to have it in my power to serve Mrs. *Barber* in the way you mention; but it is odds it may not be in my power: for many things may fall, that her

^r This promissory note is pinned to the letter. It certainly is an answer to some whim or other of the Doctor's.

spouse

spouse is not fit for; as, all places relating to the law, he can have no pretensions to. There are a dozen persons in my house, called Lord-mayor's Officers, who wear black gowns, and give from eight to nine hundred pounds for their places, which at first they make about sixty pounds *per annum* of, and rise in time to three or four hundred pounds; but they are generally young men. These places, I suppose, would any one fall, would not be thought good enough. There are many other places in my gift. We have had mayors gone through the office who have not got one hundred pounds, and others have got ten thousand pounds: it is all chance. I have gone through the fourth part of my year, and have got only about two hundred guineas, by the deaths of one of the city-musick, and a porter to *Guildhall*.

But suppose a place should fall worth fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds, that he may be fit for, one third of the purchase goes to the city, and must be paid before his admission; the other two-thirds are mine: but I cannot put a less price than was paid before, because the last price is entered in the city-books.

I know you love particulars; and thus you have the case as it stands.

You will give me leave to add a word or two, which I do in confidence, That I have been, for many years, plagued with a sett of ungrateful monsters, called *Cousins*, that I tremble at the name; and though I give yearly

yearly pensions to some, and monthly and weekly to others, all will not do, and I am insulted and abused by them, and cannot help myself.

Now, as Mrs. *Barber* and her family design to settle here, and she has done me the honour in most places to call me *Cousin*, I hope it will not be expected I should have the care of them. I have very ill health; and any additional care that way would hurt me very much; but for doing her and her family any good offices, I shall never be wanting.

I must now beg leave to return you my thanks for your affectionate and kind wishes. The honour, I own, is very great I am in possession of, and I am sensible I am placed aloft, and that all my words and actions are scanned; but I will not be discouraged, and hope I shall get through with honour. One motive for making me think so, is the great pleasure and satisfaction I have in the hopes of seeing you here, where your advice and example will be of great use; and therefore I hope you will lose no time, but come away, and I will fit up an apartment for you in *Queen's-square*, and another at *Sheen* (which I hope you will accept), places that I shall hardly be able to see this year.

Mr. *Pilkington* gains daily upon us, and comes out a facetious agreeable fellow. I carried him the other day to see her grace of *Bucks* in the *Park*. Her grace seeing him, asked "Who he was?" I answered, "He was a present from you from *Dublin*."

She

She smilingly replied, "He is no fool then, I am sure."

I shall conclude a long dull letter, with my sincere wishes for your health and prosperity, and that you would not delay one hour coming to bless your friends here with your company; which by none is more desired than, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

J. BARBER.

LETTER XXXI.

Countess of KERRY to Dr. SWIFT.

Lixnaw, March 4, 1732-3.

THE kind concern and friendly remembrance of the most esteemed dean of St. Patrick's, has raised in me a satisfaction and pleasure that I had almost given up, having been resolved a good while humbly to content myself in a state of indolence and indifference; and, if I could avoid the pains of body and mind, not to seek further after those points in life, I so long and vainly pursued. But you have invaded my tranquillity in a manner I must not only forgive, but pay my acknowledgements for, since at the same time that you make a melancholy representation of my misfortunes, you strike a light for me from another quarter from whence to raise hope. I most heartily rejoice in what you tell me of Mr. Fitzmaurice, who has indeed given me
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an undeniable mark of taste, by the sense he has of the honour you do him in letting him into your society, from whence it is impossible to come without some good influence. For my part, I grieve at the interval that necessity seems to call for, to interrupt such advantage, and it is my study to find an occasion indispensable that he may return^s; and, as I think, to be a member of our senate-house is the best way to lead a young man into the world, I have been watching a good while for some gap in that body, that he might step into. There seems now to offer one, on the death of Sir *Ralph Gore*, that may not be impracticable, since it is a very small borough entirely belonging, as I am informed, to the bishop of *Clogher*, who, I dare say, is above disposing of it for *Court* favour only, or to the highest bidder; practices much in fashion of late. Might I not then presume upon your friendship with the bishop, to recommend this young man as an honest one at present, and whom he might devote to his service by so great and seasonable an obligation, besides paying an acknowledgement that, in gratitude, is due, although the person were never so well qualified: thus much sure I may say without censure. If I have taken too great liberty in recommending this matter to you, forgive me, and impute it to my zeal in endeavouring to take all opportunities to turn this lad into the world, that I may see what fi-

^s It is presumed, from his travels.

gure he will be likely to make hereafter. But if I do not succeed in this, or any other attempt, I thank Providence sincerely, I can now boast I have attained philosophy enough to take every thing with patience as it comes, by no means thinking myself too good to be the sport of higher powers; and my Christian duty will not permit me to look for reasons. As little wisdom as I have bought, I wish I had had it sooner; now it is too late. *La farce est jouée*, and my curtain almost drawn; so that, if I could, I would no more traffick with the world upon my own account: friendship only is what I still must always value; yours, surely, is more than comes to my share.

You are very good to inquire after my eyes: they are, indeed, well beyond my expectation; but are to me like the miser's gold, hoarded up as imaginary treasure, that one wants, at the same time that one possesses; for so much as this letter I have not taxed them a long time. I shall, with attention, observe all you recommend to me in the way of passing my time; and do daily see reason to respect *la bagatelle*; yet are there some places where that is too insipid to be made any use of. I have an excellent chaplain, that I employ in reading, and my domestick. Handicrafts and gardening do the rest. As for quadrille, it is a part of entertainment only for strangers. What shall I say for taking up so much of your time? Forgive, dear Dean, your most real and faithful humble servant,

A. KERRY.
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L E T T E R XXXII.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, April 14, 1733.

I AM extreamly concerned to hear the bad state of your health. I have often wished that you would be more moderate in your walks; for though riding has always been allowed to be good for a giddy head, I never heard walking prescribed for a strain, or any ailment in the leg; and the violent sweats you put yourself into, are apt to give colds, and, I doubt, occasion much of your other disorder. I am confident, you would find yourself better here; and even the journey would be of great use to you. I was vastly pleased to hear my lord-mayor talk of the delight he should have in seeing you this year, that he might shew you a creature of your own making. He has behaved himself so well in his public capacity, that, whether it be his humility or his pride, he deserves to be gratified. I could heartily wish your other complaints were as much without foundation, as that of having lost half your memory, and all your invention. I will venture to pronounce you have more left of the first than most men, and of the last than any man now alive. Whi'e the Excises were depending, you were expected every day; for it was said, Why should not he shew as much regard for the Liberty of *England*, as he did for

for the Money of *Ireland*? I wish you had been here, though the affair in my opinion is happily ended. Many people are offended that the bills were dropt, and not rejected, and the authors of the scheme left unpunished. It was absolutely impossible to have carried it otherwise. You have heard, Sir *Robert Walpole*, and one or two more coming out of the house, were insulted. A few of that rabble have been seized, with the ringleader, who proves to be a *Norfolk* man; no enemy to Excises, but an entire dependant upon the outraged person. Though the rejoicings were as great and as universal as ever were known, there was no violence, except the breaking a very few windows, whose owners had shewn an untimely thrift of their candles. I foretold *Henley* what his joking would come to; but the mayor of *Southampton* immediately printed his real letter, which was short, and extremely proper. His designed opponent at the next election, having voted for the excise, will not dare to shew himself in the corporation; and *Henley*, after the division, thanked him for having, by that vote, bestowed him fifteen hundred pounds. * * *

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I have great hopes this fine mild weather will set you right, and long to hear you are preparing for your journey. I am most entirely, your grateful, &c.

LET-

L E T T E R XXXIII.

Miss KELLY to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Jarvis-street, May 4, 1733.

I AM sure, if you knew what I have suffered for having offended you, your anger would be changed into pity; for indeed, Sir, my uneasiness cannot be expressed. Of all the misfortunes I ever met with, this has given me the greatest concern; for your friendship is an honour that the whole world are ambitious of; but I received from it more than ordinary satisfaction. Judge then, Sir, how unhappy I now am; and, for God's sake, forgive what is past, and be assured my future conduct shall be such, that you never again shall have cause of complaint against me.—I own you have reason to condemn my impertinence; but, as I had not the least intention to offend, I hope it will in some measure lessen the fault. Indeed, Sir, if you will be so good to pardon me, I will make any atonement in my power; and it will much add to the other obligations you have already conferred upon me. My health is so much impaired, that it is but too probable that I shall not live very long; and, methinks, it would be very hard to have the short time that is allotted for me made more miserable than continual sickness can make it. This must be the case, if you do not, once more, receive me into your favour: nothing I desire half so much;

much; and do assure you I spent so bad a night, from the thoughts of my misfortune, that could you have an idea of it, you would have been sorry for me. You might have seen how depressed I was at supper; but not my indisposition, but your cold behaviour was the real occasion of it.—What shall I say, or do, to influence you to pardon me? If true repentance for my crime, and a firm resolution to be upon my guard for the future against any inadvertent expressions that can give offence, will plead any thing in my favour, you will be so good to pardon me; for I can affirm, that I will never offend you again. Try me then, good Sir; and, if it is possible, both forget and forgive the errors I have been guilty of.

If you are not determined to continue my unhappiness, I must beg the favour of you, to send me a line to assure me of my being pardoned; for my uneasiness cannot be removed without it. I hope too, Sir, that I shall have the honour of seeing you before I go, that I may in person acknowledge how much I owe you, and with what satisfaction I receive your forgiveness; and, for God's sake, Sir, look upon me as you were wont to do, for I cannot bear your coldness.

I propose, when I go to *Bristol*, to follow your advice, and should be much obliged to you, if you would recommend me to those books that you think most proper for me: and, if it please God that I recover, you shall find, that by the honour you have done me in advising me to improve my mind, the deficiencies of
my

my education will be made up, and I shall be more worthy of your esteem.

I should beg pardon for the length of 'this, but that I still could write on to ask your forgiveness; who am, Sir, with true respect and regard, your most obliged and most humble servant,

F. A. KELLY.

L E T T E R XXXIV.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.]

SIR,

London, May 29, 1733,

YOU will find, to your cost, that a woman's pen, when encouraged, is as bad as a woman's tongue: blame yourself, not me: had I never known the pleasure of receiving a letter from you, I should not have persecuted you now. I think (a little to justify this bold attack) that I am obliged, by all the rules of civility, to give you an account of the letter you charged me with: I delivered it into my lord *Bathurst's* hands; he read it before me: I looked filly upon his asking me, "What you meant by the Fofset affair?" and was obliged to explain it to him in my own defence, which gave him the diversion I believe you designed it should. We then talked of your vineyard: he seemed pleased with every subject that related to you, and I was very ready to indulge him that

that way. I did not forget to brag of your favours to me; if you intended I should keep them a secret, I have spoiled all; for I have not an acquaintance of any worth, that I have not told, how happy I have been in your company. Every body loves to be envied, and this is the only way I have of raising people's envy. I hope, Sir, you will forgive me, and let me know if I have *behaved myself* right: I think I can hardly do wrong, as long as I am, Sir, your most obliged and most obedient servant,
M. PENDARVES.

Mrs. *Donnellan* is much your humble servant,
and as vain of your favours as I am.

L E T T E R XXXV.

Miss KELLY to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, *Bristol Hot-well, June 2, 1733.*

I HEAR my agreeable fellow-traveler has been beforehand with me in paying her compliments to you; but I cannot be sure *Dr. Swift* never could endure to hear any one say, Such a one *behaved* well, &c. *Behaved? Behaved what?* he used to ask with some kind of emotion. I remember his giving me an account, How he rebuked my lord *Carteret* for this, and that my lord promised him not to be guilty of the like for the future. The *Italick* mark under these words in the original, proves that Mrs. *Pendarves* refers to some rebuke of this kind.

N

prized

prized at that, for she was formed to get the better of me in every thing, but respecting and esteeming you. That, indeed, nobody can do; for both gratitude and taste conspire to make me truly your friend and servant.

I have been, since I came here, very low-spirited; the companions I had some part of my journey lessened my illness, or at least I felt not with them the same weight that I did upon their leaving me: and I have often wished myself again in *Ireland*, to enjoy conversation; for I really believe it is one excellent cure for most disorders. This is the dullest place that ever was known: there is not above half a dozen families, and those are cits with great fortunes, or *Irish* impertinents: the former despise one because their cloaths are finer than yours; and the latter have no view in keeping you company but to report your faults. This makes me avoid all communication with them, and only in the morning I go to the wells: and, I thank God, I can spend my time far better; for either writing to my friends, reading, walking, and riding, find me full employment, and leave me not a wish for such company as the place affords. Doctor *Lane* (who, by character, is a second *Æsculapius*, and can raise people from the dead) is my physician, and gives me great hopes of a speedy amendment: and, as I take his medicines regularly, and am up at six in the morning, breakfast at eight, dine at one, and sup at seven, I hope I may in time find some benefit: nor does either the asses milk or waters disagree with me;
and

and I think my appetite is rather better. I wish to Heaven it was agreeable to your affairs to come here; for I am sure you would like the situation of the house that I lodge in: it has the command of such a prospect, that I should do it injustice to attempt to describe it; but the variety of the scene is such, that one discovers new beauties in it every day. I hope you will continue your former goodness to me, and let me have the honour of hearing from you sometimes; for in reality, nobody is more sincerely your well-wisher than, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

F. A. KELLY.

Your expedition to *Tallagh*^r makes a very fine figure in print; but, since you have made this discovery, I think you ought to fly to us; for, if *Dublin* be in danger, the deanry house cannot be a safe retreat for you. I wish any thing would send *Barber* here; for I was at *The Bath* to see some of my friends, and was forced to swear that only the want of health kept her book from being published. I am sure you will be glad to hear, that a lady of very good understanding, that is a particular friend of mine, comes to me next week to stay while I do: her name is *Rooke*, admiral *Rooke*'s son's lady.

^r The residence of Dr. *John Hoadly*, archbishop of *Dublin*; who built there the most elegant as well as convenient episcopal palace in that kingdom, from the ruins of an immense castle of that name. N.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

Miss KELLY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Bristol, July 8, 1733

I CANNOT express how much pleasure your letter gave me; to say that it surpassed the anxiety your silence gave me, is all the description I am able to make. Indeed I had a thousand fears about you; your health was my first care, and yet I thought that the Gods must take care of *Cato*; but I too fearfully apprehended that the whole Club had quite forgotten the most unworthy member that ever entered into their Society: for, though you writ to others, your hands were useless to me; and of all our little sett none remained unblest but myself; but as your letter has made me full amends for every thing beside, I must be lavish in my thanks.

I am apt to believe that I really died on the road, as it was reported; for I am certainly not the same creature I once was; for I am grown fonder of reading than of any other amusement, and, except when health calls me on horseback, I find my only joys at home; but my life indeed has received great addition in its pleasures, by Mrs. *Rooke's* being so good to come down to me; she has all the qualities that can make an agreeable companion and friend: we live together without form, but have all the complacence for each other that
true

True friendship inspires. You are sensible that two people cannot always like the same thing: this we make easy, by following our inclinations; for if she likes to walk, she walks; and I do whatever I like better. Would to God you were with us to compleat our happiness! I had a letter from Mrs. *Cleland*, to inquire about you; she says, "she hears you are coming to *England*:" surely, if you were, you would tell me so; for few things in life could give me more true delight than the sight of you.

You are extremely good to enter into my affairs. All the marks you give me of your friendship increase my esteem for you, and make me bear the common rubs of life with patience. I have really been often tempted to let you into all my secrets; but the thought that you only could receive uneasiness from them, and that even your advice could not remove the least painful of them, hindered me from it; for to those I best love, I still remain upon these heads reserved. Indeed the cause of my complaints is of such a nature, that it cannot well be told. The unhappy life of a near relation must give one a pain in the very repeating of it, that cannot be described: for surely, to be the daughter of a colonel *Chartres*, must to a rational being give the greatest anxiety; for who would have a father of seventy publickly tried for an attempt of a rape? Such a *Dulcinea del Tolboso* is shocking, I think: for if a man must do wrong, he should aim a little higher than the enjoyment of a kitchen-maid, that he finds obstinately virtuous. In short, dear Sir, I have

been fool enough to let such things make an impression on me, which, spight of a good constitution, much spirits, and using a great deal of exercise, has brought me to what I am. Were I without a mother (I mean, had I lost her in my infancy, and not known her goodness), I could still better have borne the steps that were taken; but whilst I saw how lavish *he* was upon his dirty wenches, I had frequent accounts that my mother was half starved abroad. She brought him sixteen thousand pounds fortune; and, having borne severe usage for near twenty years, had resolution enough to part with him, and chose to take two hundred and fifty pounds *per annum* separate maintenance, rather than bear any longer: and, as she could not live here upon such an income, she has banished herself, and lives retired in a country town in *France*.—His late letters to me have been kind, and hitherto he has supplied me well; but in his last he tells me he shall not see me till *September*.

What you say is perfectly right, and I propose returning to the Club as soon as my health will permit me; but how long this may prove, I know not, for I must still pursue this cruel God^s that flies me.

I shall go from hence, I believe, in a week; for *Lane* only pours down medicines for the sake of the apothecary, and though he reaps the benefit of them, I receive none; and as he has not allowed me to drink the waters these

* The God of Health, poetically expressed.

three weeks, I can have no business here; so shall follow *Holling's* advice, and remove to *Kensington* or *Hampstead* with the utmost expedition; therefore I must beg the favour of you to inclose your letters for me to *William Cleland* esq; commissioner of taxes, in *St. Stephen's Court, Westminster*. I have disobeyed orders in writing so long a letter; but I will not do this again: so now be so good as excuse the tediousness of, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

F. A. KELLY.

Write to me as often as you can, and make my compliments to all friends.

Mrs. *Pendarves* is gone down with lady *Weymouth*, whose fortune was five thousand pounds, and has for jointure two thousand five hundred a year, and five hundred a year pin-money.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Glocester, July 21, 1733.

MAY I say, without offending you, that I was overjoyed at the honour you did me in answering my letter? and do not call me formal, when I assure you, that I think myself made happy by such a distinction. It was stupidity in me not to let you know where to address to me; but I do not repent of it; I have

have by that means tried your zeal; but I am afraid your good-breeding more than inclination procured me that favour. I am resolved to be even with you for what you say about my writing, and will write henceforward to you as carelessly as I can; if it is not legible, thank yourself. I do not wonder at the envy of the ladies, when you are pleased to speak of me with some regard; I give them leave to exercise their malice on an occasion that does me so much honour. I protest, I am not afraid of you, and would appear quite natural to you, in hopes of your rewarding my openness and sincerity by correcting what you disapprove of. And since I have not now an opportunity of receiving your favours of pinching and beating, make me amends by chiding me for every word that is false spelt, and for my bad *English*: you see what you are like to suffer: if this promises you too much trouble, do not give me so much encouragement in your next letter; for upon something in your last, I have almost persuaded myself, that, by your assistance, and my own earnest desire, I may in time become worthy of your care. Vanity stands at my elbow all this while, and animates me by a thousand agreeable promises; without her encouragement, I should never have presumed to correspond with the dean of *St. Patrick's*. Some say, she is a mischievous companion, I swear she is a pleasant one: you must not be angry with me for keeping her company; for I had very little acquaintance with her till I had received some marks of your favour.

I re-

I received your letter but a little while before I left *London*: I attended lord and lady *Weymouth* down to *Long-Leat*, and left them with a prospect of as much happiness as matrimony can give; they are pleased with one another at present, and I hope that will continue. My lord and lady *Carteret* are both satisfied with the disposal of their daughter in so advantageous a station. Common report wrongs my lord *Weymouth*; for which reason, as I am his friend, I must tell you his good qualities: he has honour and good-nature, and does not want for sense; he loves the country, and inclines a little too much to his stable and dog-kennel; but he keeps a very hospitable good house, and is always ready to relieve those in distress: his lady *Dr. Delany* can give you a character of, and [is what I believe you will approve of. I came from *Long Leat* last *Saturday*, and am now at *Glocester* with my mother and sister. My lord *Bathurst* was here about a fortnight ago; I was sorry to miss of him; I have a double reason for liking his company. He has made me promise to pay him a visit at *Oakly Wood*, which I certainly will do; I shall with great resignation submit to any punishment you convey through his hands. I wish you could make your words good, and that I was a forcerefs; I should then set all my charms to work to bring you to *England*, and should expect a general thanksgiving for employing my spells to so good a purpose.

purpose. The Syren^t has lately been at *Oxford*; we parted very unwillingly: she is extremely obliged to you for remembering her so favourably. I am glad Mr. *Donnellan* pleases you; I know he has a high value for you, and I agree with you in thinking him a most deserving young man. My lord *Lansdown* is much at your service, laments the days that are past, and we constantly drink your health in champaign, clear as your thoughts, and sparkling as your wit. Lord and lady *Carteret*, and my lady *Worsley*, all talk kindly of you, and join their wishes to mine for your coming among us. I request it of you to make my humble service acceptable to those friends of yours that are so good as to remember me. I am, Sir, your most obliged and faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

Be pleased to direct for me at Mrs. *Granville's*, *Glocester*.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

Lord-mayor of *London*^u to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, *Goldsmiths-Hall, Aug. 6, 1733.*

I THANK you heartily for your kind and affectionate letter, and I beg your pardon for not answering it sooner.

I agree

^t Perhaps this was Miss *Kelly*.

^u Mr. *Barber* was born in 1675. His parents being necessitous, he was educated at the expence of his

I agreee with you that I had the happiness of learning honest principles early, from a sett
of

his god-father, Mr. *Settle*, the city poet, who afterwards apprenticed him to a printer; which business he long practised with reputation and success. He was honoured with the particular friendship of lord *Bolingbroke*; who introduced him to the earl of *Oxford*, the duke of *Ormond*, Dr. *Swift*, Dr. *Atterbury*, Mr. *Prior*, and many other of the most distinguished characters for rank and abilities. He consequently printed the *Examiners*, and many other parts of this collection. He was printer of *The Votes*, of *The Gazette*, and to the city of *London* (which latter employment he bought for five hundred pounds); and, through the recommendation of his noble friends, obtained the reversion of the patent of printer to her majesty queen *Anne*. Six thousand guineas had been offered to the earl of *Oxford* for the reversion; but he generously gave it to Mr. *Barber*, with an assurance, "That his merit had had great weight with the queen herself, who preferred that to all other considerations." This reversion Mr. *Barber* many years after sold for a very considerable sum. In the remarkable year 1720, he added considerably to his wealth, by an attention to the fluctuating *South Sea* stock; though it was supposed his success was not owing entirely to chance. He was agent to several of his friends in these transactions; and paid some of them several thousand pounds, after they were fully satisfied with the profits they had received. Mr. *Barber* was soon after (in 1722) chosen alderman of *Castle-Baynard* ward; and purchased the house at *East-Sheen*, which had been the seat of Sir *W. Temple*. In his shrievalty, 1730, colonel *Chartres* was capitally convicted;

of great men, who will ever be an honour and an ornament to their country: and it is my greatest glory, that in the late affair of the Excise Bill (though I did nothing but my duty, and what every honest man in my nation would have done) I acted consistent with those honest principles; and that my enemies, as well as friends, have generally approved my conduct. And believe me, Sir, I speak it with great sincerity, that when I

visited; and Mr. *Barber* and Sir *John Williams* became entitled, as a forfeiture, to about seven thousand pounds of *South Sea* stock; which they accordingly sold, and appropriated to their own use. He was lord mayor in 1733, the year famous for *The Excise Scheme*; and left no means in his power unessayed, to prevent a project which threatened the most ruinous consequences; and its actual defeat was more owing to Mr. *Barber*, than to any other gentleman in the kingdom. In his mayoralty most of the city gates were repaired, and *Bishopsgate* new built. His humane regulation at *The Old Bailey* will long be remembered to his honour. He first abolished the barbarous custom of remanding to gaol such unhappy persons as had been cleared of the facts imputed to them, but whose distress would not enable them to pay the prison fees; a custom by which many lives were annually sacrificed of those whose only crime was poverty. Having passed through his mayoralty with much *eclat*, he was the following year a candidate to represent the city in parliament: but here he failed of success, his spirited opposition to the excise bill having rendered him obnoxious to the ministry. He died Jan. 2, 1740, aged 65. N.

consider how sparingly you and some other friends have ever been of your praises, your approbation affords me the greatest pleasure imaginable, as it gives me that inward peace of mind, which the whole world could not purchase.

My lord *Orrery's* amiable qualities must make him the delight of all with you, as he is truly so with us: and when he comes over, *your loss will be our gain*, as the proverb says.

I know nothing of Mr. *Pilkington's* affairs or expences; what the city allows him is never paid till the end of the year: I have presented him, at twice, with forty pounds, which I design to make fifty; which sum has but one precedent: generally they have but thirty of the mayor. His behaviour is very well, and he is generally esteemed.

I shall have great regard to your recommendations in favour of Mrs. *Barber*, and shall not fail of doing her any service in my power. I have been thought to be a lucky man; but this year *fortune has been my foe*, for I have had no death happened in my year (a fiddler excepted) yet, nor have made five hundred pounds in all. But my friends say, "it is made up in fame."

I am very sorry your ill health continues; for I flattered myself with being very happy with you and some friends, on the important subject of the Cap of Maintenance, Custard, the Sword, and many more laudable things in the lord-mayor's house; and I yet hope to have that felicity, for there are three months

to come; and who knows what may happen in that time? Nay, I do not despair of seeing you settled with your friends here, before we are many years older. Do not start! stranger things have happened very lately.

I was lately honoured at dinner with the lords *Bolingbroke*, *Carteret*, *Winchelsea*, *Gower*, and Mr. *Pulteney*; and among other things your name was mentioned, and lord *Carteret* instantly toasted your health; and you were the subject of conversation for an hour. I shewed them your letter. I dare not mention what passed, because I know I should offend your modesty; only one thing I will venture to repeat, That they all swore, "That, if
"ever the wind should change, they would not
"long be deprived of the greatest genius of the
"age." The conversation turning on another subject, Lord *Carteret* pulled me to the window, and bade me tell you, "That he loved
"and honoured you, and so you should find
"on all occasions, and that he toasted your
"health." This is literally true, upon the honour of a ———.

I dined yesterday with lord *Bolingbroke* only; he complains you do not write to him: he is well.

They say you are making interest for my brother of *Dublin* w to be member of parliament; pray come over, and do the same for me, and have the credit of both. My brother

w This was Alderman *French*, an iron-monger, supposed by Dr. *Swift*, and all others, to be the greatest magistrate that ever lived in any age or nation.

behaves

behaves himself well, I hear; if it is proper, my service to him.

What you tell Mr. *Pilkington* of my speaking disrespectfully of the *Irish* is false and scandalous; I never used such an expression in my life: I appeal to all my acquaintance. I love the *Irish*.

Pray God restore your health! And believe me always, with gratitude, your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

LETTER XXXIX.

Miss KELLY to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Aug. 12, 1733.

I AM truly sorry, my dear Sir, that I have not heard from you so long; but am much more concerned with *Barber's* account of your being not as well as I wish you. For God's sake try the change of air, and let not any other attachment than to your health employ your thoughts. Consider how dear you are to your friends; but if that will not do, let the detestation you must feel, from giving pleasure to the unworthy, make you careful of yourself. Indeed I should be glad to make you sensible, that you are valued by all that have a taste for merit; and I should be very much pleased, if you would think you owe so much to them, that you would, for their sakes, preserve yourself. Believe

me, Sir, illness is not to be trifled with: I can speak on this subject as an experienced person; and I earnestly entreat you to take remedies in time. Forgive my impertinence; and be assured that none is more truly zealous for your welfare, than your

F. A. KELLY.

L E T T E R XL.

Dr. SWIFT to the Earl of ORRERY.

MY LORD, *Dublin, Aug. 20, 1733.*

I LATELY received a letter from Mrs. Barber, wherein she desires my opinion about dedicating her poems to your lordship; and seems in pain to know how far she may be allowed to draw your character, which is a right claimed by all dedicators: and she thinks this the more incumbent on her, from the surprizing instances of your generosity and favour that she hath already received, and which she hath been so unfashionable to publish where-ever she goes. This makes her apprehend, that all she can say to your lordship's advantage will be interpreted as the mere effect of flattery, under the style and title of gratitude.

I sent her word, that I could be of no service to her upon this article: yet I confess, my lord, that all those who are thoroughly acquainted with her, will impute her encomiums to a sincere, but overflowing spirit of thank-

thankfulness, as well as to the humble opinion she hath of herself; although the world in general may possibly continue in its usual sentiments, and list her in the common herd of dedicators.

Therefore, upon the most mature deliberation, I concluded that the office of setting out your lordship's character will not come properly from her pen, for her own reasons; I mean, the great favours you have already conferred on her; and God forbid that your character should not have a much stronger support! You are hourly gaining the love, esteem, and respect, of wise and good men: and, in due time, if Mrs. Barber can have but a little patience, you will bring them all over, in both kingdoms, to a man: I confess the number is not great; but that is not your lordship's fault, and therefore, in reason, you ought to be contented.

I guess the topicks she intends to insist on; your learning, your genius, your affability, generosity, the love you bear to your native country, and your compassion for this: the goodness of your nature, your humility, modesty, and condescension: your most agreeable conversation, suited to all tempers, conditions, and understandings: perhaps she may be so weak to add the regularity of your life; that you believe a God and Providence: that you are a firm Christian, according to the doctrine of the church established in both Kingdoms.

These, and other topicks, I imagine, Mrs. *Barber* designs to insist on, in the dedication of her Poems to your lordship; but I think she will better shew her prudence by omitting them all. And yet, my lord, I cannot disapprove of her ambition, so justly placed, in the choice of a patron; and at the same time declare my opinion, that she deserveth your protection, on account of her wit and good sense, as well as of her humility, her gratitude, and many other virtues. I have read most of her poems; and believe your lordship will observe, that they generally contain something new and useful, tending to the reproof of some vice or folly, or recommending some virtue. She never writes on a subject with general unconnected topicks, but always with a scheme and method driving to some particular end; wherein many writers in verse, and of some distinction, are so often known to fail. In short, she seemeth to have a true poetical genius, better cultivated than could well be expected, either from her sex, or the scene she hath acted in, as the wife of a citizen: yet I am assured, that no woman was ever more useful to her husband in the way of his business. Poetry hath only been her favourite amusement; for which she hath one qualification, that I wish all good poets possessed a share of, I mean, that she is ready to take advice, and submit to have her verses corrected by those who are generally allowed to be the best judges.

I have,

I have, at her intreaty, suffered her to take a copy of this letter, and given her the liberty to make it public: for which I ought to desire your lordship's pardon: but she was of opinion it might do her some service, and therefore I complied. I am, my lord, with the truest esteem and respect, your lordship's most obedient servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

L E T T E R XLI.

Mrs. DONNELLAN to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, Sept. 22, 1733.

KNOWING your great esteem and tenderness for miss *Kelly*, and that there is no one whom she has so high an opinion of, or whose advice would sway so much with her, I cannot forbear letting you know my thoughts about her at this time; that I think she wants the assistance and counsel of her best and wisest friend. As she has been so good to distinguish me amongst her female acquaintance, and to shew more confidence than in any other, I think I can better tell her mind: but, as she has a natural closeness, I judge chiefly by hints; for I believe she does not open herself entirely to any one. Her health I think in a much worse way than when she came to *London*: she has still a slow

fever,

fever, a violent cough, great and almost continual sickness in her stomach, and, added to to all these, a very great dejection of spirit; which last, I cannot but think, proceeds in a good measure from discontent and uneasiness of mind; and the physicians are of the same opinion. I have endeavoured, by all the means I could think of, to find out the cause; hoping, that if it were known, it might, by the assistance of friends, be remedied. I know, when a young person shews any discontent, people are apt to imagine there can be no cause for it but a disappointment in love: I really think that is not miss *Kelly's* case: I have tried her to the uttermost on that subject, and I cannot find she has any attachment to any particular person, but that the whole world, except a few friends, is indifferent to her: but what I take her present uneasiness to proceed from, is the unkindness in general of her parents, and the fear of not being supported by her father in the way she likes, and as her present bad state of health indeed requires. She has a high spirit, and cannot bear to be obliged to her friends; and she has not been much used to management. She is here in a very expensive way, with her sickness, her servants, and horses; and I believe she would be greatly mortified, after appearing in this manner, to be obliged to fall below it; and at the same time she has reason to fear, from her father's behaviour, that he thinks little of her, and will not support her in it: she has not heard from him
these

these two months; and the letters she had from him at *Bristol* were warning her not to marry without his consent, enjoining her not to go to public places, and, above all, to spend little money; very odd subjects to one in her condition. Now, what I would beg of you, Sir, is to endeavour to find out what are his resolutions in relation to her, and, if there be any one that has an influence over him, to get them to convince him, that his child's life is in the greatest danger; and then, perhaps, he may not think his time and money ill employed to save it. If, at the same time, Sir, you would join your good advice to her, I believe it might be of great use, either to make her bear, with less uneasiness, the ills of this life, or, if it please God to take her from us, to prepare her for another, and a better. Her humour is much changed; her spirits are low; and, upon every little disappointment, her passions rise high: you know, Sir, how best to apply to these. She is at *Hampstead* quite alone; and although her physicians desire much she should come to town, she cannot be prevailed on to think of it; she desires to be alone: even Mrs. *Rooke* and I, whom she calls her best friends, are troublesome to her. I believe I need not tell you, Sir, that I desire this letter may be a secret, and especially to the person concerned. If you have any thing to tell me, that can be of use on this subject, and will honour me with your commands, direct if you please for me, under cover, To Mrs. *Anne Shuttleworth*, at Mr. *Jourdain's*,
in

in *Conduit-street*, I should beg pardon, Sir, for troubling you with this long letter; but I hope my friendship to miss *Kelly* will be my excuse. I am sorry to write on so melancholy a subject, and that I am sure must give you uneasiness; but pleased with any opportunity of assuring you that I am, Sir, your very great admirer, and most obedient humble servant,

ANNE DONNELLAN.

L E T T E R XLII.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Glocester, Oct. 24, 1733.

I CANNOT imagine how my lord *Orrery* came by my last letter to you; I believe my good genius conveyed it into his hands, to make it of more consequence to you: if it had that effect, I wish this may meet with the same fortune.

If I were writing to a common correspondent, I should now make a fine flourish, to excuse myself for not sooner acknowledging the favour of your letter; but I must deal plainly with you, Sir, and tell you (now do not be angry) that the fear of tiring you stopt my hand. I value your correspondence so highly, that I think of every way that may preserve it; and one is, not to be too troublesome.

Now I cannot guess how you will take this last paragraph; but if it makes me appear affected

fectd or silly, I will endeavour not to offend in the same manner again. Some mortification of that kind is wanting, to bring me to myself: your ways of making compliments are dangerous snares, and I do not how to guard against the pleasure they bring: to be remembered and regretted by you, are honours of a very delicate kind. I have been told, that unexpected good fortune is harder to bear well than adversity.

The cold weather, I suppose, has gathered together Dr. *Delany's* sett: the next time you meet, may I beg the favour to make my compliments acceptable? I recollect no entertainment with so much pleasure as that I received from that company; it has made me very sincerely lament the many hours of my life that I have lost in insignificant conversation.

I am very much concerned at the disorder you complain of. I hope you submit to take proper care of yourself; and that the next account I have of your health will be more to my satisfaction.

A few days before I had your last letter, my sister and I made a visit to my lord and lady *Bathurst* at *Cirencester*. *Oakly wood* joins to his park; the grand avenue, that goes from his house through his park and wood, is five miles long: the whole contains five thousand acres. We staid there a day and a half: the wood is extremely improved since you saw it; and, when the whole design is executed, it will be one of the finest places in

England. My lord *Bathurst* ^x talked with great delight of the pleasure you once gave him by surprizing him in his wood, and shewed me the house where you lodged. It has been rebuilt; for the day you left it, it fell to the ground; conscious of the honour it had received by entertaining so illustrious a guest, it burst with pride. My lord *Bathurst* has greatly improved the wood-house, which you may remember but a cottage, not a bit better than an *Irish* cabbin. It is now a venerable castle, and has been taken by an antiquary for one of king *Arthur's*, “with
“thicket overgrown grotesque and wild.” I endeavoured to sketch it out for you; but I have not skill enough to do it justice. My lord *Bathurst* was in great spirits; and though surrounded by candidates and voters against next parliament, made himself agreeable in spite of their clamour: we did not forget to talk of *Naboth's* vineyard ^y and *Delville* ^z. I have not seen him since, though he promised to return my visit.

All the *Beau monde* flock to *London* to see her royal highness ^a disposed of; whilst I

^x This truly venerable peer must enjoy a satisfaction which has rarely fallen to the lot of humanity. He has seen the maturity of those delightful woods which he planted in his youth. N.

^y *Naboth's* vineyard belonged to Dr. *Swift*.

^z Dr. *Delany's* beautiful villa about a mile from *Dublin*.

^a The late princess of *Orange*.

prefer paying my duty to my mother, and the conversation of a country girl my sister, to all the pomp and splendour of the *Court*. Is this virtue or stupidity? If I can help it, I will not go to town till after *Christmas*. I shall spend one month in my way to *London* at *Long-Leat*: I hear that the young people there are very happy.

It is a little unreasonable of me to begin a fourth page; but it is a hard task to retire from the company one likes best. I am, Sir, your most obliged and faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

LETTER XLIII.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Nov. 6. 1733.

I HAD the favour of your letter in *Derbyshire*, from whence I came last week. I am extremely concerned to hear the ill state of your health. I was afraid of it, when I was so long without the pleasure of hearing from you. Those sort of disorders puzzle the physicians every where: and they are merciless dogs in purging or vomiting to no purpose, when they do not know what to do. I heartily wish you would try the *Bath* waters, which are allowed to be the best medicine for strengthening the stomach; and most distempers in the head proceed from thence. Vomits may clean a foul stomach, but they
are

are certainly the worst things that can be for a weak one.

I have long had it at heart to see your works collected, and published with care. It is become absolutely necessary, since that jumble with *Pope*, &c. in three volumes, which put me in a rage whenever I meet them. I know no reason why, at this distance of time, the *Examiners*, and other political pamphlets written in the queen's reign, might not be inserted. I doubt you have been too negligent in keeping copies; but I have them bound up, and most of them single besides. I lent Mr. *Corbet* that paper to correct his *Gulliver* by; and it was from it that I mended my own. There is every single alteration from the original copy; and the printed book abounds with all those errors, which should be avoided in the new edition.

In my book the blank leaves were wrong placed, so that there are perpetual references backwards and forwards, and it is more difficult to be understood than the paper; but I will try to get one of the second edition, which is much more correct than the first, and transcribe all the alterations more clearly. I shall be at a loss how to send it afterwards, unless I am directed to somebody that is going to *Ireland*. All books are printed here now by subscription: if there be one for this, I beg I may not be left out. Mr. *Croftwaite*^b will pay for me.

^b Mr. *Ford's* steward.

The

The Dissenters were certainly promised, that the Test Act should be repealed this session in *Ireland*; I should be glad to know whether any attempt has been, or is to be, made towards it; and how it is like to succeed.

We have lost miss *Kelly*; who they say was destroyed by the ignorance of an *Irish* physician, one *Gorman*. Doctor *Beaufort* was sent for when she was dying, and found her speechless and senseless.

Our late lord-mayor has gone through his year with a most universal applause. He has shewn himself to have the best understanding of any man in the city, and gained a character, which he wanted before, of courage and honesty. There is no doubt of his being chosen member of parliament for the city at the next election^c. He is something the poorer for his office; but the honour he has got by it makes him ample amends.

For God's sake, try to keep up your spirits. They have hitherto been greater than any man's I ever met; and it is better to preserve them, even with wine, than to let them sink. Divert yourself with Mrs. *Worral*, at backgammon. Find out some new country to travel in: any thing to amuse. Nothing can contribute sooner than chearfulness to your recovery; which that it may be very speedy, is sincerely the thing in the world most wished for by, your ever obliged, &c.

^c Mr. *Barber*, however, proved an unsuccessful candidate. N.

LET

L E T T E R XLIV.

Mrs. PRATT to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, Nov. 10, 1733.

NOT many days ago I had the pleasure of yours by Mrs. Barber, whose turn seems to confirm the good impression you give of her. I want not more than your recommendation to engage my wishes to serve her, and also my endeavours, if any opportunity falls in my way. Are there no hopes of seeing you on this side of the water? Cannot the great number of your friends, and the great variety of conversation abounding here, be some kind of inducement to your coming amongst us? is not Mr. Pope a temptation to one of your distinction, to draw you this way? Even the variety of people in this great city might contribute to the amusement of your mind, as a journey and exercise would to your bodily health. I would use every argument I could think of, to invite you hither, and consequently to preserve a life so beneficial to the publick, and so dear to all your friends. You have a spirit that should prevail against indolence, and bring you into a part of the world, which calls aloud for your talents. This winter would furnish you with many opportunities of doing great good, as well as making a shining figure; which reflection gives me great hopes, that you will think it

a rea-

sonable obligation; as in that case, like *Pitt's* diamond, you would stand alone. I wish I had a house in some measure worthy to entertain a guest that should be so welcome to me. You surprize me greatly in telling me that my lord *Shelburne* and you have not met, although he has been some time in *Dublin*, and to my knowledge is one of your great admirers. Why do not you send to my lord *Dunkerrin*, who undoubtedly wants only that encouragement to wait upon you? You see I want none, to embrace the opportunity of assuring you, that I am, with great esteem, respect, and affection, your very obliged and most humble servant,

H. PRATT.

L E T T E R XLV.

Late Lord-Mayor of *London* [Alderman
BARBER] to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Nov. 17, 1733.

AS I have now got rid of the plague of grandeur, and all its dependencies, I take this first opportunity to pay my respects to you, Sir; which I beg pardon for not doing sooner. The transition from *Goldsmith's-Hall* to *Queen's-Square*, is hardly credible; for in one view, to imagine the constant hurry, noise, and impertinence, I lay under from morning till night, in opposition to the peace, the quiet, and great tranquillity, I feel in my
little

little retirement, makes me pity your great men, who certainly must be strangers to the great pleasure I now enjoy.

Before I left my office, I took care to do justice to Mr. *Pilkington*; who has received more than I mentioned, and indeed more than any chaplain ever had before, *viz.*

Of the city.			<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Salary	—	—	20	0	0
Gratuity	—	—	25	0	0
Gratuity extraordinary	—	—	21	0	0
			66		
From my lord-mayor	—	—	50	0	0
Five sermons preached before the mayor	—	—	10	0	0
For a copy of one sermon printed			4	0	0
			£. 130		

St. Paul's happened to be shut up in the *Summer* for two months, when the mayor went on *Sundays* to his own chapel at *Guild-hall*, and his chaplain read prayers for eight *Sunday* mornings only; for which the mayor got him from the court of aldermen twenty guineas.

I have been the more particular in this account, because I know your great punctuality in things of this nature, as well as to do myself justice. How much he may be a gainer by coming over, I cannot tell; but if he had pleased to have lived near the Hall, as he might, in a lodging of ten or twelve pounds a year,

a year, he need not have kept a man (for I had more for shew than business), nor given the extravagant sum of thirty pounds a year for lodgings: he might have saved something in those articles. Had he lived in the city, I should now and then have had the favour of his company in an evening; but his living from me brought him into company, and among the rest into that of Mr. *Edward Walpole*, from whom he has great dependences.

I recommended him to Mr. alderman *Champion*, who got the primate's wife's brother to write in his favour to the primate. And he talks of the living of *Colerain's* being vacant; if it be, I will do him what service I can.

Thus, sir, I have discharged myself of the duty you laid upon me, in relation to that gentleman, which I hope will be to your satisfaction; for I will never be ungrateful, though I have met with it frequently myself.

All your friends in town are well, and in high spirits. Lord *Bolingbroke* complains, you do not write to him. Poor Mrs. *Barber* has the gout, but is better. It was a great mortification to me that you did not come and eat some custard; but I hope your health will permit your coming next *Summer*. We rejoice much at my brother *French's* success. I know you do not deal in news, so I send you none. Pray God continue your health; and believe me always, with the greatest sincerity, Sir, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

P. S. Why Mr. *Pilkington* should send his wife home in the midst of winter, or why he should stay here an hour after her, are questions not easily answered. I am not of his council.

L E T T E R XLVI.

Mrs. CONDUITT to Dr. SWIFT^d.

SIR, *George-street, Nov. 29, 1733.*

MRS. *Barber* did not deliver your letter till after the intended wedding brought me hither. She has as much a better title to the favour of her sex than poetry can give her, as truth is better than fiction; and shall have my best assistance. But the town has been so long invited into the subscription, that most people have already refused or accepted, and Mr. *Conduitt* has long since done the latter.

I should have guessed your holiness would rather have laid than called up the ghost of my departed friendship; which since you are brave enough to face, you will find divested of every terror, but the remorse that you were abandoned to be an alien to your friends, your country, and yourself. Not to renew an acquaintance with one who can twenty years after remember a bare intention to serve him,

^d Thus indorsed by the Doctor, "My old friend
"Mrs. *Barton*, now Mrs. *Conduitt*."

would

would be to throw away a prize I am not now able to re-purchase; therefore, when you return to *England*, I shall try to excel in what I am very sorry you want, a nurse; in the mean time I am exercising that gift to preserve one who is your devoted admirer.

Lord *Harvey* has written a bitter copy of verses upon Dr. *Sherwin* for publishing (as it is said) his lordship's epistle; which must have set your brother's *Pope's* spirits all a working.

Thomson is far advanced in a poem of two thousand lines, deducing Liberty from the patriarchs to the present times, which, if we may judge from the press, is now in full vigour. But I forget I am writing to one who has the power of the keys of *Parnassus*, and that the only merit my letter can have is brevity. Please therefore to place the profit I had in your long one to your fund of charity, which carries no interest, and to add to your prayers and good wishes now and then a line to, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

C. CONDUITT.

Mrs. *Barber*, whom I had sent for, to dine with us, is in bed with the gout, and has not yet sent me her proposals.

LET-

L E T T E R XLVII.

CHARLES COOTE, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, Dec.. 10, 1733.

BEING indebted solely to you for a most valuable acquaintance with the duke and duchess of *Queensbury*^c, and some other of your friends, I ought to have acknowledged it before. It is a common stratagem of mine, and has always succeeded; to give hints in proper places of your allowing me to some degree of personal acquaintance with you; and I owe to it most of the agreeable hours I passed at *Spa* this *Summer*, where they were. I had strong temptations, especially at that distance, to give myself high airs this way; but finding the bare mention of my having been received by you in a most obliging manner, was enough to do my business, and it being a fact I could make oath of, I kept within due bounds. Her grace, who would be the most agreeable woman in *England*, though she were not the handsomest, has honoured me with her compliments to you, with a walking stick, the manufacture of *Spa*, where she had it made for you, and I ought to have delivered it two months ago; accidents prevented my leaving this place, and

^c See the duchess of *Queensbury's* account of this gentleman in vol. XXI. p. 137. N.

it is not certain when I can; so that I must send it to you by the first proper opportunity, but could no longer delay your pleasure in knowing it, and hers when you shall acknowledge it. If I can be of any sort of service to you on this side, your commands will find me at *St. James's Coffee-house*. I am, Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

CHARLES COOTE.

L E T T E R XLVIII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT^f.

DEAR SIR,

Dec. 20, 1733.

YOURS I received, and if it *was* not that I have a good deal of company to sup at my house upon *beef griskins*, I would go and play a game of back-gammon with Mr. Worrall's tables, and be after winning some of Mrs. Worrall's coin; I would not fear to win a crown-piece of her money, by playing six-pence half penny a time. She is a very good body, and one that I have a great value for; I wish my spouse were but half as good; but of *this* I shall say nothing more till meeting. I hope my gossip Delany's spouse is upon the mending band, for they tell me she has been lately much out of order. She is as good a woman as ever breathed, and it is a thousand pities that any thing should ail her. God Almighty wish

^f Indorsed, "Dr. Sheridan's insolence, in presuming to answer my eloquent *Hybernicisms*."

her

her well; for I am sure if she went off, the doctor would not meet with her fellow. I hope nothing ails her but a brush.

To-morrow I eat a bit with Mr. and Mrs. *McGwyre*: if you will make one, you will get as hearty a welcome, as if you were their own father; for nobody speaks better of you than they. My humble service to all friends and to yourself, is the request of yours to command,
THADY O SULLIVAN.

I lodge hard by the *Shovel* in *Francis-Street*.

L E T T E R XLIX.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. PILKINGTON.

MADAM,

1733.

YOU must shake off the leavings of your sex. If you cannot keep a secret and take a chiding, you will quickly be out of my sphere. Corrigible people are to be chid; those who are otherwise, may be very safe from any lectures of mine: I should rather chuse to indulge them in their follies, than attempt to set them right. I desire you may not inform your husband & of what is past, for a reason I shall give you when I see you, which may be this evening, if you will. I am very sincerely your friend,
J. SWIFT.

& This Letter was occasioned by some accounts from *London*, relative to Mr. *Pilkington*, which Mrs. *Pilkington* has given us at large, vol. 1. p. 105.

L E T.

L E T T E R L.

The bishop of CLOGHER ^h to Dr. SWIFT.

Mr. DEAN, *Clogher, June, 25, 1734.*

I HAVE a letter of yours of a very long date ⁱ, and should, it may be, out of good-manners, have answered it long since; but I thought it would be better to delay the answer I was then able to make to our first private meeting, which I thought might be soon; and for the same reason that delayed me then, I shall put off my defence till I have the pleasure of half an hour's private conversation with you, when I think I shall be able to clear myself from the heavy charges you bring against me; and therefore, not to take any farther notice of that letter, I shall, in answer to your last, which I received by last post, return you my thanks, for your having taken the same care about the sixty pounds, which at your request I lent *Joe Beaumont*, whose circumstances at

^h Dr. Sterne.

ⁱ That Letter of Dr. Swift's was dated in *July 1733*, and printed in vol. XVI, p. 254. No LVI. As I have had occasion to refer to that volume, I shall embrace this opportunity of acknowledging an *erratum* which escaped my observation in the hurry of transcribing those letters for the press. The second paragraph, No LXVIII, p. 298, begins thus, "*Lord Bath, &c.*" read *Lord Batbursf, &c.*

P

that

that time I was pretty much a stranger to, as you have taken about the money you lent him on the same occasion: and as this shall serve for a full discharge of all demands I have on *Joe's* execution^k, so I shall take it as a favour, if you will take on you the trouble of disposing of that sum of fifty^l pounds, as an augmentation to your own charitable fund, or to any other charitable use you shall judge proper; and that I desire may be without any mention of my name.

If you desire an acquittance in any other form, be pleased to draw one, and I will sign it. I shall be proud of a visit in this mountainous country; being, notwithstanding any coolness or misunderstanding that has happened between us, as much as ever your affectionate friend and servant,

JOHN CLOGHER.

L E T T E R L I.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DE ARMJS TER DE AN *June 28, 1734.*

I EXPECTURE anser an da fullone abo ut mi monito de. Times a re veri de ad nota do it oras hi lingat almi e state. Mire se ver cannas vel res ad e villas a peni. Cursim I se

^k This execution was against the heirs or representatives of Mr. *Beaumont*, who had died several years before the date of this letter.

^l In the preceding page it is *sixty*. N.

fora

fora prime minis ter. Cantu res a Sum at ab
an curfu de an. Atri do. Uno mi de arde
annuo me agro at. Itis hi time tot hinc ope
in it. I ama non est manicæ, ac nave is mi
averfio ni de clare.

Ad unis at mi do ore fora Sum io on da nat
urnæ, ab umbelicum in at his ars, as redi as
ac at is at amo ufe, ora rati fe, orabat.

Iambicum as mutas a Statu; as lænas ara
que; as de a fas an ad aris; as hæ a vi as an
affis; as quæras a duc; ast emas alam; as de
ad as a do orna ilis; as infipidas de ad vi ne-
garis; ora potato in me. I re membri vas o
na time as qui cafa fleat a lædis belli; as meri
as a Philli; as fullo pleas ac id; as fullo mere-
trix as ac it en is, oras ab a boni na capis. I
rite fi miles ufe e, cantu ritum. Udi ne at urfe
de at mi o ufe. I vah belli fullo meato en
ter tenus fit fora nil ordinis equi page. Uva
ftomachi me ope. Here is ab illo fare. Ago
ufe. A paro dux. Sum fis his, as a paro
foles. A paro places. Apud in. Afri cafei.
Arabit aftu in. Neu pes. Neu beans. Alam
pij fit fora minis ter o ftate. Acus tardis ast it
abit as at artis. Afri teris mi de lite. Mi
liquor iftœc que, it coftus api Stola quarti a
verrit. A quartos ac. Margo ufe claret as
fine as a rubi. Graves. Lac rima Chrifti.
Hoc. Cote rotæ. Sum Cyprus. As fine
Sidera fe ver Id runcat at averne.

Præbe fpecus a Superaturus. Summas par
a gufto eat. Sum colli flo ures, ac ab age
lætis fora Sal ad. Invita lædito ac cum pani
ure verens, nota præter, nota coquet. A

grave matronis pro per fora grave de an, an da
doctor, an das cole mas ter.

I ritu a verse o na molli o mi ne.
Asta lassa me pole, a lædis o fine,
I ne ver neu a niso ne at in mi ni is,
A manat a glans ora sito fer diis,
De armo lis abuti hos face an hos nos is,
As fer a fal illi, as reddas aro fis,
Ac is o mi molli is almi de lite,
Illo verbi de, an illo verbi nite.

I figo imus te cato tum an dumus trans ac
ure pense exceptive illuc. I fi ple in gestitis
fora negat eas ter. Notabit fora cardami, no-
rabit fora di se i, as migra num has sed forti
times.

I nono nues offa ni momento ritu buttabata
ilis o ver at Dans sic. In Itali an in Germani
merce nari es desertum e veri de. O ne gener
alis de ad ac an non bullit huc offis hæ ad. A
fle et is præ par in fora se fite. Me ni Si eges
ara carri in o nat his time.

Mi Magis as meri as an apis. Hæ do es se
a quæ cur a quæ cur a cur. Hæ is caper in
in ac age me do Sali. Abit ob re ad is gener
ali his super ora livor offa lambis.

Miser visto alat o me, excuse mi has te;
Fore ver an de ver ures

TOMAS SER ID AN.

Afri de at en ac locat mi Studij.

L E T.

L E T T E R LII.

The Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

GOOD MR. DEAN, *Dover-street, Aug. 8, 1734.*

IT is now so long since I have troubled you with a letter, that I am almost quite ashamed to do it now; but the truth of the case is this, I cannot be longer easy any further to defer my making my due acknowledgments to you, in the best manner I can, for the many kind remembrances I have received from under your own hand, and your obliging notice of me in your letters to Mr. *Pope*, &c. It was an extreme great pleasure to me, to find that I still maintained a share in your thoughts, that I was still worthy to receive your commands; I did my best, I did all that lay in my power to obey them; I wish there had been better success. I assure you this, that there is no person (I speak without excepting one) whose commands I would more readily obey than yours. I hope you will be so good as to indulge me, and make use of your power often; I value myself not a little upon this score, and you see here how easy it is for you to make one happy, which is more than can be said of——

I shall now take the liberty to talk to you a little upon family affairs; and my encouragement to do it proceeds from this, that, ever since I have been so fortunate to be acquainted with you, you have in the kindest manner

always taken a part in whatever fortune befell me or my family.

Indulge therefore the fondness of a father, to detain you so long as to give a sincere friend some account of the compleating a great work, the disposal of an only daughter in marriage, and in these times.

The whole affair was conducted with as much care and consideration as we were capable of: when we looked over and weighed the many offers that had been proposed to us, and what sort of creatures they were composed of, this person we have now chosen had the fairest and most unexceptionable character, and as his composition is the most unlike the generality of the young gentlemen of this age, which you will think was no ingredient towards our approbation of him; as I hope and long much to see you in *England*, I believe when you see the duke¹ you will be pleased with him, and you will not disapprove of our choice. As he is free from the prevailing qualifications of the present set of young people of quality; such as gaming, tharping, pilfering, lying, &c. &c. so on the contrary, he is endowed with qualifications they are strangers to; such as justice, honour, excellent temper both of mind and body, affability, living well with his own family: and the manner in which he proposed himself was what became a gentleman and a man of honour. Thus you see I have given you a long account of this affair, and the reasons

¹ The late duke of *Portland*.

which

which induced us to consent to this match. I flatter myself that you will not be displeased with the account I have given you of the gentleman to whom we have given our daughter.

My wife and my daughter desire your acceptance of their humble service, with many wishes for the enjoyment of your health, and would be very glad to see you over here.

Mr. *Pope* has been upon the ramble above these two months: he is now with my lord *Peterborough* near *Southampton*, where he proposes to stay some time. This morning died *Willis* ^m bishop of *Winchester*; and is to be succeeded by *Hoadly*: and further I cannot say.

Pray, has Mrs. *Jebb* got any preferment? I was very glad to hear that he had a share in your good opinion: I hope he has done nothing to forfeit it. What has prevented Mr. *Faulkner* from sending over your works ⁿ? he promised to send them over the end of last *May* at the farthest. I am, with true regard and esteem,

^m Dr. *Richard Willis*. N.

ⁿ These were the first four volumes in octavo, which were actually revised and corrected by *Swift* himself, as indeed were afterwards the two subsequent volumes, printed by *Faulkner* in the year 1738: and, what is very surprizing, these six volumes, as far as they run, are still by many degrees, notwithstanding they want at present many illustrations, the best edition of the Doctor's Works now extant. If any one doubt this, let him compare *Cadenus* and *Vanessa*, or the poem on the *South Sea Project*, as printed by *Faulkner*, with the *English* edition; especially the latter.

Sir,

Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

OXFORD.

L E T T E R LIII.

Lady HOWTH to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R, *Kilfane near Kilkenny, Aug. 15, 1734.*

TO shew you how much I covet your correspondence, I would not even give myself time to rest; for gratitude obliges me to return you thanks for all your favours, in particular your last, which quite cured me of my cold. I can, as yet, give you no account of this country, but that I have been mightily hurried, settling my little family. We all got safe here on *Monday* night; and this day was the fair of *Bennet's Bridge*, where I had two gentlemen on purpose to look out for a pad for you, but there was not one to be got: but if there be any such thing to be had as a good trotter, such a one as I know you like, I will have it. I don't know whether you will be as free in writing as you are in speaking; but I am sure, were I at your elbow when you read this, you would bid me go to a writing school and a spelling book. My lord joins me in begging you will accept of our best wishes; and hope you will believe me to be, what I really am, your affectionate friend and humble servant,

LUCY HOWTH.

LET.

L E T T E R LIV.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DR DAY ANN

Aug. 16, 1734.

E Y E mash aimed off knott wry tin two
 yew bee four Butt may knee bees knees
 fees hind red sow Inn trick Kate Eye cud knot.
 Ewer Ink ly nation Eye no two wards ewer
 fry ends Toby o there wise. Ha! view Spoak
 a knee Prop hose awl too Dock tore Cocks
 comb Eye may Ann White comb a bout they
 Dean a wry off Kill mower a shit. I few
 heave, right two Their ever end Dok tore She
 rid Ann Inn cast ell Ham ill tunn knee are
 Kill ice and draw inn they Count eye Caw van.
 Eye a mag owing two Bell turbet two meet
 they ten Ants off Drum lean too race heave
 mow knee but Eye fare Ice hall me taw a par
 fell off M T Pock heats. Cap tinn Ham ill
 tunn mad dumb Ham ill tunn Ann dye ware
 a beau tinn, Ann dye Ned inn a gaze ay beau
 a pun a past Eye maid off any Sun. Oui mun
 See your Ann very tea—Cant yew right all a
 mode a France hay?

The upper part of this letter must be read
 by my mistress to you, who has a key for it,
 I mean her tongue: but you must have pati-
 ence with her, for she cannot see well without
 spectacles; and when she has them on, she
 cannot read well; and when she does read,
 she cannot speak well; as having an impedi-
 ment:

ment in her speech, which was occasioned by a fright in the nursery. A little before I go to *Dublin*, I intend to kill a buck, and send you some of it. Mr. *Hamilton* has promised me that favour. He has the best and fattest venison I ever tasted; and the finest boat, and the finest situation, and the finest house, and the finest hall, and the finest wife and children, and the finest way of living, I ever met. You live in *Dublin* among a parcel of rabble; I live at *Castle Hamilton* among gentlemen and ladies; you live upon chaffed mutton, I live upon venison: you drink *Benicarlo* wine, I drink right *French Margoux*: you hear nothing but noise; with ravishing music my ears are delighted. If you were here, you would never go back again. I fancy that I never shall; and that I shall be able soon to keep my coach, and to bring you down into this elysium, which is both my taste, and my choice.

Pouvoir choisir, & choisir le meilleur, ce sont deux avantages qu'a le bon gout. C'est donc un des plus grands dons du ciel d'être né homme de bon choix. And to give you a sample of my good choice, I chuse to end with this *French* maxim, having no more to write, but my love to my mistress, and service to all friends. Eye am ewers to the day of judgement,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LET-

LETTER LV.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, *Little Brook-Street, Sept. 9. 1734.*

I FIND your correspondence is like the singing of the nightingale; no bird sings so sweetly, but the pleasure is quickly past, a month or two of harmony, and then we lose it till next spring: I wish your favours may as certainly return. I am at this time not only deprived of your letters, but of all other means of inquiring after your health; your friends and my correspondents being dispersed to their summer quarters, and know as little of you as I do. I have not forgot one mortifying article on this occasion; and if your design in neglecting me was to humble me, it has taken effect: could I find out the means of being revenged, I would most certainly put it in execution; but I have only the malice of an incensed neglected woman, without the power of returning it. The last letter I writ to you was from *Glocester*, about a twelvemonth ago; after that, I went to *Long-Leat* to my lady *Weymouth*; came to town in *January*, where I have remained ever since, except a few weeks I spent at Sir *John Stanley's* at *North-End*, the *Delville* of this part of the world. I hope *Naboth's* Vineyard flourishes: it always has my good wishes, though I am not near enough to partake

take of its fruits. The town is now empty, and by most people called dull; to me it is just agreeable, for I have most of my particular friends in town, and my superfluous acquaintance I can very well spare. My lord *Carteret* is at *Hawnes*; my lady *Carteret* is in town, nursing my lady *Dysart*, who is brought to-bed of a very fine son, and in hopes of my lady *Weymouth's* being soon under the same circumstance. I have not seen my lord *Bathurst* since I was at his house in *Glocestershire*: that is a mischief I believe you have produced; for as long as I could entertain him with an account of his friend the Dean, he was glad to see me; but lately we have been great strangers. Mrs. *Donnellan* sometimes talks of making a winter's visit to *Dublin*, and has vanity enough to think you are one of those that will treat her kindly: her loss to me will be irreparable, beside the mortification it will be to me to have her go to a place where I should so gladly accompany her. I know she will be just, and tell the reasons why I could not, this year, take such a progress. After having forced myself into your company, it will be impertinent to make you a longer visit, and destroy the intention of it; which was only to assure you of my being, Sir, your most faithful, and obliged humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

L.E.T.

LETTER LVI°.

PICKLE HERRING to Mr. FAULKNER P.

SIR HA,

AREN'T you the rascal that makes so free with my family?—Had you once recollected that, graceless and despised as he is, that same serjeant *Kite* ^q was my brother, and, however marred in the making, was born to be as great a man as myself. Had you thought with what vengeance a man in my high station can espouse any one's quarrel, and especially that of a sinking brother, durst you presume to run these lengths?—Mark what I am going to say; bitter is the sorrow, hot, sour, and cutting is the sauce you are to taste after your merry conceits on my poor brother; and what mortal can expect better, that meddles with the very worst of the family of the *Pickles*?—Recollect at last and tremble! whom hast thou offended and stirred up to

° Endorsed by Dr. Swift, "An excellent droll paper."

P This humorous letter, although addressed to Mr. *Faulkner*, was ultimately designed for the entertainment of Dr. *Swift*.

^q *Bettesworth*, serjeant at law, whose character is well known for the assault he made upon Dr. *Swift* in the year 1733, was frequently persecuted by the young poets under the name of serjeant *Kite*.

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Q

wrath

wrath, thou little pitiful swad?—More would I say to thee, but that I take thee right. I look upon thee only as the foul pipe through which the filth and nastiness of a whole nation is squirted in the teeth of my unfortunate brother, the unlucky graceless dog, that has brought all this on himself; but, alas, my brother!—But, however provoked, are your scribbling spit-fires never to be satisfied? one should think, that, by this time, if the poor soul had not enough, they certainly had. Is it not sufficient for them to see a man of learning and law, a man of singular inimitable eloquence, a man of unparalleled, graceful action, a man of unpeakable, inconceivable truth, justice, and sincerity, exemplary religion, strict virtue, nice honour, and sterling worth in general past finding out; I say, is it not sufficient to see a luminary like this now shining in meridian lustre, but anon set for ever in a pudally cloud? is it not sufficient to see him so unmasked and stigmatized, that he can be no longer a tool even for a court-sharper, and (what is worst of all for him) no longer to be in pay with them? Is it not sufficient to see his poor skull (God help it!) incurably bumped and bulged by that damnable bounce of his against the pulpit cornice? is it not sufficient to see with what pain and shame he wriggles along by that confounded splinter of the bar, he lately got thrust into his a—, and which has left him a running sore to his dying day? is it not sufficient to see him, all the last term, walk about in merry sadness an idle spectator in the

cours,

courts, where he was not retained even for his most noted talent of dirt-flinger!—O you swarms of green counsels and attorneys, I wonder not to see you posted about *Idler's Corner*, looking sharp, as dinnerless men, for a lucky pop on a client; but why, oh! why, should this ever be the case of my hapless brother? O Fortune, Fortune, cruel are thy sports!—Is it not sufficient to see him doubly tormented in putting a good countenance on treatment, which is inwardly gnawing and consuming him? in which state his whole comfort is, that, for half a score years at least, his conscience could never upbraid him: oh the comfort of an easy conscience!—Is it not sufficient to see him at *Ballyspellan*, and every where he goes, the common butt of gibe, wink, and titter? is it not sufficient, that, after what has been flying about since he left it, he knows not how to shew his face in town, nor how to stand the infinite mortifications he is to meet with this winter? is it not sufficient, that, as his case stands, it is the serjeant against all the world, and all the world against the serjeant? Wretched case, when a creature has not even the cheap relief of common pity! And is not all this sufficient? No, the virulent crew tell me, that as long as the terrible tumour in his breast continues hard, the caustick and corrosives must be plyed; and that none, but injudicious quacks, would talk of emollients and lenitives, until some at least of the corrupt and foetid matter is discharged.

Q₂

charged. In short, they tell me, that as long as the cause remains, and the world likes the operations, the cure must go on the same way! Well, go on, ye scoundrels, go on! and make him as wretched and contemptible as you can! and when you have done your worst, I will make a provision for him that shall alarm you all; shall make some burst with envy, and others to look on him with a merry face, whom so long they beheld with hatred and derision.

To keep neither him, nor the world longer in suspense, know ye, that I will take him home to myself, and, after a little of my tutoring, not a turn in his intellects, expression, or action (which now are the subject of satire) that shall not soon become matter of high panegyrick. O ye dogs you, I will set him over all your heads! I will advance him to a place of performance, which he was born for, and which (however he thought of it all the while) he was not ill-bred to: and there he is sure to meet with the honour and applause he might in vain expect on any other stage.——

As for your part, little pert whipper-snapper *Faulkner*, is it base fear, or is it unsufferable vanity in you, to talk of correction from the hands of my brother? Had you been any thing above the sorry remnant of a man, you might perhaps come in for the honour of a gentle drubbing; but a little rascal, that has already one leg in the grave, what satisfaction or credit would it be to him to beat thee

CORRESPONDENCE. 257

thee abominably, or even slay thee outright? No, but, Sirha, if our brother Doctor *Anthony* were alive,—rot you, in spite of your rascally *Keven-Bail*, and your scribbling jannissaries, he should set up his wheel just before your door; and on his pole, thrust up your fundament, he should twirl you about till your brains tumbled down into the hollow of your wooden shin-bone, and till all the bones in your skin rattled and snapped like pipe-stoppers in a bladder. Take that from your sworn and mortal enemy,

PICKLE HERRING.

Cork, Sept. the 24th, 1734.

LETTER LVII.

SIR WILLIAM FOWNES to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

THERE are a sort of gentlemen who, after great labour and cost, have at last found out, that two dishes of meat will not cost half so much as five or six, and yet answer the end of filling the bellies of as many as usually fed upon the five or six.

A whimsical odd kind of man, who had abundance of low humour, and frequently used to entertain the school-boys and populace with his harangues and pleasantries, mounted upon a ladder in some corner of a street. He died about eight or ten years before the date of this letter.

Endorsed, "A humorous project."

Q₃

I have

I have considered that a like sort of reduction in other articles may have the like proportion of good effect. As for instance, when any one bespeaks a pair of shoes, a pair of stockings, or a pair of gloves, they should bespeak a pair and a half of each, and make use of these turn about: I am very confident they will answer the end of two pair; by which good management, a quarter part of the expence in those articles may be saved. Perhaps it may be objected, that this is a spoiling of trade: to which I answer, that when the makers of those sorts of ware shall reduce their rates a quarter part (instead of enhancing them, as has been done in some late years unreasonably) and now ought to be reduced according to the rates of wool and leather;

Then it may be reasonable to bespeak two pair instead of a pair and a half.

Another objection may be started as to gloves, with a query, Which of the hands shall be obliged with two gloves? To this I answer, That generally the left hand is used but seldom, and not exposed as the other to many offices; one of which in particular is the handing of ladies. For these reasons, two gloves ought to be granted to the right hand.

There are many other frugal improvements, which, as soon as I have discoursed *Thomas Turner* the Quaker, who is now upon finding out the longitude, and farther improving the latitude, I shall be able to demonstrate what sort of meat, and the joints, will best answer
this

this frugal scheme, as likewise in cloathing, and other parts of good œconomy; and they shall be communicated to you by, Sir, your most humble servant,

PHILO MÆ.

From my observatory in the Parliament-house, Oct. 18, 1734.

L E T T E R LVIII.

The Reverend MARMADUKE PHILIPS to
Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, *Marston in Somersetshire, Nov. 2, 1734.*

YOU may be assured that I should not have denied myself so long the pleasure of that great privilege and favour you allowed me at your parting, of corresponding with you whilst I staid in *England*, but that I waited to give you some account of the success of your kind and friendly negotiations for me in the letter you were so good to give me to lord *Orrery*, and that I could not do before this week; for though I delivered my credentials to his lordship near a month ago, yet we did not talk over the affair till very lately; for as I thought it my duty to wait his time and leisure, I did not press him for an answer; and as I have all the reason in the world to imagine, from the many friendly offices you have done me, that you would rejoice at any good that may befall me, so I can

at length tell you, that it was as favourable as I could well wish for, considering every thing and circumstance attending that affair; for it seems the scheme in relation to Mr. *Taylor's* giving my mother and me so much money for our good-will in the lease, can never take place, for many very good reasons his lordship gave me, which are too tedious now to trouble you with; and therefore he only told me in general terms, "That, as he
"thought our case a little hard and severe,
"somewhat or other at the expiration of the
"lease must be done for me, but in what
"manner it was not possible for him yet to
"say;" which surely was as much as any conscionable and reasonable man (and God forbid that I should ever prove otherwise) could expect: in short, his kind reception of me at *Marston*, and the handsome manner he has behaved himself towards me in every particular since I came to him, has been like lord *Orrery* himself: and now to whom must I attribute all this? not to any merit or conduct of my own, for I am conscious of none; but to the worthy dean of *St. Patrick's*, who takes delight in doing all the good he can to those who have the invaluable happiness and honour of being acquainted with him; and therefore what a monster of ingratitude should I be, not to acknowledge the channel through which this intended bounty of his lordship is to flow to me, let it be more or less? No! *agnosco fontem*; for, without controversy, you have been the means of bringing all this about:

about : for which I shall say no more (being but bitter bad at making speeches) but the Lord reward you, and to assure you, good sir, that this your act of friendship *manet et manebit altâ mente repostum*. His lordship told me “That he would answer your letter very “soon ;” and as his pen and head infinitely transcend mine, it is likely you will have then a clearer and better account of this matter than I can possibly give you.

I have been under an unspeakable concern at an account I lately saw from *Ireland*, of a return of of your old disorders of giddiness and deafness ; but I still flatter myself that it is not so bad with you as my fears have represented it, which makes me long impatiently to hear how you really are ; but I am in hopes your usual *medicina gymnastica* will carry it off ; if it does not, more the pity say I, and so will all say, I am confident, that know you ; but surely ten thousand times more pity is it that you are not like one of *Gulliver's Struldbrugs*, immortal ; but alas ! that cannot be, such is the condition of miserable man ; which puts me often in mind of the following lines I have somewhere or other met with, which I apply now and then to myself by way of cordial :

What's past, we know, and what's to come,
must be,

Or good or bad, is much the same to me ;
Since death must end my joy or misery,
Fix'd be my thoughts on immortality.

Q 5

But

But hold ! I believe I begin to preach ; and it is well if you do not think by this time that I imagine myself in *Rathenny*^t pulpit instead of writing a letter to the dean, and therefore I forbear.

I know writing in your present circumstances must be so very troublesome and uneasy to you, that I am not quite so unreasonable as to expect it from you ; but whenever your health permits you, it will be an infinite pleasure and satisfaction to me to hear from you ; and the safest way of sending a letter to me will be under cover to lord *Orrery*, at *Marston*, near *Froome* in *Somersetshire*. I shall trouble you, sir, with my compliments to my very good friends and neighbours lady *Acheson* and her mother, for whom I have a very real esteem and value, and also to Dr. *Helfham* and his lady, and with my very affectionate love and service to all my *Sunday* companions at the deanry ^u.

I have no novelties to entertain you with from hence ; for here we lead a very retired and perfectly rural life : but when I get to *London* (which I believe will not be till after *Christmas*, because, as I am within ten or a

^t Mr. *Philip's*, benefice, about three miles from *Dublin*.

^u It was customary for the Doctor's friends and acquaintance to visit him on *Sunday* afternoons, and spend the evening with him ; so that every one who was at leisure to go there, was sure of meeting variety of good company.

dozen miles of *Bath*, I have some thoughts of making a trip thither, and try what good those waters will do me) you may depend upon having an account of what passes in the political and learned world that is possible for me to come at and convey to you, and I hope to be then honoured with all your commissions and commands in that place; for I wish for nothing more than an opportunity of shewing with how much gratitude and true esteem for all your favours, I am, Sir, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

MARMADUKE PHILIPS.

I have seen your friend Mrs. *Cope* at *Bath*, and she desired me to send her compliments to you.

LETTER LIX.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

St. Mary Square, Gloucester,
Nov. 20, 1734.

I AM truly concerned at your having been so much out of order: I most heartily wish you constant health and happiness, though that is of little use to you, and only serves to do honour to myself, by shewing I know how to prize what is valuable.

I should have returned you thanks much sooner for the favour of your last letter; but

Q 6

when

when I received it I was preparing for my journey hither, and have ever since had so great a disorder in one of my eyes, that till this moment I have not been able to make my acknowledgements to you. I wonder you should be at a loss for a reason for my writing to you; we all love honour and pleasure: were your letters dull, do you imagine my vanity would not be fond of corresponding with the dean of *St. Patrick's*? But the last reason you give I like best, and will stick by, which is, that I am a more constant nymph than all your goddesses of much longer acquaintance; and furthermore I venture to promise, you are in no danger of receiving a *Boutade*, if that depends on my will. As for those fasting-days you talk of^w, they are, I confess, alluring baits; and I should certainly have been with you in three pacquets, according to your commands, could I either fly or swim: but I am a heavy lump, destined for a few years to this earthly element, and cannot move about, without the concurrent assistance of several animals that are very expensive.

Now for business: As soon as I received your letter, I went to your brother *Lansdown*, and spoke to him about the duke of *Chandos*. He desired me to make his compliments to you, and to tell you, "He was very sorry he

^w i. e. Dining upon two or three dishes at the deanry; which, in comparison of magnificent tables, the Doctor used to call fasting.

"could

“ could be of no service to you in that affair ^x :
 “ but he has had no manner of correspon-
 “ dence or even acquaintance with the duke
 “ these fifteen years.” I have put it however
 into hands that will pursue it diligently, and
 I hope obtain for you what you desire : if they
 do not succeed, you must not call me neg-
 ligent ; for whatever lies in my power to serve
 you, is of too much consequence for me to
 neglect.

I have left my good friend, and your humble
 servant, Mrs. *Donnellan*, behind me in *Lon-*
don, where she meets with little entertainment
 suitable to her understanding ; and she is a much
 fitter companion for the *Dublin Thursday So-*
*ciet*y than for the trifling company she is now
 engaged in ; and I wish you had her with you
 (since I cannot have her), because I know she
 would be happier than where she is, and my
 wish I think no bad one for you. Neither
 my eyes nor paper will hold out any longer. I
 am, Sir, your most faithful humble servant,
 M. PENDARVES.

I beg my compliments to all your friends.

^x Dr. *Swift* was then soliciting the duke of
Candos to give some manuscripts relating to the
 history of *Ireland*. See Letter LIX in vol. XVI.
 p. 265 ; and an epigram in vol XVII. p.
 69. N.

L E T T E R LX.

* * * * * to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Montrose, Dec. 17, 1734.

SOME people here having flattered me that I have a genius for poetry, and my circumstances a little favouring it, I have resolved to turn my thoughts that way: I have already tried my talent on some little amusements, and have had the pleasure in secret to see them pretty well received; but few here being much conversant in that study, can be proper judges; and as I would not venture my character abroad in the world without the advice of those who have succeeded in it, I thought I could not more properly apply than to you, who have been pretty happy that way. What I mean is, that you would be pleased to furnish me with a theme to try my genius, with what rules you may think necessary. I expect your compliance with this, as it is the first, at least of this nature, you ever had from this place; and as soon as it is finished, you may expect a copy of the performance from, Sir, your most humble servant.

* * * * *

y As this letter seems to have been written by some very young adventurer in poetry, we chuse to suppress the name at present, especially as we cannot tell what answer he received from Dr. Swift, or whether afterwards he applied himself with success to *Apollo* and the *Muses*.

L E T.

LETTER LXI.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT,

DEER SOAR,

Dec. 25, 1734.

EYE ray moved mice elf too May jor
 Par rots yes stair day morn in Two mete
 they ten ants off Drum lean, two pea me fum
 Mow knee dew off Michael Mafs and March
 Gale. Eye sup hofe Eye shall race heave a
 bout to hundred pounds, or they raw bouts.
 Eye am fore Eye two here ewer health is knot
 bet her. Eye wood heave yew take some ray
 maid Eyes first, and then go in ash hays two
 week low, where Eye no yew will bee as well
 come as a knee i^z in ire land. Yew no eye
 prow miss said too right yew a Nun in tell
 liege eye bell Let her. He writ is. Eye main
 afs crop off it.

Duglidge gravelfon meltronimon bagaron
 refonfa fore monra pe nos fatas epronfa car
 filomen fezindo crapenter forami danfa prezina
 mentre foga ni fon im contra ferez imilo fsik
 mitigan naffico dna eifa melifnot dlora calica
 doen ap fagen gefonda refilo namis fendo.

I fuppofe by this time thofe laft fix lines
 have given you amufement enough; and to
 put you from farther labour, I tell you ho-
 neftly, "That they have no meaning at all."
 So let them pafs for a *Chriftmas* trick—But I

I. f. Ouey

deffre

desire that Doctor *Helsbam*, and some other friends, may take a turn at them; for it is not reasonable that you should be at all the trouble.

Mr. *Hamilton* is glad the venison got safe to you; it was carried by a County-*Cavan* man in the 75th year of his age, who went off on *Wednesday* morning, was back with us on *Saturday* night, in all 104 miles.—He was much affronted that a young fellow was proposed for the expedition——There is a County-*Cavan* man for you.

As for myself, I am grown thirty years younger, by no other method than eating, drinking, and breathing freely in this *Elysium* of the universe. Happy will it be for you (if I misjudge not, and very seldom I do, as you yourself can witness, who have known me above sixteen years, and I believe a little more, if my memory fails me not, as I have no reason to think it does; for I do not find it in the least impaired) to convey yourself into the finest apartment of our *Elysium*, I mean to *Castle Hamilton*, where you will find a most hearty welcome, and all the delights this world can give—But you must take me along with you.—

Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to hear that your innocent subjects of the *Kevin Bayl*^a escaped the gallows, in spite

^a Dr. *Swift* used to call the people who lived in the liberty of *St. Patrick's* his subjects: and without dispute they would have fought up to their knees in blood for him.

of

of *Bettisworth*^b and all his add hay rents——If he were to make them a holiday, it should make one for me and my boys likewise.

Sunday we had a very hard frost——Yesterday morning fair——The afternoon, all night, and this morning to ten, was rain.——Now fair again, but lowring.

We are just now going to dinner at captain *Perrot's*, where your health is never omitted, both as Dean and Drapier——I forgot to tell you that there is a Drapier's Club fixt in *Cavan* of about thirty good fighting fellows; from whence I remark you have the heart of *Ireland*. Vid. *Grierson's* new map.——There is another *Cavan-Bayl* for you.

I have no more to trouble you with, but my good wishes for your long health and happiness. I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

If you go out of town before I return, leave the key of your strong box with *Jane*^c, that I may put my money among yours.

^b The right spelling of this name is *Bettesworth*, constantly pronounced as a word of two syllables, until some poems had come out against him, and then Mr. *Bettesworth* affected to pronounce it as three syllables, to which this spelling by Dr. *Sheridan* alludes.

^c Dr. *Swift's* cook-maid.

LET-

L E T T E R LXII.

Mrs. DONNELLAN to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, *London, January 19, 1734-5.*

MY brother tells me, you are so good to inquire after me, and to speak in a very kind manner of me, which as it gives me the greatest pleasure, so it raises in me the highest gratitude. I find I have a great advantage in being very inconsiderable; I dare believe people sincere when they profess themselves my friends; I consider I am not a wit, a beauty, nor a fortune; then why should I be flattered? I have but two or three qualities that I value myself upon, and those are so much out of fashion, that I make no parade of them: I am very sincere, I endeavour to be grateful, and I have just sense enough to discern superior merit, and to be delighted with the least approbation from it. My brother, some time ago, gave me hopes of receiving a letter from you; but he now tells me your ill state of health has made writing uneasy to you. I grieve much at my loss, but more at the occasion of it: and I write now only to return my best thanks for your good opinion and designs, not to solicit new favours, or give you the trouble of answering this. I hope next *Summer* to be in *Ireland*, where I shall expect to receive your answer in person, when the sun with its usual blessings shall

shall give us this additional one of restoring you to that state of health that all those who have the happiness of knowing you, either as a friend and companion, or lover of your country, must with the greatest earnestness desire. You will laugh perhaps, sir, at my saying I hope to see *Ireland* this year; indeed the generality of our country folks, who spend a little time here, and get into any tolerable acquaintance, seem to forget they have any other country, till a knavish receiver or their breaking tenants put them in mind of it; but I assure you, I have so little of the fine lady in me, that I prefer a sociable evening in *Dublin* to all the diversions of *London*, and the conversation of an ingenious friend, though in a black gown, to all the powdered toupées at *St. James's*. What has kept me seven years in *London*, is the duty I owe a very good mother, of giving her my company since she desires it, and the conveniency I enjoy with her of a house, coach, and servants, at my command. I suppose, sir, you know that Mrs. *Pendarves* has been for some time at *Glocester*: she has preferred a pious visit to a sick mother, in a dull country-town, to *London* in its gayest dress; she tells me, she designs next month to return to us; the only uneasiness I shall have in leaving *London* is the parting with so valuable and tender a friend; but as she promises me, that if I stay in *Ireland* she will make it another visit, I think, for the good of my country, I must leave her. But, whilst I am indulging myself in
telling

telling you my thoughts and designs, I should consider I am perhaps making you a troublesome or unseasonable visit; if so, use me as all impertinent things should be used; take no notice of me: all I designed in writing to you, was to let you know the high sense I have of all your favours, and that I am, with the greatest gratitude and esteem, Sir, your most obliged obedient humble servant,

H. DONNELLAN.

I beg you will be so good to give my best wishes and services to Dr. *Delany* and Dr. *Helsbam*.

L E T T E R LXIII.

From some unknown Gentleman to Dr.
SWIFT^d.

REV. SIR,

Jan. 21, 1734-5.

THIS letter is not to return you country thanks for your royal bounty to the army of *Parnassus*. Every body knows that *Lewis* the Fourteenth built and endowed the noblest foundation in the world for his invalids; we in imitation have our *Greenwich*, *Chelsea*, and *Killmainham*; and it was but fit that the king of poets should provide for his jingling subjects, that are so maimed and wounded in reputation, they have no other

^d This letter is endorsed, *Whimsical, and little in it.*

way

way of subsistence^e. The occasion of this is as follows : This evening two learned gentlemen (for aught I know) laid a wager on the matter following, and referred it to you to decide ; *viz.* Whether *Homer* or *Tacitus* deserves most praise on the following account ; *Homer* makes *Helen* give a character of the men of gallantry and courage upon the wall ; but, as if it were not a fine lady's province to describe wisdom in *Ulysses*, the hero of his second poem, he makes *Antenor*, the wisest of all *Troy*, interrupt her. The passage in *Tacitus* is as follows, *viz.* On this year died *Junia*, being the sixtieth after the *Philippi* battle, wife to *Cassius*, sister to *Brutus*, niece to *Cato*, the images of twenty houses were carried before her, &c. *Sed præfulgebant Brutus & Cassius, eo ipso quod imagines eorum non visebantur.* These gentlemen beg they may not have apartments assigned them in your observatory. Your most obedient humble servant,

T. L. P.

Be pleased to direct, To the Reverend Mr.
Birch at *Roscrea*.

^e The writer seems to allude to *Swift's* then designed hospital for idiots and lunatics.

L E T.

L E T T E R LXIV.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

Fy brew Harry 25, 1734-5.

RAVE E'ER END DAY ANN,

EYE fan see they Rake order is a deel a tory
 jant ill man, bee cause he mite heave scent
 his o pin eye on beef o'er this. Yew no eye
 heave fum mow knee too pea miss teer Hen a
 wry, Ann damn inn hay east tub ring Matt
 Eyrs twack on clue thun. Eye maid a nap
 point meant two Bee at they Dean a wry tun
 eye't, butt am pray vent head buy a ten ant in
 Jew red buy Ann at Urn I, buy home eye
 must and. Eye am ewer mow stob ay dy ant
 Ann dumb bell ferve aunt,

Tom afs She rid Ann.

L E T T E R LXV.

Mrs. PRATT to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, April 4, 1735.

I THINK you know me sufficiently not to
 doubt of a letter any way coming from you
 being acceptable; therefore any omission but
 that cannot fail of an excuse from me, whose
 friendship is pleasingly gratified by the honour
 of

of having it returned from one of your distinguishing talents and merit, whose life I wish to preserve, but wish more to make it agreeable to you, by the full enjoyment of health, friends, fortune, and situation; and my next desire should be, that I had a power to contribute to your attainment of any of these comforts.

Your kind inquiries in relation to myself, only justify taking up your time with so insignificant a subject; which I shall be particular upon, merely in obedience to your commands.

I have no obligations to the *Court*, nor am likely to have any; I have to my lord *Shelburne*, whose house in *London* is my settled habitation; though I am afraid two years will put an end to my good fortune, the lease of the house, which is an old one, being then expired; and so perhaps may be that of my life, which I have been long tired of. Added to my lord *Shelburne's* favours, I have great and many, more than I can express here, to the duchess of *Buckingham*, whose table is my constant one, and her coach much oftener mine than I ask for it; besides, fetching me every day, and bringing me home, makes me share in public amusements without expence; and in *Summer* the variety of change of air, which her station empowers her to take, and more her inclination to impart to her friends the benefit of, who cannot fail of being so to her, if they have merit enough to be capable of being obliged by the most agreeable sincere manner to engage approbation and gratitude: then I hope
you

you think I have enough to do justice, both in my thoughts and actions, to one so worthy of it. I am, Sir, your sincerely obliged and affectionate humble servant,

H. PRATT.

L E T T E R LXVI.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

April 5, 1735.

AMONG all the rest of Mrs. *Sheridan's* diabolical proceedings, she is at this juncture carrying on an intrigue of marriage between her daughter — and a finical thorough fop * * * * * For Heaven's sake, as you have been my best friend, talk to the monster upon this occasion (for it is the town talk), she will not know how you came to know it; and among other questions desire her to produce her daughter's work for these two years past, and you will find not the fourth part of a poor spider's day labour. This I have been from time to time pressing for to no purpose, because prevented out of spite to me; yet every b—h in town is an advocate against me, as I cannot drink mountain, snivel, complain, and outlie the father of lies. I beg you will only observe her damnable hypocritical countenance when you charge her with this; and if you do not see it transformed into a mask in one instant, I will forfeit all title to your friendship. Thus have I been linked to
the

the Devil for twenty-four years, with a coal in my heart, which was kindled in the first week I married her, and could never by all my industry be extinguished since. For this cause I have often been charged with peevishness and absence among my best friends. When my soul was uneasy, every little thing hurt it, and therefore I could not help such wrong behaviour. You were the only one who had an indulgence for me. And now I earnestly ask this last friendship (for I shall be ashamed to ask any more), that you will interpose your authority to prevent what may prove a greater affliction, if possible, than my marriage. Mrs. — was so charitable as to give me a hint of this affair, and at the same time her advice to hurry away that girl as soon as I possibly could. I did not know what method to take before this instant that Mrs. *Perott* has invited my two eldest daughters to her house till such time as I may be settled at *Cavan*. She is a lady the best housewife in *Ireland*, and of the best temper I ever knew. Her daughters are formed by her example, so that it is impossible to place them where they will have a better opportunity of learning what may be hereafter of real advantage to them. Dear sir, I shall impatiently wait your advice; for my affairs here require a longer attendance than I expected. You will be so good as to let me know from Mr. *Lingen* whether the Duke of *Dorset's* letter be come in answer to the lords justices, that I may hurry to *Dublin*; for people are here impatient at having their children so long idle.

R

I am

I am apt to believe that if you put this matter in what light you think proper to the lord chancellor, he will not insist upon a punctilio, which may prove a great loss to me. The bishop of *Killmore* can produce a letter I think sufficient to justify their excellencies the lords justices in granting us patents.

I wish you long health and happiness; and shall, dear sir, ever have a grateful sense of your friendship, and be, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

L E T T E R LXVII.

Alderman BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Queen-square, April 22, 1735.*

IT was with great pleasure I had the favour of your most obliging letter by the hands of Mr. *Richardson*, agent to the *Irish* society; for as I am always proud to receive your commands, he may depend upon any service I can do him that is in my power: when I say this, I make you no great compliment; for as that gentleman's merit has raised him to the post he now enjoys under the society, it is hardly to be doubted but that his integrity, and good conduct for the future, will easily preserve his interest in that body.

I am very sorry to hear that your old complaints from your head continue; and the more so, because they have deprived your friends
here

here of the great pleasure and satisfaction of seeing you among them, which is a sensible mortification to them indeed; but I am very much pleased with the account you give of your way of living, because I am a living instance how the œconomy you are under must necessarily preserve your life many years. I have the gout sometimes, the asthma very much, and of late frequent pains in my bowels; and yet, by keeping in a constant regular way, I battle them all, and am in much better health than I was twelve years ago, when four top physicians pronounced me a dead man, and sent me abroad to die. I ride when I can, but not in winter; for the fogs and mists, and cold weather, murder me. I drink a pint of claret at dinner (none at night); and have a good stomach, with a bad digestion: but I have good spirits, and am chearful, I thank God.

I beg pardon for entertaining you so long with my infirmities, which I would humbly apply, “That if my being regular, with so
“ many distempers, preserves me to almost a
“ miracle, what must the same method produce
“ in you?”

About ten days ago I saw Mr. *Pope*, who is very well: so is the lord of *Darwley*^f.

It is a melancholy reflection you make, how many friends you have lost since good queen *Anne*'s time. Many indeed! for there are very few left. The loss of a friend is the loss of a limb, not to be restored. Poor lady *Masbam* among the rest. Our friend the Doctor & I am

^f *Bolingbroke*.

& *Arbutnot*.

afraid did not take the care he ought to have done. I am told, he was a great epicure, and denied himself nothing. Possibly he might think the play not worth the candle. You may remember Dr. *Garth* said he was glad when he was dying; for he was weary of having his shoes pulled off and on. As for my part, I am resolved to make the remains of my life as easy as I can, and submit myself entirely to the will of God.

You will give me leave, Sir, just to congratulate you on your public spirit (and for which all mankind applaud you) in erecting an hospital for the unhappy. It is truly worthy of your great soul, and for which the present and the future age must honour and revere your memory! I dare say no more on this head, for fear of offending.

That God Almighty would please to restore your health, and preserve you many years for the good of mankind, is the hearty prayer of,
Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

My service to Dr. *Delany*.

L E T T E R LXVIII.

Mrs. PRATT to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, April 22, 1735.

I WROTE in such haste that I forgot to make my lady *Savile's* acknowledgments, which, before she left this, she engaged me to do

do in a particular manner from her, by assuring you that she is your obliged humble servant, and wishes you all happiness, as many more do amongst your friends here. Her number of children is three, two girls and a boy; who, thank God, seem promising.

My lord *Shelburne*, who is just come to town for two or three days, desires his sincere compliments to you, invites you next *June* to an empty town house, and wishes that accommodation of removing you from the inconveniencies of a lodging, may tempt you to a change of air, and to come amongst your friends. I wish I could tempt you to come hither; as I long to have the pleasure of assuring you in person, how sincerely I am, Sir, your ever obliged and most faithful humble servant,

H. PRATT.

LETTER LXIX.

Mrs. DONNELLAN to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

May 10, 1735.

I SHOULD before this have returned you thanks for the favour of your letter, but that I feared too quick a correspondence might be troublesome to you, When I receive a very great honour and favour, I think it ungenerous immediately to sue for another, though I have the highest sense of the obligation.

You say you want me to assert your right over our sex; and your letter is so powerful a

R 3

bribe,

bribe, that I fear I shall give them up to you, though I am a great asserter of their rights and privileges. As to the employments you assign me, I readily undertake them all, though I know myself very unfit for some of them; but I have such high examples on my side, that I am not at all ashamed of pretending to more than I can do. I think I can be a very good nurse; you shall teach me to be your companion; and, for a housekeeper, I will assure you I know to a farthing the lowest price of every thing, though I am ever so ignorant of the matter.

Mrs. *Pendarves* hath, as you say, forsaken us: by my lord *Lansdown's* death, her brother Mr. *Granville* is become possessed of eight hundred pounds a year, and twenty thousand pounds in money; which was so settled that my lord *Lansdown* could not touch it. Mr. *Granville* is a man of great worth, and a very kind brother, and has it now in his power to provide for their sister miss *Granville*, whom Mrs. *Pendarves* is extremely fond of: this you may imagine has been a cordial to her for lord *Lansdown's* death, though she had a great regard for him. I tell her, "When she has married and settled her brother and sister, if she does not settle herself, she must think of her friends in *Ireland*;" and she promises me she will.

It is so much my interest, Sir, to believe you sincere, that I will not doubt it: I will rather think you want judgement (which is very hard for me to do); or why should not I
 2 (which

(which is still more pleasing) believe I have really those good qualities you ascribe to me? It will only make me vain; and who can be humble when praised by you?

I think your indignation against our absenters very just, though some of my family suffer by it; but we are resolved to be no longer of the number, and propose leaving *London* this month. Poor Mrs. *Barber* has been confined with the gout these three months; and I fear we shall leave her so: her poems are generally greatly liked: there are, indeed, a few severe critics (who think that judgement is only shewn in finding faults) that say they are not poetic; and a few fine ladies, who are not commended in them, that complain they are dull.

I am very sorry Dr. *Delany* has given up his house in *Dublin*; for one cannot, as often as one may wish it, command time and a coach to visit him at *Delville*. I hope though to be admitted into the new apartment, and to have the happiness of meeting you there.

My brother is highly honoured in the character you give him, which, though he is my brother, I must say I think a very just one; he will deliver you this letter, and with it my best thanks for all your favours; being, Sir, with the highest gratitude, your most obliged obedient servant,

H. DONNELLAN.

My best respects attend Dr. *Delany* and Dr. *Helsbam*.

LET.

L E T T E R LXX.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

May 16, 1735.

YOU have never yet put it in my power to accuse you of want of civility; for, since my acquaintance with you, you have always paid me more than I expected: but I may sometimes tax you with want of kindness; which, to tell you the truth, I did for a month at least. At last I was informed your not writing to me was occasioned by your ill state of health; that changed my discontent, but did not lessen it; and I have not yet quite determined it in my mind, whether I would have you sick or negligent of me: they are both great evils, and hard to chuse out of: I heartily wish neither may happen. You call yourself by a great many ugly names, which I take ill; for I never could bear to hear a person I value abused. I, for that reason, must desire you to be more upon your guard when you speak of yourself again: I much easier forgive your calling me knave and fool. I am infinitely obliged to you for the concern you express for the weakness of my eyes: they are now very well. I have had a much greater affliction on my spirits, which prevented my writing sooner to you. My sister (the only one I have, and an extraordinary darling) has
5 been

been extremely indisposed this whole winter. I have had all the anxiety imaginable on her account; but she is now in a better way, and I hope past all danger. I would rather tell you somewhat that is pleasant; but how can I? I am just going to lose Mrs. *Donnellan*, and that is enough to damp the liveliest imagination: it is not easy to express what one feels on such an occasion: the loss of an agreeable, sensible, useful companion, gives a pain at the heart not to be described. You happy *Hibernians*, that are to reap the benefit of my distress, will hardly think of any thing but your own joy, and not afford me one grain of pity. Thus things are carried in this world, the rich forget the poor. I am sorry the sociable *Thursdays*, that used to bring together so many agreeable friends at Dr. *Delany's*, are broke up: though *Delville* has its beauties, it is more out of the way than *Stafford-street*. I believe you have had a quiet winter in *Dublin*; not so has it been with us in *London*. Hurry, wrangling, extravagance, and matrimony, have reigned with great impetuosity. The news-papers, I suppose, have mentioned the number of great fortunes that are going to be married. Our operas have given much cause of dissention. Men and women have been deeply engaged; and no debate in the house of commons has been urged with more warmth: the dispute of the merits of the composers and singers is carried to so great a height, that it is much feared, by all true lovers of music, that operas will be quite overturned.

I own,

I own, I think we make a very silly figure about it. I am obliged to you for the two *Latin* lines in your last letter: it gave me a fair pretence of shewing the letter to have them explained; and I have gained no small honour by that. I hope, Sir, though you threaten me with not writing, that you will change your mind: the season of the year will give you spirits, and I shall be glad to share the good effects of them. I am, Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

When you see Mrs. *Donnellan*, she will entertain you with a second edition of *Fauset*, too tedious for a letter. I have made a thousand blunders, which I am ashamed of.

L E T T E R LXXI.

Lady BETTY BROWNLOWE to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

May 19, 1735.

I HAVE the honour to send you the enclosed letter, and the cover, as it came to Mr. *Brownlowe*. I hope your frugal correspondent has not, at your expence, incurred the proverb of being penny wise, &c. and thereby occasioned your being a sufferer by any delay or business. I should beg pardon for not having obeyed your commands in writing sooner, but that I am the only sufferer by it, by being deprived

deprived of the satisfaction of hearing of your health. The extreme cold weather we have had this month, has made the country much less agreeable than usual at this time of year; but, this having been a fine morning, I have been amused very much to my satisfaction with laying out what I think a very pretty design in my garden. I like my gardener mightily, and found every thing in his care in perfect good order; but the coldness of the season makes every thing very backward: the cucumbers are not larger than guerkins. I beg, if you honour me with a line, you will let me know how both lady *Acheson* and Mrs. *Acheson* do, for I have a sincere concern for both their welfares. We go next week to make a visit to our friends at *Seaford*, where we propose staying about a fortnight. I heard yesterday you had thoughts of going to *Cashel*: if it were possible for me to have the happiness to be present at yours and the archbishop's conversation, I am certain I should retrieve my character, and that you would allow me to be a good listener, which, through other peoples faults, you do not know; for I assure you I have too great a desire to be informed and improved, to occasion any interruption in your conversation, except when I find you purposely let yourself down to such capacities as mine, with an intention, as I suppose, to give us the pleasure of babbling. Mr. *Brownlowe* desires you will accept of his compliments; and I am, Sir, with great respect, your truly affectionate and obedient humble servant,

ELIZABETH BROWNLOWE.

L E T

L E T T E R LXXII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DR. DN

May 26, 1735.

YEW mare aim Ember, a bout Ann our
 Ah go, Ire it Sum Ann glow Ann Glee,
 I nim it ay shun off Ewers. Butt If here they
 rare mist eaks. I few fine day nigh, Eye may
 Kit mire eak quest Tom end dumb. They'll
 aid Eyes Name Lee Mad damn Harry Son,
 White Whey, Sigh Cann air ray dye Two join
 new, Sow add Yew Too Ale even, Ewer
 Mow Stumble Add my rare

THOUGH MASS SHE RID ANN.

Meath ay two went he Sick't,

Wan thou Sand Say vain Hun dread &c.

Tooth ay Revere End Dock tore. Jo Nathan

Dray Peer, Gull Liver, Inn They Dane

a wry.

L E T T E R LXXIII.

Lord CXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

GOOD MR. DEAN, *Dover-fireet, June 19, 1735.*

I COULD not suffer Mr. Jebb to pass into
Ireland without giving you the trouble of
 reading a few lines from your humble servant,

to

to inquire how you do, and to return you many thanks for your kind remembrances of me in your letters to my good friend Mr. *Pope*. I am much concerned for the account you give in your late letter to him of the state of your own health. I should think that the change of air, and seeing some of your remaining friends you have left in this island, would be of service to you, at least to entertain and amuse you: as for any other agreeable view, I cannot pretend to flatter you so far as that you must expect any; that is over, as I believe you know very well; but, as I know you to be a truly good-natured man, I hope you will come over; for I assure you it will be an infinite satisfaction and pleasure to your friends to embrace you here. If this motive will not do, I do not know what argument to make use of.

I troubled you last year with an account of the disposal of my daughter: it has in every point answered our expectations and wishes. I was in hopes I should have been able to give you an account that my daughter was safely brought to-bed: we expect it every day. My wife is pretty well; desires your acceptance of her humble service: she, among others, would be very glad to see you here. My uncle, the auditor, is in a very ill state of health: I am afraid he cannot last very long: his son has, this spring, put to *Westminster-school* two sons; he has three more and a daughter. Mr. *Thomas Harley* has had the gout; but he is better, and is at his seat in *Herefordshire*. The duke of *Leeds* is returned from his travels a fine

gentleman, and has imported none of the fopperies and fooleries of the countries he has passed through. My nephew *Robert Hay* traveled with the duke, and is come home untainted, but much improved: he is returned to *Oxford*, to follow his studies: he designs for holy orders. My two youngest nephews are still at *Westminster-school*. Lord *Dupplin* has not yet got an employment; but lives upon hopes and promises. My sister lives in *Yorkshire* with her daughters, as well as she can, considering the times, &c. &c. Now I ask your pardon, dear Sir, for saying so much of family affairs; but as you are a good man, and have always wished my family well, I have ventured to be thus impertinent to give you the state of it. Master *Pope* is pretty well: he is under persecution from *Curl*, who has, by some means (wicked ones most certainly), got hold of some of *Pope's* private letters, which he has printed, and threatens more. We are in so free a state, that there is no remedy against these evils.

It is now time to release you from this dull paper: but I must assure you, what I hope you know already, that I am, with true respect and esteem, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

OXFORD.

Please to be so good as to make my compliments to lord *Orrery*.

LET

L E T T E R LXXIV.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

June, 1735.

I SUPPOSE you are now angle *ling* with your tack *ling* in a purr *ling* stream, or pad *ling* and say *ling* in a boat, or sad *ling* your stum *ling* horse with a sap *ling* in your hands, and snare *ling* at your groom, or set *ling* your affairs, or tick *ling* your cat, or tat *ling* with your neighbour Price; not always Toy *ling* in your school. This Dryes *ling* weather we in Dub *ling* are glad of a Dump *ling*, and Bab *ling* is our dare *ling*. Pray do not look as cow *ling* at me when I come, but get a fat *ling* for my dinner, or go a fow *ling* for fill *ling* my belly. I hope none of your Townsfolks are Bub *ling* you: Have you a bow *ling* green at Cavan? I have been ill of my old ay *ling*, and yet you see I am now as crib *ling*. Can you buy me an am *ling* Nag? I am bat *ling* for health, and just craw *ling* out. My breakfast is cut *ling* and sugar to cure the curd *ling* of my blood. My new Summer coat is cock *ling* already, and I am caw *ling* for my old one. I am cob *ling* my riding shoes¹ and cur *ling* my riding peri-

ⁱ As Dr. Swift was on all occasions, fond of walking, he always wore strong jack spatterdashes, which he could slip off as soon as he alighted from his horse; and, to match these spatterdashes, he had shoes strong in proportion, to bear the dirt and weather; but he never wore boots.

wig. My maids hens keep such a cack *ling*, and chuck *ling*, that I scarce know what I write. My mare is just foe *ling*, for which my Groom is grumm *ling* and grow *ling*, while the other servants are gob *ling* and gut *ling*, and the maids gigg *ling*, and the dogs how *ling*. My bung *ling* taylor was tip *ling* from morning to night. Do you know drive *ling* Doll with her drab *ling* tail, and drag *ling* petticoat, and gog *ling* eyes; always gag *ling* like a goose, and hob *ling* to the ale-house, hand *ling* a mug and quarry *ling* and squab *ling* with porters, or row *ling* in the kennel? I bought her a muzz *ling* pinner. Mr. Wall walks the streets with his strip *ling* boy, in his sham *ling* gait, as cuff *ling* for the wall, and just *ling* all he meets. I saw his wife with her pop *ling* gown, pill *ling* oranges, and pick *ling* cucumbers. Her eyes are no longer spark *ling*; you may find her twat *ling* with the neighbours, her nose trick *ling*, and spawl *ling* the floor, and then smug *ling* her husband.

A Lady whose understanding was sing *ling* me out as a wit *ling* or rather a suck *ling*, as if she were tick *ling* my fancy, tang *ling* me with questions, tell *ling* me many stories, her tongue toe *ling* like a clapper; says she, an old man's dare *ling* is better than a young man's war *ling*. I liked her dad *ling* and plain deal *ling*: she was as wise as a goes *ling* or a duck *ling*, yet she counted upon gull *ling* and grave *ling* me. Her maid was hack *ling* flax and humm *ling* her mistress, and how *ling* in the Irish manner: I was fool *ling* and fiddle *ling* and
fade

fade *ling* an hour with them. We hear Tisdall is pufs *ling* the Curates, or mud *ling* in an ale-house, or muff *ling* his chops, or rump *ling* his band, or mum *ling* songs, though he be but a mid *ling* versifyer at best, while his wife in her Mac *ling* lace is mull *ling* claret, to make her husband maud *ling*, or mill *ling* chocolate for her breakfast, or rust *ling* in her silks, or net *ling* her spouse, or nurse *ling* and swill *ling* her grandchildren and a year *ling* calf, or oyl *ling* her pimp *ling* face, or fet *ling* her head dress, or stif *ling* a f— to a fizz *ling*, or boy *ling* sowins for supper, or pew *ling* for the death of her kit *ling*, or over rue *ling* the poor doctor. As to madame votre femme, I find she has been coup *ling* her daughters; I wish she were to live upon a cod *ling* or a chit or *ling*. She has as mile *ling* countenance, which is yet better than as well *ling* belly; I wish she were to go a bull *ling* and begin with a bill *ling*, and then go to hick *ling*. She hath been long as cram *ling* for power, and would fain be a fond *ling*, and delights in a fop *ling*, when she should be fur *ling* her fails, and fill *ling* her belly, or game *ling*, about Cavan, or gall *ling* her company. Why do not you fet her a truck *ling* with a vengeance, and use her like an under *ling*, and stop her ray *ling*, rat *ling*, rang *ling* behaviour? I would cure her ram *ling* and rum *ling*; but, you are spy *ling* all, by rig *ling* into her favour, and are afraid of ruff *ling* her. I hear you are fell *ling* your timber at Quilca: you love to have a fee *ling* of money, which is a grove *ling* temper in you, and you

are for shove *ling* it up like a lord *ling*, or rather like a star *ling*, I suppose now you are vail *ling* your bonnet to every squire. I wish you would grow a world *ling*, and not be strow *ling* abroad, nor always shake *ling* yourself at home. Can I have stable *ling* with you for my horse? Pray keep plain wholesome table *ling* for your boys, and employ your maids in teaz *ling* cloth and reel *ling* yarn, and unravel *ling* thread without stay *ling* it. Set the boys a race *ling* for diversion; set the scullion a rid *ling* the cinders without rise *ling* them. Get some scrub to teach the young boys their spell *ling*, and the cow boy to draw small beer without spill *ling* or pall *ling* it: have no more pifs to *ling* lads: employ yourself in nay *ling* your broken stools. Whip all the libel *ling* rogues who are loll *ling* out their tongues, and kind *ling* quarrels, and rave eye *ling* their school-fellows, and stick *ling* with their seniors, and snuff *ling* in a jeer, and scraw *ling* on the school walls, and scut *ling* to the pye-house, and yawl *ling* and yell *ling* to frighten little children, and fow *ling* the house for mischief sake, and grape *ling* with the girls. Pray take care of spy *ling* your younger daughters, or sty *ling* them *pets*^k.

^k The term Pet, which is a contraction of the French *Petite*, signifies a favourite. It is here marked with a note of reprobation.

LET.

LETTER LXXV.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

Ah Miss cell a knee.

DEAR SIR,

Cavan, June 23, 1735.

I RECEIVED your letter with the formidable account of your *lings*, no less than 160 in ash hole, enough to bear down awe hale. What a change *ling* was I to prove oak yew by grove *ling* in the dark as I did? I should rather have minded the cop *ling* of timber for an old house, which I am two reap air. I am now dale *ling* with a march aunt for boards, a droll *ling* logg or he add. His nay miss *Φως ter*, It hinc. Buy these aim to ken, his toll a fat *ling* lamb from our butt chair. This sent hence I feris ad I fi culti an dume me quit o ut buy awl it ell studiij. Now fora new e fi style. Εὐνοῖα τὴν εὐεργεσίαν ἄς τὸ dye a blefs inn fern ale, bee cause stand eye *French*. A very good name for sue chaw help meet.

Mice cool encreases, and wood faster, butt that eye will not a bait of my rates. Eye heave Ralph used a bove as core all ray dye. I do not yet hear of master *Lucas* from *Castle Shane*, for whom I have agreed, and have kept a room. If you see Dr. *Coghil*, perhaps

he may resolve you what I have to depend upon, that I may not refuse another in his place. I wish with all my soul you were here before my chicken and ducks outgrow the proper season; as for the geese, they have ceased to be green, and are now old enough to see the world, which they do as far as our river will let them sail commodiously.

Our mutton is the best I ever tasted, so is our beef, our trout, our pheasants, particularly the eels. Dear sir, I am almost persuaded that the journey hither will not only remove your disorder, but the good air will also get you a stomach, and of consequence new flesh, and good health. Your little starts to the country from *Dublin*, only make your lungs play quicker, to draw in more of your city poison; whereas being here with me in the midst of *Arabia Felix*, you draw in nothing but balsamick aromatick air, the meanest odour of which is that of our bean-blossom and lily of the valley. Every one swears, who looks on my face, that I am grown already ten years younger; and this I am almost persuaded to believe, because I labour more than ever, drink less, see fewer company, and have abundantly more spirits. Mrs. *Sheridan* began her athletic gambols by cuffing and kicking one of the maids; for which I gave the wench money before her mistress, with instructions to kick and cuff again; which had the effect intended. We have been quiet ever since.

I have

I have almost finished a walk of half a mile for you, and now it is ready for a coat of coarse gravel; for I cannot afford a rolling-stone; so that my garden walks will require a strong pair of *German* shoes. To my great grief, I hear that my lord *Orrery* is landed, and I fear will not be in *Dublin* at my *August* vacation. You are too happy while he is in *Dublin* for me to inveigle you from thence with all the charms of our *Elysium*. What would I give that some necromancer would set you both down at *Cavan* upon an easy cloud, while my good wine lasts! If you would think it proper to let five dozen of my *Mullan's* wine come down for yourself, I do not think it would be amiss; for I have a good cool cellar for it. I beseech you to let me know the day you intend to set out, that I may meet you at *Virginia*; and be pleased to be there on a *Saturday*.

You give me a great deal of good advice in your letter, for which I return you my hearty thanks; and I wish with all my soul I could take it as easily as you give it; but alas, I must say as *Tasso* did in a letter to his friend *Antonio Constantini*, Il consiglio di V. S. è ottimo; ma io conosco grandissima difficoltà nell' eseguire lo.

Doctor — was a fool, to trouble himself about his rampant daughter; for he may be assured, although he secures her from the present lover, since the love fit is upon her, she will try either his butler or coachman. And poor sprig of *Ash* I pity. He may now mourn in

sackcloth and *Asbes*. I suppose he is so much *Asb* aimed, that he is worn away to *Asb* add dough: *Vesey*, it seems was *Asb* Harper, and played him *Asb* hitten trick. He must have been *Asb* allow fellow, to lose that beautiful trollop so easily; I beg pardon, I should have said so *Veasily*. If he had been *Asb* hay rid Ann, he would not have lost her so easily.

It is the fashion here among all manner of parties, to drink the Drapier's health. The reason I give you this caw shun is, that you may not Ralph use it, when you come among us.

Ibis see itch yew tom eak my come Plea meant to Mrs. *Whiteway*, and tell her no one in *Ireland* shall be more welcome to my house; do not fail to hawl her down with you. I can billet her at a relation's house; and she can live and joke with us the best of the day. Pray let me know her resolution, that I may settle my mind accordingly.

My next to you shall be in verse, and what you little think of; nor is it to be wondered, because I declare solemnly, I am an utter stranger to what I intend, either as to measure, rhyme, diction, or thought. May all happiness attend you! I am, dear sir, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LET

LETTER LXXVI.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

July 5th, 1735.

I RECEIVED your two receipts, *i. e.* race eats, or ray feats, and as soon as I can hear of *Higinbothom*, he shall get you the money. The bishop of *Killmore* has ordered him to get up all he can for him in the first place; for you must know that the bishop has my bond for the rent due to him, together with the fine, when I renewed with him the last *February*. This made me two hundred and eighty pounds in his debt.—The moment I can raise the devil among the tenants, I will *secure your poor* money. At present I have not a soure but a guinea and an half, till some bird of passage brings me some. You must know that I have lately been be-Sheridan'd. A damnable rogue, one *William Sheridan*, cousin to counsellor *Sheridan*, has run away three-score and six pounds in my debt. He was tenant to *Drumcor* and *Blenycup*, part of the lands which I sold you. I writ to counsellor *Callaghan* about him; and he tells me, “That I must eject him legally before I can set to another,” although I have no distress on the land, but two acres of growing wheat. The villain keeps within six miles of this place, and will not give up his articles. One *Smyth*, a rich graier, would pay

most of his arrear to get into the lands now I sent to Mr. *Hale* for an ejectment and a writ, but hear nothing of it. I beseech you to let him have *Sheridan's* article and *Carter's* bond, which you have among the papers I gave you, that he may shew them to counsellor *Robert Callaghan*; for it was to him I writ. Be pleased to send me a letter of attorney to receive your rents of *Marabills*, *Drumcor*, and *Bleny-cup*; and to set the two latter at forty-two pounds a year, which was the rent payable by that run-away villain. You cannot lose, but I must be content to lose forty-six pounds. Now a pox of all losses. —To business more material.

Eye rage hoise X C Dingley tuff Hind mile
 Order or eyes top Afs awe interr inn Dubb
 Line an damn well play said two fine dimn in
 afs teat off Mare he meant: All afs Ice he
 knot afs mile in knack wart her: These
 Quires he rare fow stow eye call. Ann they
 par Sum fow dam nab lye inn sup port able
 Eye cana knot bay rum. O'er ay Rum (Sea
 dye two wan) ay rue awe vye car, O raw
 pray bend Harry, O rack Yew rat. Know
 sea see, butt adge, use't is ack fwoe rum.
 Ho! Rum! Hah! Rum! Ho! Rum! fay
 dye.

I have no news from *our parts*, but that my man *Pat* (upon desiring him to silence our dog) said, "By my soul, Sir, he would bark "if his head were cut off." He presents his humble service to your *Jo*. For God's sake come as soon as you can possibly, while our
 3 weather

weather and every thing is good. I am, dear
 sir, your most obedient humble servant,
 THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER LXXVII.

Lord HOWTH to Dr. SWIFT.

Killfane, July 6th, 1735.

I AM very much obliged to my good dean
 of *St. Patrick's* for the honour he did me
 in sitting for his picture; and have wrote to
 Dr. *Grattan* to give Mr. *Bindon* strict charge
 in the finishing of it: and when that is done,
 to bring it to his house, for fear I should get
 a copy instead of the original. I am very
 much concerned at the account you give me of
 your health, but do not in the least doubt but
 the change of air would be of service to you,
 and a most hearty welcome you may be sure
 of. The archbishop of *Cashel* told me, "He
 " would wait on you the day after he went
 " to *Dublin*;" and does mightily admire he
 has not seen you oftener. I have taken your
 advice, and kept very good hours since I came
 last here. Every second day I am out six
 or seven hours an otter hunting. As to
 reading and working, my wife observes your
 directions: and could wish she would do the
 same as to exercise. She desires me to tell
 you

you that the liking she has to the baboon ^k is out of the true regard she has for you, he being one of your greatest favourites. Your giant ^l will use her endeavours to make lord *Bacon* a liar, and instead of adding two inches to her height, would be very well satisfied to part with four. I am very sorry Mrs. *Acheson* is so much out of order: she is one I have a great regard for; and shall desire the favour of you to give my wife's service and mine to her, and lady *Acheson*, when you see them. I thank God my family and I are very well. Some time this *Summer* I design drinking *Ballispellin* waters for a month. As for news, we have no such thing here: only the baboon has done his visitation; that is, he goes into the churches and looks about, then asks the tumbler *Sikes* how long they have been coming? So long, says *Sikes*. Aye, replies the baboon, and we shall be as long going back; so mounts his horse and away. Who durst say the church is in danger when we have such good bishops? My wife and all here join in their kind service to the Drapier. I

^k The bishop of *Ossory*, so called:

Could you see his grim *grace*, for a pound to a penny,

You'd swear it must be the baboon of *Kilikenny*.

Vid. *Swift's Poem on the Bishops*,
vol. VII. p. 194.

^l Miss *Rice*, an exceeding tall young lady, and niece to lord *Herpsb.*

am,

am, good Mr. Dean, your most assured and
affectionate humble servant,

HOWTH.

L E T T E R LXXVIII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DE ARMIS TER DE AN, *Julij 15, 1735.*

URIT tome some time ago an diam
redito anser it thus. A lac a de mi
illinc, ducis in it, is notabit fit fora de an;
it is more fit fora puppi. I lusit toti. Irritato
ripam flet an Dicti toral e ver ibit. Dic is
abest. Dic is a serpenti se. Dic is a turdi se.
Dic is a fartor. Dic is a pisti fee. Dic is a
vix en. Dic is as qui ter in nasti fusti musti
cur. Dic is arantur. Dic is ab a boni se.
Sed Ito Dicti cantu cum in as a dans in mas
ter an dans ab ori ora minuet. Da me I fido
sed Dic. Quis mi ars se diu puppi. Ure as
turdi rufi an fed I. Ure a tori villa in fed
Dic. Ure fit for a gallus fed I; an dume dia
dansin. Ure aras calli cur fed Dic. Dicti fed
I ure regis a farto me,

Tanti vi fed I tanti vi.

Hi fora Dic in apri vi.

Ime Dic as te mas amo use foralis angor. I
re collecta piper, fed I, an dat rumpetur, an
da fume cur, an ad rumor, an das qui re, an
ab lac a more in ure cum pani, an da de al
more me ac in a gesto uti. It is ali ad a mo
fed

fed Dic, as furas istinc. Senu cæso I cæno
more.

I cum here formo ni. It is apparent I canta
ve mi mærent, mi tenentis tardi. I cursum e
veri de nota peni cani res. I ambit. Mi
stomachis a cor morante ver re ad ito digesta
me ale in a minute. I eat nolam, nôram, no
dux, I generali eat a quale carbone dedat super
an da qualis as fine a bit as arabit. I es ter
de I eat a tro ut at abit. De vilis in mi a
petite. A crustis mi de lite. (I neu Eu-
menides ago eat tuenti times more.) As unde
I eat offa buccas fatas mi arsis. O nam unde
I eat sum pes. A tu es de I eat apud in
migra num edit. A venis de I eat sum pasti.
Post de notabit. Afri de abit ab re ad. A
Satur de sum tripes.

Luis is mus ter in an armi an de fines carri
in it as far as I tali, sum se germani. It do es
alarum mus; De vel partum. I fani nues is
fito ritu me directo me at cava ni Virgini a.
Miser vice tomi da ter an, Capta in Pari,
Doctor de lanij, Major Folli ut; an mi
complemento mi de armis tresses, e special
WRL.

I amat ure re verens his cervice
fore ver an de ver.

LETTER LXXIX.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

July 16th, 1735.

I RECEIVED your twenty pounds from lord *Lanesborough's* agent yesterday; and it travels to you from this on *Saturday* next, by one *John Donaldson*, one of our nobility. You will get it, I believe, on *Monday*. You have nothing to say to the two hundred and eighty pounds you mention. That is, as I told you, the fine and rent of *Drum-lane*, which I owe the bishop, and which will be paid him *August 26th*. I cleared off the rent which I owed him for your purchase, the other; day or I should have sent your poor money, poor as I am, before this. Now are you satisfied that I am not negligent or giddy? But what, in the name of God, is the matter with you to delay so long? Can I oversee my workmen and a school to? If you will not come and take your charge in hand, I must employ somebody else. There is a long walk begun: stones a drawing home for an addition to my house: the school-house repaired at the charge of the county: a gravel walk from the market cross to my house, at the town's expence: *item*, a gravel walk by the river, which will all require your attendance. As you were a good and faithful overseer of my improvements at *Quilca*, I am willing to employ you rather than

than another; therefore I expect your answer immediately, for the summer is flying off apace. My lord *Orrery* writ to me, that he would come from *Munster* to see me soon; if you will but have the prudence to be here, you may have a fair opportunity of recommending yourself to him; and I shall, perhaps, give you the character of a vigilant overseer, if I find you be not altered since you were last in my service.

Now to be serious. I shall send you some venison soon. You shall know next *Monday* when it sets out; and you are to dispose of it thus:

To Dr. *Helsham*, four cuts.

Dr. *Delany*, four.

Mrs. *Helsham*, one and a half.

Mrs. *Whiteway*, ditto.

Lady *Acheson*, because of her good stomach, three scruples.

Mr. *Worral*, a pound and a quarter.

Pray let them be all wrapt up in clean paper, and sent to the several abovementioned persons. Dine upon the rest with your own company.

I have got you a mare, a very easy trotter: she shall go up with the venison. Whether she will be shy at your city objects, I know not: here she is not in the least. Your best way will be to let your servant ride her. She is one of my own rearing, sprung of a good-natured family. If you like, she costs you nothing but a low bow when you come to *Cavan*. I have a chaise just finished to the lining,

lining, in *Dublin*, made by a man so much in my debt: it will be your best way to come down in it. I tell you a project I have, which I believe will do: my scholars are to club, and build me a little library in my garden. The lime and stones (free-stone) are in my own fields, and building is dog-cheap here.

I beseech you let me know how soon you will be here, that all things may be to your heart's desire: such venison! such mutton! such small beer! such chicken! such butter! such trouts! such pouts! such ducks! such beef! such fish! such eels! such turkies! such fields! such groves! such lakes! such ladies! such fruit! such potatoes! such raspberries! such billberries! and such a boat as *Mr. Hamilton's*, were never yet seen in any one country yet!

Owe for tune a toes knee me 'um bone gnaw sigh shoe awe knower in't Cave Ann eye.

God Almighty blest you, and send you safe to our *Elysium*! My service to *Mrs. Whiteway*, and to every body in *Dublin*, man, woman, and child. I am, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER LXXX.

The Earl of ORRERY to Dr. SWIFT.

Limerick, July 18, 1735.

O F F break to forced and, interrupted!
Alas! alas! *Bayes* quoth, i'faith simile
good a. *Paris* at *Victoire de Place* the round
driving

driving berlin a of noise the like, brains my
round rowl that head my in words of jumble
of kind a have I so and: sex or person of
distinction either without, about promiscuously
ears his lent nineteenth the but, noisy very
were which of eighteen, table at day to people
nineteen were we.

Strong get cannot I when beer small with
myself contenting ever, moon the with satisfied
be to learn will I but: again fun the see never
shall we believe I; summer than winter like
more much and, indeed weather terrible is
this O. Physician a other the, divine a one,
doctors two the to fashion and invention own
my communicate will you hope and, *English*
writing of sample new a you offer here I, *Latin*
writing of method new a me teach to kind so
been have you as but. Honour and atchievements
of search in far thus come am and, *Mancha la*
from out set am I that know you let to is this.
You to inconvenient be may writing that
imagine I when it curb always will I, Dean
Mr. Good,

great so ever be
you from hear to desire
My Let.

L E T T E R LXXXI.

Mr. MOTTE to Dr. SWIFT.

HONOURED SIR,

I HAVE not had an opportunity of writing
to you otherwise than by the post for above
a twelvemonth; and though in that time I did
trouble

trouble you with a letter or two relating to Mr. *Lancelot's* business, yet I thought proper to mention only what related to that particular, considering I was then under the hands of the law, whence I was not discharged till the last day of the last term. I do not doubt but you have heard before now, that Mrs. *Barber* was discharged at the same time.

I desired, therefore, Mrs. *Hyde*¹ to deliver this to your own hand; and make bold to trouble you with an account of some transactions which have happened within these two years, which I have long wished for the pleasure of doing by word of mouth, in hopes my behaviour would be excused at least (if not approved) by you, the assurance whereof I should receive with the utmost satisfaction.

Soon after Mr. *Pilkington* had received the twenty guineas you ordered me to pay him, the *Life and Character* was offered me, though not by his own hands, yet by his means, as I was afterwards convinced by many circumstances: one was, that he corrected the proof sheets with his own hand; and as he said he had seen the original of that piece, I could not imagine he would have suffered your name to be put to it, if it had not been genuine. When I found, by your advertisement and the letter you were pleased to write to me, that I had been deceived by him, I acted afterwards with more reserve, and refused a pamphlet about *Norton's* will, which he pretended came from an eminent hand. It was bought afterwards

¹ Widow to Mr. *Hyde*, bookseller in *Dublin*.

by another bookseller, who printed it, and lost money by it.

He could not forbear observing my coldness, and applied to Mr. *Gilliver* about the copy of verses for which we were all brought into trouble; and, by the way, when once an affair was communicated to two persons, it was not in the power of any one, how just and faithful soever, to answer for its being kept a secret. It was published three months before it was taken notice of: and when the printer was taken up, and had named *Gilliver* as the bookseller, and it was reported a warrant was out against G. and he was likely to be apprehended next morning, we two had a meeting over-night; and I promised to take the advice of a gentleman of sense and honour, whose name I did not mention to him, and to meet G. early the next morning at a certain tavern, to consult farther. Accordingly I went to a gentleman in *Cork-street*, and from thence to the tavern we had appointed to meet at, where, after I had waited above an hour, a message was sent me, "That I need stay no longer, "for Mr. G. was gone to *Westminster*, and "would not come." I went to see him in the messenger's hands; but he was so closely watched by a couple of sharp sluts, the messenger's daughters, that I could say nothing to him, but about indifferent matters. The consequence was, he was examined, and made a confession, like poor Dr. *Yalden's*, of all that he knew, and more too; naming Mr. *Pilkington* first, and then myself; which last,

as many people have told me, was unnecessary: only, as he before said, he was resolved, if he came into trouble, I should have a share of it; though I offered, in case he would not name me, that I would bear one half of his expences. This confession of his, together with his bearing the character of a wealthy man, exposed him to an information; but as it was not my business to be industrious in recollecting what passed three months before, I could not remember any thing that could affect me or any body else.

I am sorry for the trouble this has caused to poor Mrs. *Barber*. I saw her the other day: she was confined to her bed with the gout. She desired, when I wrote, that I would present her humble service to you.

I would be glad to receive your directions what I must do with the two notes I have under Mr. *Pilkington's* hand, of ten guineas each. They were allowed by you in the last accompt we settled; but whether you would please they should be destroyed or sent over to you, I am not certain. As for the state of the accompt, as I have heard no exceptions to it, I flatter myself you find it all right.

Mr. *Faulkner's* impression of four volumes has had its run. I was advised that it was in my power to have given him and his agents sufficient vexation, by applying to the law; but that I could not sue him without bringing your name into a court of justice: which absolutely determined me to be passive. I am told he is about printing them in an edition in
twelves;

twelves; in which case I humbly hope you will please to lay your commands upon him (which, if he has any sense of gratitude, must have the same power as an injunction in chancery) to forbear sending them over here. If you think this request to be reasonable, I know you will comply with it: if not, I submit.

As we once had a meeting upon this affair, and he may possibly have misrepresented the offers he then made me; I beg leave to assure you, that his proposal was, that I should have paid him a larger price for the book than I could have had it printed for here in *England*; and surely I had the same right of printing them here as he had in *Ireland*, especially having bought and paid for them. If he made any other offer, I declare I misunderstood him; and I am sure, if I had complied with those terms, I should have been a laughing-stock to the whole trade.

Mr. *Pope* has published a second volume of his poetical works, of which, I suppose, he has made you a present. I am surprized to see he owns so little in the four volumes; and speaks of these *few* things as *inconsiderable*. I am a stranger to what part of the copy-money he received; but you, who know better, are a competent judge whether he deserved it. *I always thought the Art of Sinking was his, though he there disowns it.*

Curl's edition of Letters to and from Mr. *Pope*, I suppose, you have seen. They were taken notice of in the house of lords; and

Curl

Curl was ruffled for them in a manner as, to a man of less impudence than his own, would have been very uneasy. It has provoked Mr. *Pope* to promise the world a genuine edition, with many additions. It is plain the rascal has no knowledge of those *Letters of yours that Erwin of Cambridge* has. Few as they are, he would tack some trash to them, and make a five or six shilling book of them.

The *Persian* Letters have been well received, so I chose to send them; besides that they make a convenient cover for this letter.

Mr. *Tooke*, who desires me ^{to} present his most humble service to you, acquainted me some time ago of your intention to erect an Hospital for Lunatics and Idiots. I am glad to find, by the news-papers, that so noble a design proceeds; for, besides the general benefit to mankind that is obvious to every body, I am persuaded there will be a particular one arise by your example; namely, that you will lay down a scheme which will be a pattern for future founders of public hospitals, to prevent many of the vile abuses which, in process of time, do creep into those foundations, by the indolence, ignorance, or knavery, of the trustees. I have seen so many scandalous instances of misapplications of that kind, as have raised my indignation so, that I can hardly think upon it with temper; and I heartily congratulate you that a heart to bestow is joined in you with a head to contrive: and therefore, without any mercenary views (at the same time not declining any instance of your favour) I would
T beg

beg leave to say, that as, while your thoughts are employed in this generous undertaking, you must necessarily consider it in the light I have placed it in; so if you would please to communicate these thoughts to the publick, you might possibly give useful hints to persons of fortune and beneficent intentions, though of inferior abilities. I heartily wish you success in this and all other your undertakings; being, with grateful respect, Sir, your obliged and obedient humble servant,

B. MOTTE.

London, July 23, 1735.

Upon second thoughts, I have inclosed Mr. *Pilkington's* two notes; for I don't see how they can possibly be of any service to you on this side the water.

L E T T E R LXXXII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

August 13, 1735.

BECAUSE of some dropping young lads coming to me, and because it was impossible for me to get any money before the 23d of this month, I could not fix my vacation. Now I do. On *Saturday* sevensnight, the 23d, I set out for *Dublin* to bring you home: and so, without Ifs, Ands, and Ors, get ready before our fields be stript of all their gaiety. I thank God, I have every good thing in plenty
but

but money; and that, as affairs are likely to go, will not be my complaint a month longer. *Belturbet* fair will make me an emperor. I have all this town, and fix men of my own, at work at this juncture, to make you a winter walk by the river side. I have raised mountains of gravel, and diverted the river's course for that end——*Regis opus*, you will wonder and be delighted when you see it. Your works at *Quilca* are to be as much inferior to ours here, as a sugar-loaf to an *Egyptian* pyramid. We had a county of *Armagh* rogue, one *Mackay*, hanged yesterday: *Griffith* the player never made so merry an exit. He invited his audience the night before, with a promise of giving them such a speech from the gallows as they never heard: and indeed he made his words good; for no man was ever merrier at a christening than he was upon the ladder.

When he mounted to his proper height, he turned his face to each side of the gallows, and said, in a chearful manner, "Hah, my friend, " am I come to you at last!" Then turning to the people, "Gentlemen, you need not " stand so thick, for, the farthest shall hear " me as easily as the nearest." Upon this a fellow interrupted him, and asked him, "Did he " know any thing of a grey mare which was " stolen from him?" "Why, what if I " should, would you pay for a mass for my " soul?" "Ay, by G—, said the fellow, will " I pay for seven." "Why then, said the " criminal laughing, I know nothing of your " mare,"

“mare.” After this he entertained the company with two hours history of his villainies, in a loud unconcerned voice. At last he concluded with his humble service to one of the inhabitants of our town, desiring that he might give him a night’s lodging, which was all he would trouble him for. He was not the least touched by any liquor; but soberly and intrepidly desired the hangman to do his office; and at last went off with a joke. Match me this with any of your *Englishmen*, if you can. I have no more news from *Cavan*, but that you have all their hearts, and mine among the rest, if it be worth any thing. My love and service to Mrs. *Whiteaway*, and all friends. I am, dear Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

L E T T E R LXXXIII.

Lord B—— to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR DEAN, *Cirencester, 13 Sept, 1735.*

THOUGH you never answer any of my letters, and I can never have a line from you, except in parliament time about an *Irish* cause, I do insist that without delay you give me either by yourself or agents immediate satisfaction in these points. First, whether that article which I read in the news about one *Butler* a shooting parson be true or not; secondly, whether he has yet begged pardon, and

and attested upon oath that it was without design, and by accident, that the gun went off. In case the fact be true, and that he has not yet made any sufficient or reasonable excuse, I require of you that you do immediately get some able painter to draw his picture, and send it over to me; and I will order a great number of prints to be made of it, which shall be dispersed over all parts of the known world, that such a worthless rascal may not go any where without being known. I make no doubt of his being immediately drove out of *Ireland*, such a brutal attempt upon the Drapier cannot be borne there; and he will not venture into *England* when these prints of his person are sent about, for he would certainly be knocked on the head in the first village he passes through. Perhaps he may think to sku'k in *Holland*, the common refuge of all scoundrels; but he will soon find out, that Doctor *Swift* (for so they pronounce the name) is in great esteem there, for his learning and political writings. In *France* he would meet with worse reception; for his wit is relished there, and many of his tracts, though spoiled by translation, are yet more admired than what is writ by any among themselves. Should he go into *Spain*, he would find that Don *Swift* is in the highest estimation, being thought to be lineally descended from *Miguel de Cervantes* by a daughter of *Quevedo's*. Perhaps he may think to be safe in *Poland* during the time of these troubles; but I can assure him, from the mouth of a *Polish* lady, who was lately in *London*, by

name *Madam de Montmorency* (for she was married to a *French* gentleman of that great family) that *Dr. Swift* is perfectly well known there; and she was very solicitous to know whether he were a *Stanislaist* or not, she being a zealous partizan for that cause.

Now if this brute of a parson should find no security in *Europe*, and therefore slip into the *East Indies* in some *Dutch* ship, for a *Dutchman* may be found who would carry the Devil for a shiver or two extraordinary, he will be confoundedly surprized to find that *Dr. Swift* is known in *China*, and that next to *Confucius* his writings are in the greatest esteem. The missionaries have translated several *European* books into their language: but I am well informed that none of them have taken so well as his; and the *Chinese*, who are a very ingenious people, reckon *Sif* the only author worth reading. It is well known that in *Persia* *Kouli-Can* was at the pains to translate his works himself; being born a *Scotsman*, he understood them very well; and I am credibly informed that he read *The Battle of the Books* the night before he gave that great defeat to the *Persian* army. If he hears of this, he may imagine that he shall find good reception at *Constantinople*; but he will be bit there; for many years ago an *English* renegado slave translated *Effendi Soif* for them, and told them it was writ by an *Englishman*, with a design to introduce the *Mahometan* religion; this having got him his liberty, and although it is not believed by the *Effendi*, the book and the
author

author are in the greatest esteem amongst them. If he goes into *America*, he will not be received into any *English*, *French*, or *Spanish* settlement; so that in all probability he would be soon scalpt by the wild *Indians*; and in truth there would be no manner of shame that a head should be uncovered that has so little brains in it. Brutality and ill-nature proceed from the want of sense; therefore, without having ever heard of him before, I can decide what he is, from this single action. Now I really believe no layman could have done such a thing. The wearing of petticoats gives to most of the clergy (a few only excepted of superior understanding) certain feminine dispositions. They are commonly subject to malice and envy, and give more free vent to those passions: possibly for the same reason that women are observed to do so, because they cannot be called to account for it. When one of us does a brutal action to another, he may have his head broke, or be whipt through the lungs; but all who wear petticoats are secure from such accidents. Now to avoid further trouble, I hope by this time his gown is stript off his back, and the boys of *Dublin* have drawn him through a horse-pond. Send me an account of this, and I shall be satisfied. Adieu, dear Dean; I am got to the end of my paper, but you may be assured that my regard for you will only end with the last breath of your faithful servant.

LET-

L E T T E R LXXXIV.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Cavan, Sept. 17th, 1735.

E I can not butt reap rhyme and εἶ for wry
 tinn fow long an ape is till a bout bees
 knees, when Tom eye Noll edge εἶ cool das
 eas i lyre eye't a pun no thing. Μυσῆρ Δὴν,
 what ἴς εἶρ μήνιν τὸ πλείονος in e veri epistolas εἶδου,
 Inn Angle owe Law Tigh no. Cann knot
 yew right in nap lean met hood as I do εἶ νω' εἶ
 εἶρ εἶ πόνηρον all o key shuns. But cantu gay
 tann other subject tofs at her eyes bis eyed my
 wife? The woman is grown good for nothing.
 However I would not have her so much
 abused, but when she deserves it. I no use
 itis e very de of her life, but I sea it is not
 rue; for it is is only e veri our o fit. She
 swears if heu come tuck have Ann, she will
 give you εἶ δούς inn the chops.

I beg pardon for troubling you so long
 with business, and therefore I will now be as
 merry as I can. The devil a farthing I can
 get among my tenants but cows, bullocks, and
 sheep. Will you let me know whether such
 coin can pass in *Dublin*? that I may pay you some
 money which I owe. My purse, God help
 me, is grown as slender as a famished weezle.
 I long much to see it have an alderman's
 belly; but quando, Mr. Dean, quando? We
 cannot say that our weather is the Devil here:
 for

for it is all water. If it continues, I must have thoughts of building an ark; but I shall not, like *Noah*, let any unclean beast enter. Eat pone linck waiter conjux. My muttoun is growing too fat, and I want you much to eat of it while it is in its prime. I hear of no cadger going to *Dublin*, or I would send you a basket full of it. All I can do now is to send a fine roasted shoulder in my wishes, and pray invite Mrs. *Whiteway* to share of it. I wish you both a good stomach to it, with all my heart. Pray do not chide her for asking you to eat, as you used to do. I assure you (if I may be allowed to judge) she presses you to her victuals out of pure good nature and friendship.

I am sorry that the shortness of my last letter gave you cause to complain. This shall may cup for that deaf he she An she, for I have laid in a good stock of learning this last week; and therefore quoniam tu inter literatos primaria sedes in classe, quorundam decanorum nomina (minime nostratum) qui scientiis omnigenis inclaruerunt tibi mittam. This part I mention in *Latin*, for fear the letter should fall into Dean *Cross's* hands.

Having lately read a very entertaining book, whose title-page runs thus—*Histoire generale des Pais-Bas*, I met with accounts of several great men, whose names I never read before, and every one of them were deans, some became bishops, others cardinals: all of them on account of their great learning and merit, Lord have mercy upon us! How the world
is

is altered since ! But you must know, that *Charles the Great* lived in that age, alias *Char Lay Main*. Now for the great scholars I promised you. Among those who became bishop of *Antwerp*, you will find *Philip Nidri*, *Aubert Vanden Eade*, *Jean Ferdinand de Benghem*, *Pierre Joseph Franken-Sierstorff*. Among those of *Bois-le-Duc*, *Clement Cra-beels*, *Gisbert Masins*, *Michel Ophove*, *Joseph de Bergaine*. In the same town you will find among the *Vicaires Apostoliques*, *Henry Van Leemputte*, *Josse Houbraacken*, *Martin Steyaert*, *Pierre Govaerts*, &c. &c. &c. The next place you dine you may make a figure with these names, and silence even *Robin Leslie*^m. But a pox upon learning, I say. It is enough to turn a man's head. I have a great mind to have done with it ; for the devil a thing is to be got by it. *Idcirco libris valedico*.

I cannot, now my memory serves me, omit an account of some learned physicians, which I read of in other authors, *viz.* *Hermannus Conringius*, *Lucas Schrochius*, *Melchiro Sebizius*, *Sebastian Schefferus*, *Guernerus Rolfinckius*, *Hoffmannus Altorfi*, *Seb. Jovius Lugani*, *Petrus Dapples*, *Theodore Kerchringius*, *Regnerus de Graef*, *Swammerda*, *Antonius Scarellius*, *Hieronymus Copelazzi*, *Jacobus Gonzato*, *Bernardinus Malacreda*, *Johannes*

^m Mr. *Leslie* was the most incessant talker, one of them, in the world. However, he had a great variety of learning, and talked well,

Petrus

Petrus Lotichius, Christianus Keekins, Julius Richeltus, Joan. Christoph. Vaganscilus, Jacobus Kerscherus, Antonius Magliabechius, and many others. Pray ask *Grattan* how many of these he has read.

You say (I thank you for that) That you know nobody. No matter for that; so much the better for me, because I know every body knows you, and therefore more likely to succeed in subscriptions for mice cool. Pray is this letter long enough? if it be not, send it back, and I will fill the other side. In the mean time I remain your most obedient and very humble serve aunt,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Mice or vice two awl my if rends.

Send me word what a clock it is, that I may set my watch by yours.

L E T T E R LXXXV.

Dr. KING to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, 20 Sept. 1735.

SOON after I came into *England* I was obliged to cross the seas again, and go into *France*, upon a business of consequence to my private affairs. I am but just returned to this place, where I have met with your letter of 21st of last month. Since you are so kind as to repeat the promise you made me when I was in *Ireland*, I shall expect the paper with
the

the greatest impatience. While I was reading your letter, a person called on me, who does business for you. I was in hopes he had brought it with him : but he told me, " It would be sent by another hand." I will say nothing more of it here, than that I am very sure it will please the publick, and do honour to the author.

The gentleman, concerning whom you inquire, is a member of our hall; but I have never yet seen him. He had left *Oxford* about the time I came from *Dublin*, to spend the *Summer* vacation in *Herefordshire*. My son, who is well acquainted with him, assures me, " That he is very sober, that he studies hard, and constantly attends the exercises of the house." But I shall be able to give you a more particular account of him the next term, when I shall probably meet him in the hall : and he shall find me ready to do him any kind of service that may be in my power.

I do not know whether my law-suit will force me into *Ireland* again the next term : as yet I have not received any summons from my managers. I should indeed be well pleased to defer my journey till the next *Spring*, for *Dublin* is not a very good winter abode for a water-drinker. However, I do not neglect my defence, especially that part of it which you mention ⁿ. It is now in such forwardness,

ⁿ This alludes to *The Toast*, a satirical Poem, to which Dr. King was instigated by some monstrous usage

ness, that, as I compute, it will be finished in six weeks at farthest. There are some alterations, which I hope you will approve.

I rejoice to hear that the honest Doctor^o hath good success in his new school. If the load of his baggage should endanger his vessel again, I think he hath no other remedy left, but to throw it into the sea. What is he doing with his *bons mots*? and when does he design to send them abroad?

My son, who is very proud to be in your thoughts, desires me to present his most humble service to you. I am, with great truth, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

W. K.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Mr. MOTTE to Dr. SWIFT.

HONOURED SIR, London, Oct. 4, 1735.

MRS. Launcelot, who dined with me to-day, and desired me to present her humble service, shewed me part of a letter from you, which gave me so much concern, that I would not let a post slip without writing to you upon the subject of it. You are pleased to express an apprehension, "That

usage that he had received from his antagonists in the suit.

^o Sheridan.

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U

"Mrs.

“ Mrs. *Fenton's* money has not been regularly
“ paid, because you have not heard from me
“ for above a twelvemonth.” I hope I have
accounted to your satisfaction for my silence,
in a letter which Mrs. *Hyde* delivered to you
since the date of yours to Mrs. *Launcelot* : and
as to Mrs. *Fenton's* annuity, I have punctually
paid it, and shall continue to do so until I re-
ceive your commands to the contrary. The
next payment will be called for a few days
after the first of *Nov.* and unless you forbid
it before that time, I shall pay it. Mr. *Fen-*
ton, her son, who receives it, is a man of
worth and honour, and I am persuaded will
return me the money, should it be paid him
from any other quarter. I am surprized to
find by Mrs. *Hyde* that my last, which was
written the latter end of *July*, had so slow a
passage, as not to come to your hand until the
13th of *September*.

I have been so particular (I fear even to te-
dioufness) in that letter, that I have nothing
to add, but a repetition of the sincere pro-
fession I there made, that I am, with all pos-
sible gratitude, truth, and sincerity, Sir,
your obliged and obedient humble servant,

B. MOTTE.

LET.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

October 5, 1735.

IN the first place I was heartily rejoiced to see your letter, for I was afraid you were not well. Now I shall answer as much as my time will permit; (but before I proceed, remember I expect you here next *Saturday*; for I am both in humour and capacity to receive you. I shall get your answer on *Thursday* next, and then I shall go as far as *Virginia* to meet you. Leave *Dublin* on *Wednesday*; ride to *Dunshaglan* that day, 12 miles. From thence to *Navan* on *Thursday*, 11 miles. A *Friday* to *Virginia*, 15 miles, where I will meet you that evening with a couple of bottles of the best wine in *Ireland*, and a piece of my own mutton, &c. A *Saturday* morning we set out for *Cavan*, where you will find dinner ready at your arrival. Bring a cheese-toaster to do a mutton-chop now and then; and do not forget some rice; we have none good here; but all other eatables in perfection;) I beg pardon for the long foregoing parenthesis (the next shall be shorter) you see it was necessary. Ure Dolis a de vel it hinc. Mi mollis ab uti, an angeli fe. An has fine iis, a fine face, ab re ast as no, a belli fora que en. An di me quis mi molli as I ples. As for your jogg Ralph

U 2

Eye,

Eye, I may say without vanity, that I exceed you as far as from East to West. First with submission, you should have begun with the Poles Are Tick Ann Tarr Tick, next the May read dye Ann, the Eak water, the whore Eyes on, the Eak lip Tick, the Trow Pick of can fir, the Trow pick of Cap rye corn, or Cap Rick horn, the twelve signes Are I ease, Tower us, Jay me knee, Can Sir, lay O, Veer goe, lye braw (quoth the *Scotchman*) Sage it are eye us, Cap wrye corn us, hack weary us, and piss is; together with Cull ewers, Zounds, and Climb bats, &c. &c. In order to give you a full idea of the chief towns in *Europe*, I shall only mention some of lord *Peterborough's* rambles. He had like to break all *Lisbon* in Portugal: he *Mad rid* through Spain: he could not find *Room* in Italy: he was *Constant in a pull* among the Turks: he met with his name sake *Peter's burgh* in Musk O vye: he had like to *Crack O* in Poland: when he came to *Vye any*, he did there *jeer many*: in France he declared the King of Great Britain, with its king upon the *Par is*: in a certain northern country he took a frolick to put on a Fryer's Cope; and then he was *Cope in Hag in*. Pray *Dean mark* that. In Holland he met with a *G—amster*, —*Dam* you, said he in a passion, for a cheat: he was there poxt by a whore; and he cried out, *Rot her dam* her. Thus far I know of his travels to the *Low Countries*, and no farther. Thus far you see I am in humour: although the Devil be in one end of my house, I defy her,

her, because I have the other for you and me. Another thing I must promise when you come, That we shall not quit our learned correspondence, but write up and down stairs to one another, and still keep on our agreeable flights. The Devil take all the D's in *Christendom*, for a pack of saucy scabs. When you are here you will despise them all; and you shall be troubled with no club, but such as will keep you out of the dirt. Do not lose this good weather, I beseech you; for every thing is ready for you. If you do not like your lodgings, you shall not pay a farthing; and if you do, I have the remedy in my own purse. Do not think to sponge upon me for any thing but meat, drink, and lodging; for I do assure you, as the world goes, I can afford you nothing else. Yes, I beg pardon, I can give your horses good grafs, and perhaps a feed of oats now and then. My turf is all home, so is my corn, but my hay not yet. I expect it on *Monday*, which is the next day after *Sunday*, the very day you will receive this, the day before *Tuesday*, and I hope two days before you begin your journey, which I hope will be an happy one. May you arrive safe, is the sincere wish of, dear Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

L E T T E R LXXXVIII.

Dr. SICAN to Dr. SWIFT *.

HONOURED SIR, *Paris, Oct. 20, 1735.*

MR. *Arbutnot's* absence from *Paris* was the occasion of his not receiving your kind letter till within these few days; but, upon the reception of it, he treated me with great civility, invited me to dinner, and inquired very earnestly concerning your health, which was drunk by a large company then present; for, though you were pleased to tell me you had no acquaintance at *Paris*, I can safely affirm, that, as often as I have been for half an hour with any *English* gentleman, some one or other has had the vanity to say he knew you. He has, in a very obliging manner, promised me any acts of friendship in his power, whether I remain at *Paris*, or should proceed to the south of *France*; and seems to be a gentleman possessed of a large share of wit, good humour, sincerity, and honesty; though upon the closest inspection, I could not perceive the hair in the palm of his hand. I have met with another exception to that rule in the chevalier *Ramsay*, who sends you his best respects. I have employed the greatest

* An elegant poem by this gentleman, on Dr. *Swift's* birth-day, is printed in the fourth volume of *Dodley's* Collection. N.

part of this summer in taking a view of every thing curious within four leagues of this city; but shall not trouble you with a detail of palaces, paintings, statues, &c. as I flatter myself Mr. *Arbuthnot's* friendly solicitations, joined to a due regard to your health, will prevail upon you to undertake that journey next summer. The roads are excellent, post-chaises very commodious, and the beds the best in the world; but the face of the country in general is very wretched; of which I cannot mention a more lively instance, than that you meet with wooden shoes and cottages like those in *Ireland*, before you lose sight of *Versailles*. I am persuaded, Sir, you will find a particular pleasure in taking a view of the *French* noblemens houses, arising from the similitude between the good treatment the *Houyhnhnms* meet with here, and that which you have observed in your former travels. The stables that *Lewis* the Fourteenth has built, are very magnificent; I should do them an injury in comparing them to the palace of *St. James's*: yet these seem but mean to any one who has seen that of the duke of *Bourbon* at *Chantilli*, which lies in a strait line, and contains stalls for near a thousand horses, with large intervals between each; and might very well, at first view, be mistaken for a noble palace: some hundreds of *Yahoos* are constantly employed in keeping it clean. But if any one would be astonished, he must pay a visit to the machine of *Marli*, by means of which water is raised half a mile up a hill,

and from thence conveyed a league further to *Versailles*, to supply the water-works. *Lewis* might have saved this vast expence, and have had a more agreeable situation, finer prospects, and water enough, by building his palace near the river; but then he would not have conquered nature.

Upon reading *Boileau's* account of the *Petit Maison*, or *Bedlam* of *Paris*, I was tempted to go see it: it is a low flat building, without any upper rooms, and might be a good plan for that you intend to found, but that it takes up a greater space than the city perhaps would give; this is common to men and women: there is another vastly more capacious, and consisting of several stories, called the *Hospital de Femmes*, for the use of the fair sex only. I shall not presume to take up any part of your time in describing the people of *France*, since they have been so excellently painted by *Julius Cæsar*, near two thousand years ago: if there be any difference, they are obliged for it to the taylor and peruke-makers. The ladies only might help to improve the favourable opinion you have always entertained of the sex, upon account of their great usefulness to mankind, learning, modesty, and many other valuable qualities. I should have informed you, sir, that Mr. *Arbutnot* inquired very kindly after Mr. *Leslie*; but as I have not the honour to know that gentleman, I was not able to satisfy him, but referred him to you, who can do it much better than, Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

J. SICAN.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Rev. Mr. DONNELLAN to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, *Cloyne, Oct. 31, 1735.*

THOUGH I have hitherto forbore troubling you with my acknowledgements for many favours, which very justly demanded them, yet the late application to the duke in my behalf (which I had an account of from my sister) is such an instance of kindness and regard, as will not suffer me to be silent: I must beg leave to return you my best thanks for it, and at the same time let you know what a thorough and true sense I have of your goodness to me, and the great honour you have done me by appearing in my favour. I am sufficiently acquainted with your dislike to recommending, as well as the deserved regard that is paid to your judgement and opinion, to know how to set a proper value on both. And be the success of this affair what it will, I think myself happy in having engaged in it, as it has been the occasion of your shewing that you honoured me with some share of your friendship and regard, which will always be my greatest pleasure and praise.

I suppose, Sir, you have heard what an handsome mark I have lately received of the bishop of *Cloyne's* favour, and how handsomely it was given; unasked, and un-

expected, and without any regard to kindred or application. It is a very good preferment, worth at least three hundred pounds *per annum*; and is made much more valuable and agreeable, by the manner in which it was bestowed, and especially by coming from a person whom you have an esteem for. I was the other day to view my house, and was much pleased with the situation, which is very pretty and romantic. It stands on the bank of a fine river, in a vale between two ridges of hills, that are very green, pleasant, and woody. Its nearness to *Corke* (being within four miles of it) would make the deanry of that place a very convenient and desirable addition, and was what induced my friends to think of it for me. What success their applications are likely to meet with, I cannot say: this I am sure of, that I cannot be deprived of the sincere satisfaction I receive from having your interest and good wishes, and shall always retain a most grateful remembrance of them. The bishop of *Cloyne* desires you will accept of his best services; and I beg you will believe me, with the greatest respect, Sir, your most obliged and obedient humble servant,

CHR. DONNELLAN.

LET.

L E T T E R XC.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Paradise, Nov. 8, 1735.

I THINK I have been a great while without writing to you, and hope you are of my mind: I would rather be chid by you for my silence, than have you pass it over quietly, for that would have such an air of indifference as would greatly alarm me. Absence is generally thought a great weakener of inclination: I am apt to think it will prove my friend with you. Our acquaintance was so short, I had not time to disgrace myself with you. I was ambitious of gaining your esteem, and put on all my best airs to effect it: I left you at a critical moment; another month's conversation might have ruined all. I still beg you will encourage your indulgent way of thinking of me. What will you gain by discovering my follies? and I shall lose the honour of your friendship; which loss cannot be repaired in *England* or *Ireland*. If Mrs. *Donnellan* is my true friend, she has, by way of excusing me, told you my distress for my sister, which now I hope is over. I refer you to Mrs. *Donnellan* for her character; and that will justify to you my great care and concern for her.

I cannot help lamenting Dr. *Delany's* retirement. I expected his benevolent dispo-

fiction would not have suffered him to rob his friends of the pleasure and advantage of his company : if you have not power to draw him from his solitude, no other person can pretend to do it. I was in hopes the weekly meetings would have been renewed and continued. Mrs. *Donnellan* is much disappointed, and I fear I am no longer a toast.

I am thoroughly convinced that a reasonable creature may live with more comfort and credit in *Dublin* than in *London*; as much convinced of it as that I should be richer with eight hundred pounds a year than four. But to what purpose is it for me to regret my poverty? My lot is thrown on *English* ground; I have no pretence to fly my country: furnish me with one, and you have laid temptations enough in my way to make me ready to embrace it.

I have been two months in this place, which as all the advantages of the country; as quietness, cheapness, and wholesome air. I use a good deal of exercise in the morning; in the evening I read a play with an audible voice. I am now reading *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's* works: they entertain me extremely. Sometimes I read a little philosophy, *Derham's* lectures: many things are too abstruse for me in that study; but I fancy myself, in some respects, much wiser than I was before I read them. If you do not approve of my studies, I hope you will recommend what you think will be more to my advantage.

I am sorry to find, by your letter, that Mrs. *Donnellan* does not see you often: she cannot

cannot be pleased with a situation that prevents her having that satisfaction. I depended upon your meeting often; and what is more, upon being sometimes the subject of your conversation. I am glad to hear of her brother's promotion: he very well deserves good fortune; he knows how to enjoy it handsomely, and scorns to court it meanly. I think I have made you a country visit: if I have not quite tired you, I hope you will soon challenge another: I know you pay me a great compliment in writing; and, if I was very well bred, I ought not to insist upon your doing any thing that may give you trouble; but I only consider my own advantage, and cannot give up a correspondence I value so much. I am, Sir, your most obliged and humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

L E T T E R XCI.

Dr. SWIFT and Dr. SHERIDAN to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

Those parts of the letter marked thus “and concluding thus” were written by Dr. *Sheridan*.

MADAM,

Nov. 8, 1735.

NOV. 3, to *Dunshellan*, twelve long miles, very weary; Nov. 4, to *Kells*, sixteen miles, ten times wearier; the 5th, to *Crosskeys*,

keys, seventeen long miles, fifty times wearier; the 6th, to *Cavan*, five miles, weariest of all:

Yet I baited every day,

And dined where I lay;

and this very day I am weary, and my shin bad, yet I never looked on it. I have been now the third day at *Cavan*, the Doctor's *Canaan*, the dirtiest place I ever saw, with the worst wife and daughter, and the most cursed fluts and servants on this side *Scotland*.

Let the Doctor do his part. "Not quite so bad, I assure you, although his teal was spoiled in the roasting: and I can assure you that the dirt of our streets is not quite over his shoes, so that he can walk dry. If he would wear golashes, as I do, he would have no cause of complaint. As for my wife and daughter, I have nothing to say to them, and therefore nothing to answer for them. I hope, when the weather mends, that every thing will be better, except the two before mentioned. Now the Dean is to proceed." In short, but not literally *in short*, I got hither, not safe and sound, but safe and sore. Looking in my equipage I saw a great packet that weighed a pound: I thought it was iron, but found it *Spanish* liquorice, enough to serve this whole county who had coughs for nine years. My Beast told me it was you forced him to put it all up. Pray go sometimes to the Deanry, and see how the world goes there. The Doctor is philosopher above all œconomy, like philosopher *Webber*. I am drawing him
into

into a little cleanliness about his house. The cook roasted this day a fine teal to a cinder; for the wife and daughter said, they did not know but I loved it *well* roasted. The Doctor, since his last illness, complains that he hath a straitness in his breast, and a difficulty in breathing. Pray give him your advice, and I will write to your brother *Helsam* this post for his. Write me no news of the club, and get one of them to frank your letters, that they may be worth reading.

“ Dear Madam, I beg you may rather think
 “ me like the Devil, or my wife, than *Wehber*.
 “ I do assure you that my house, and all
 “ about it, is clean *in potentia*. If you do
 “ not understand so much logic, Mr. *Har-*
 “ *rison* P will tell you; but I suppose you ig-
 “ norant of nothing but doing any thing
 “ wrong. Be pleased to send me one of your
 “ fattest pigeons in a post letter, and I will
 “ send you in return a fat goose, under cover
 “ to one of the club. The Dean may say
 “ what he pleases of my Ay Con O my; but
 “ I assure you I have this moment in my
 “ house, a quarter of fat beef, a fat sheep,
 “ two mallards, a duck, and a teal, besides
 “ some fowl in squadrons. I wish you were
 “ here. Ask the Dean if I have not fine ale,
 “ table drink, good wine, and a new pair of
 “ tables. Now hear the Dean.” It grows
 dark, and I cannot read one syllable of what
 the Doctor last writ; but conclude all to be a

P Mrs. *Whiterway*'s eldest son.

parcel

parcel of lies. How are eldest master and miss? with your clerk and school-boy? So God bless you all. If the Doctor hath any thing more to say, let him conclude, as I do, with assurance that I am ever, with great affection, yours, &c.

Read as you can, for I believe I have made forty mistakes. Direct for me at Doctor *Sheridan's*, in *Cavan*; but let a club-man frank it, as I do this. Mr. *Rochfort* is my franker: yours may be general —, or some other (great beast of a) hero. My two puppies have, in the whole journey, overpupped their puppyships. Most abominable bad firing; nothing but wet turf. “The devil a lie I writ, nor will I write to the end of my life. May all happiness attend you and your family! I am, with all good wishes and affection, your most obedient humble servant,

“THOMAS SHERIDAN.

“You were plaguy faucy who did not like my nuts: I do assure you my dog *Lampey* cracks them; the Dean is my witness.”

LET-

LETTER XCII.

Mrs. WHITEWAY to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Nov. 8, 1735.

I KNOW the moment you took this letter into your hand what you said, which was, "Pox on all *Irish* writers, and *Irish* letters." It is very little trouble I am going to give you, only be pleased to answer the following questions. How does your leg do? How is your head? How is your stomach? How many days were you on the road? How did you lye? How does Dr. *Sheridan*? How do you like *Cavan*? And how do all the good victuals Dr. *Sheridan* promised you *turn out*?^q And now, Sir, I beg you will be pleased to suppose that I began my letter by intreating the favour of hearing from you; and if that is too great an honour for me, that you will order somebody else to do it. Dr. *Sheridan* would give six-pence I would ask who, rise off his chair, make me a low bow, and *uncover*, to have the opportunity of telling me.

Now to write politely; when I change my subject, I always break off, and begin a new paragraph.

Mr. *Waller* has printed an advertifement, offering ten guineas reward to any person that

^q A cant expression, much used in those times upon all occasions, and here ridiculed.

will

will discover the author of a paragraph, said to be the case of one Mr. *Throp*. I do not know whether you heard any thing of such an affair before you left town, but I think it is said there is some trial to be about it before the house of commons, either next week, or the week following. I beg you will not leave your papers and letters on the table, as you used to do at the deanry, for boys and girls and wives will be peeping; particularly be pleased to take care of mine. It is certain I write correctly, and with a great deal of method; but however I am afraid of *Curl*. Dr. *Sheridan* has my free leave to read this, on condition he burns it instantly; but first let him take notice of all the compliments I make him. May be you imagine that if you answer this, you will be no more plagued with my letters; but I have learned from *Molly* never to have done with my demands on you: therefore write, or not write, (unless you command otherwise) you shall hear once a week from, Sir, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

Molly is just come from the Deanry: every thing is in good order. She saw Mrs. *Ridgeway* there. Young *Harrison* and his sister present you their most obedient respects.

Miss *Harrison*.

LET.

LETTER XCIII.

From some unknown LADY to Dr. SWIFT.

HON. SIR, *Castletown, Nov. 9, 1735.*

EXCUSE a stranger's address; nothing but the opinion I have of your generosity and humanity could encourage me to lay before you the inclosed poem, being the product of a woman's pen^s. I see the severe strokes you lay on the faulty part of our sex, from which number I do not pretend to exempt myself; yet venture to desire your judgement of this little unfinished piece, which I send you without giving myself the leisure to correct it, willing that your hand should bestow the last beauties. The Muse is my best companion; and if you compassionate the desolate, permit me this satisfaction, since a book and a lonely walk are all the gratifications I afford my senses, though not dulled with years. I must entreat you to throw away two or three lines in answer to this; and beg leave to conceal my name, till I have the honour of writing to you again; which if you will allow, I shall trouble you with a view of several sketches that I writ occasionally, and will no longer conceal the name of, Honoured Sir, your most humble servant,

M. M.

Sir, direct to Mrs. *Mary Moran*, at *Castletown*, near *Gorey*, in the county of *Wexford*.

^s The Poem is lost.

LET.

L E T T E R X C I V.

Dr. SWIFT and Dr. SHERIDAN to Mrs.
WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Cavan, Nov. 15, 1735.*

* * * * *

I W R I T the above lines in the dark, and cannot read them by a candle: what I meant was, to boast of having written to you first, and given you a full account of my journey. I inclosed it in a cover to Mr. *Rochfort*, in which I desired he would send it to your house: the Doctor had his share in the letter: although we could not give satisfaction to all your questions, I now will to some. My leg is rather worse; but an honest man, an apothecary here, says it begins to ripen, and it is in no manner of danger: but I ventured to walk, which inflamed it a little. I now keep my leg upon a level, and the easier because the weather is so foul that I cannot walk at all. This is the dirtiest town, and, except some few, the dirtiest people I ever saw, particularly the mistresses, daughter, and servants of this house. My puppy butler is very happy, by finding himself among a race of fools almost as nasty as himself. I must now put you upon travelling. You must inquire where *Sbele* my wine-

wine-merchant lives, and order him to have the twelve dozen of wine in bottles ready packt up. It must be the wine that was two months in bottles (as he assured me) before I left *Dublin*: for these a carrier will be ready next week to bring them hither. The deanry woman must be ready, and *Kenrick* and *Laud* must assist; and the carrier must take them from *Sbele's* cellar, ready packt up. My service to miss *Harrison*. Pray send her hither by the first carrier; and give her eighteen-pence to bear her charges; of which I will pay three-pence, and the doctor intends to pay another penny. By the conduct of this family, I apprehend the day of judgement is approaching; the father against the daughter, the wife against the husband, &c. I battle as well as I can, but in vain; and you shall change my name to *Dr. Shift*. We abound in wild fowl, by the goodness of a gentleman in this town, who shoots ducks, teal, woodcocks, snipes, hares, &c. for us. Our kitchen is a hundred yards from the house; but the way is soft, and so fond of our shoes, that it covers them with its favours. My first attempt was to repair the *Summer House*, and make the way passable to it; whereupon *Boreas* was so angry, that he blew off the roof. This is the seventh day of my landing here, of which we have had two and a half tolerable. The doctor is at school; when he comes, I will inquire who is this romantic chevalier——. As to *Waller's* advertisement, if I was in town I would, for the ten guineas, let him know the author of the

the

the narrative; and I wish you would, by a letter in an unknown hand, inform him of what I say; for I want the money to repair some deficiencies here. My service to miss *Harrison* and the doctor^t, and my love to the two boys. I shall still inclose to *John Rockfort*, except he fails in sending you my letters. Service to Mrs. *Morgan*; I hope her husband's man has prevailed to be of the club. Adieu. Pray take care of the wine, on which my health depends. Beg a duck from the doctor.

“ Beg a duck! beg a dozen. You f——hall
 “ not beg, but command. The dean may
 “ talk of the dirtiness of this town; but I can
 “ assure, that he had more upon his shoes yef-
 “ terday than is at the worst in our corporation,
 “ wherever he got it. As for my part, I am
 “ tired of him, for I can never get him out of
 “ the dirt; and that my stairs, and the poor
 “ cleanly maids, know very well. You know
 “ that he talks ironically. My wife and I are
 “ perfectly easy; for we never see one another
 “ but by chance, &c.”

L E T T E R XCV.

Mrs. SICKAN to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

Nov. 15, 1735.

A GENTLEMAN, who is just arrived from *Paris*, brought me a letter from my son, who presents his duty to you, and desires

^t Young Mr. *Harrison*.

me

me to send you the inclosed. I am sure I was glad of any occasion to write to you, in hopes of the pleasure of hearing you were well, and arrived safe at the land of *Canaan*. The hurt you received in your shin, I was afraid would prevent your going out of town; I beg to know how it is now. I believe you will be pleased to hear poor *Throp* has justice done him in *College-Green*. The trial lasted till midnight, and two thirds of the house were for him: he is now going to petition the house, to oblige *Col. Waller* to waive his privilege; but it is thought he will not obtain that favour.

Lady Acheson came to town yesterday. She desired me to present her best respects to you, and tell you she is something better. Lord *Orrery* is fretting himself to death that he did not come to town time enough to enjoy the happiness of your conversation. Our *Irish* ladies made a fine appearance the birth-day at the castle; nothing about them *Irish* but their souls and bodies: I think they may be compared to a city on fire, which shines by that which destroys them. Several dealers in raw silk are broke: the weavers, having no encouragement to work up the silk, sold it, and drank the money. I beg you will give my service to *Dr. Sheridan*, who I hope is recovered. His old friend lord *Clancarty* drinks so hard, it is believed he will kill himself before his law-suit is ended. I hope you will like the country about a month, and then order *Mrs. White-way* and me to bring a coach and six and set you safe at home, for this is no riding

riding weather. I am, with the most profound respect, dear Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

E. SICAN.

L E T T E R XCVI.

Mrs. WHITEWAY to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Nov. 15, 1735.

I AM most extremely obliged to you for the honour you have done me, and the account is just what I feared, that you would be excessive weary, your shin bad, and disappointed in the Doctor's *Canaan*. The latter I am sorry is not agreeable to you, but your shin gives me infinite trouble. I hope in God you have taken care of it: if it is any running sore, dress it twice a day with *Venice* turpentine and the yolk of an egg beaten together, an equal quantity of each. Spread it thick on a cloth, and bathe it once a day in warm milk: if it is only black and painful, apply warm rum to it often. Pray, Sir, give orders your meat may be indifferently done; and if the cook fails, then desire it may be ill done: I have known this receipt very successful, and a dinner eaten with pleasure cooked with these directions. You are very rude, Doctor *Sheridan*, to interrupt me when I am speaking to the Dean: no wonder I am so bad a listener, when you are always putting in your word. Pox take that straitness in your breast, and difficulty in breathing! Drink warm ptisan, and nothing
else,

else, except liquorice tea in the morning, and ride every day. Sir, I know nothing of the *Spanish* liquorice, unless it came with the rest of the things from the apothecary's, or Mrs. *Sican*: but so far your servant is right, that what bundles I found on the bed, I put up: I was wrong that I did not examine them; let Dr. *Sheridan* take it plentifully, it is very good for him. I was at the Deanry two days ago; every thing is right there; the floor you lie in is all clean, and I desired Mrs. *Ridgeway* to get the great chair covered, and *Jane* to put a fire once a week in your chamber, and in the drawing-room, to air the ladies and gentlemen. One of the inclosed papers Mr. *Kenrick* desired me to send; you see I keep to my word, and am determined never to trouble you with other peoples business. The vengeance take you, doctor, will you never be quiet? I tell you I have never a fat pigeon for you, your goose I will not have; we are overstocked with them; but I send you Col. *Waller's* case, that came before the house on *Thursday*. I believe you will wonder, that, after the heavy charges laid on Mr. *Throp* so justly by the Colonel, that he was not ordered into custody; but to the surprise of every body, the chairman was voted out of the chair at one of the clock in the morning, and so the affair ended. It is true, there was a mistake of about a month between Col. *Waller's* account and Mr. *Throp's* in the serving of a subpoena; and I think it was a scandalous thing, that a worthy member's word should not be taken before a little parson's

oath. I suppose you expect I should answer your logic and compliments; but do you think I have nothing else to employ me but trifling away my time in murdering the language with your ay Con O my's? I am no more a liar than yourself; therefore you are obliged to accept of my best wishes and most humble respects: so I have done with you this time for good and all. Mr. Dean, I am sure *Roche-foucault's* maxim never fails: I am this moment an instance of it, taking a secret pleasure in all the little ruffles you meet with in the country, in hopes it will hasten you to town. My he olive branch has a more immediate loss than any of us; his body suffers as well as his mind; for since he cannot enjoy the happiness and benefit of your conversation, he applies himself too close to his studies: in short, I think he is almost in the state of the company he entertains himself with all the morning; and if you saw him in company of the attendants of the governor of *Glubbudubdrid*, you would find the same horror seize you by looking on his countenance^u. My fair daughter presents you her most humble and obedient respects; says, she is not at all changed by your absence, for whenever she has the honour to see you, you will still find her the same. I am, Sir, your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

^u Mr. *Harrison* was always very thin, and of a weakly constitution.

Jane just came here with a poem of Mr. *Dunkin's*^w, that was sent to the deanry, and this letter that I inclose.

LETTER XCVII.

Dr. SWIFT and Dr. SHERIDAN to Mrs.
WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Cavan, Nov. 18, 1735.*

WE were undone for want of your answer, and thought that Mr. *Rochfort* was at his country seat, to whom I directed mine, as he was a franker. Never any thing of so small a kind was so vexatious to me as this broken shin. If I had apprehended the consequences, I would not have stirred from *Dublin* until it was cured. It hath prevented my walking and riding. An apothecary, the only doctor here, has it in care, and I cannot say I am better. But the surgeon of the barrack here, a friend to the doctor, has been with me this morning, saw the sore, and says it is in a good way; and that he will consult with the apothecary, and soon make me well. It smarts more to-day than ever; but the surgeon said, it was because some powder called præcipitate (an like you) was put on this morning, to eat off the black skin in the middle of the sore. It digests

^w The select Poetical Works of *William Dunkin*, D. D. were printed at *Dublin* in 1770, in 2 vols. 8vo. In that collection are four well-chosen compliments to Dr. *Swift* on his birth-day. N.

every day, but I cannot digest it. I shall lose my health by sitting still, and my leg in a chair, like a *Grattan* in the gout. I wish I had staid at home, and you had been my surgeon. To say truth, this town and country are so disagreeable by nature and art, that I have no other temptation to ride or walk except that of health; our house, and shoes, and streets, are so perpetually and abominably dirty. Eight of the inhabitants came out to meet me a mile or two from town. The rest would have come but for some unexpected impediment. In some days after, I invited the principal men in town to sup with me at the best inn here. There were sixteen of them, and I came off rarely for about thirty shillings. They were all very modest and obliging. Wild fowl is cheap, and all very good, except the ducks, which, though far from sea, have a rank taste from the lakes. It is nothing to have a present of a dozen snipes, teal, woodcock, widgeon, duck, and mallard, &c. You would admire to see me at my endeavours to supply Deanry conveniences. The cursed turf is two hours kindling, and two minutes decaying. You are a little too jocose upon Mr. *Harrison's* countenance. I hope he hath no return of illness, nor is more lean than I left him. He must borrow an hour more from his studies, and bestow it on exercise and mirth; otherwise he may be like the miser, who, by not affording himself victuals, died a dozen years the sooner, by which he lost many thousand pounds more than if he had fed upon pheasants, and drank burgundy

burgundy every day. I must now repeat the commission I mentioned. The old woman, *Kenrick*, and *Laud*, must find out *Sbele* the wine merchant: a carrier will go next week to the deanry, be taught to find out *Sbele* with *Kenrick*. *Sbele* must, as he promised, pack up 12 dozen of his claret which hath been bottled three months already. This must be given to the carrier by *Sbele*, and ready put up in some hampers as he will contrive. I hope Mr. *Rochfort* will be in town to send you this letter. I am ever yours, and my love to the girl and boys.

LETTER XCVIII.

“ DEAR MADAM,

“ **T**O say the truth, I am not concerned for
 “ the Dean’s accident, since my friend
 “ *Jacob* says there is no danger in it; because
 “ it keeps him from his long walks, by which
 “ means I see he is gathering flesh, and I hope
 “ will gather health and wealth by being here;
 “ for, as the *Scotchman* says, Where there is
 “ Muck, there is Luck. I have no news but
 “ too much plenty of guttables; if we had
 “ agreeable companions as plenty as wood-
 “ cocks, ducks, snipes, *cum sociis*, this would
 “ be a Paradise. I am, dear Madam, with
 “ all services aforesaid, your most obedient
 “ and very humble servant,

“ T. S.

“ Pray write to the Dean to behave himself
 “ better to me. I want you to stand by
 “ me.”

L E T T E R XCIX.

Lord B—— to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, *Bath, Nov. 22, 1735.*

I HAVE been waiting for an opportunity to write to you with safety, because I had a mind to do it with freedom; and particularly to explain to you what I meant, when I told you some time ago, that I was almost tired with struggling to no purpose against universal corruption. I am now at *The Bath*, where there are at present many *Irish* families, and though I have inquired of them all, if any gentleman or servant was returning thither, yet I can hear of none, so that I am forced, if I write at all, to trust my letter by the common post. Nothing is more certain than that this letter will be opened there, the rascals of the office have most infamous directions to do it upon all occasions; but they would, every man of them, be turned out, if a letter of mine to you should escape their intuition. I am thinking what the ministers may get by their peeping; why, if I speak my mind very plainly, they may discover two things; one is, that I have a very great regard for you; the other that I have a very great contempt for them; and in every thing I say or do, still set them

them at defiance. These things, if they did not know before, they are very welcome to find out now; and I am determined, in some other points likewise, to speak my mind very plainly to you. You must know then, that when I said I grew weary of contending with corruption, I never meant absolutely to withdraw myself from parliament; perhaps I may not slacken even my personal opposition to the wicked measures of the administration, but really I find my health begins to require some attention, and I labour under a distemper which the long sittings in parliament by no means agree with. When Mr. *Faulkner* delivered me your former letter (for I have since had one sent me hither by Mr. *Pope*), I was just got up from my bed, where I had lain the whole night in most excessive torture, with a violent fit of the gravel. I was not able to write you any answer by him, who was to depart in a few days; and ever since I have been at this place drinking the waters, in hopes they may be of service to me. Besides this of my ill state of health, I am convinced that our constitution is already gone; and we are idly struggling to maintain what in truth has been long lost, like some old fools here, with gout and palsies at fourscore years old, drinking the waters in hopes of health again. If this were not our case, and that the people are already in effect slaves, would it have been possible for the same minister, who had projected the excise scheme (before the heats it had occasioned in the nation were well laid) to have
chosen

chosen a new parliament again exactly to his mind? And though perhaps not altogether so strong in numbers, yet as well-disposed in general to his purposes as he could wish. His master, I doubt, is not so well beloved as I could wish he was; the minister, I am sure, is as much hated and detested as ever man was; and yet, I say, a new parliament was chosen of the stamp that was desired, just after having failed in the most odious scheme that ever was projected*. After this, what hopes can there ever possibly be of success? Unless it be from confusion, which God forbid I should live to see. In short, the whole nation is so abandoned and corrupt, that the crown can never fail of a majority in both houses of parliament; he makes them all in one house, and he chuses above half in the other. Four and twenty bishops and sixteen *Scotch* lords, is a terrible weight in one; forty-five from one country, besides the west of *England*, and all the government boroughs, is a dreadful number in the other. Were his majesty inclined to-morrow to declare his body-coachman his first minister, it would do just as well, and the wheels of government would move as easily as they do with the sagacious driver who now sits on the box. Parts and abilities are not in the least wanting, to conduct affairs; the coachman knows how to feed his cattle, and the other feeds the beasts in his service; and this is all the skill that is necessary in either case. Are not these sufficient difficulties and discouragements,

* The general excise. N.

ragements, if there were no others; and would any man struggle against corruption, when he knows, that if he is ever near defeating it, those who make use of it, only double the dose, and carry all their points farther, and with a higher hand, than perhaps they at first intended? Besides all this, I have had particular misfortunes and disappointments: I had a very near relation, of great abilities, who was my fellow labourer in the public cause: he is gone; I loved and esteemed him much, and perhaps wished to see him one day serving his country in some honourable station: no man was more capable of doing it, nor had better intentions for the public service than himself; and I may truly say, that the many mortifications he met with, in ten or twelve years struggling in parliament, was the occasion of his death. I have lost likewise the truest friend, I may almost say servant, that ever man had, in Mr. *Merrill*; he understood the course of the revenues, and the public accounts of the kingdom as well, perhaps better than any man in it, and in this respect he was of singular use to me: it is utterly impossible for me to go through the drudgery by myself, which I used to do easily with his assistance: and herein it is that opposition galls the most.

These several matters I have enumerated, you will allow to be some discouragements; but nevertheless, when the time comes, I believe you will find me acting the same part I have ever done, and which I am more satisfied with myself for having done, since my conduct
has

has met with your approbation: and give me leave to return you my most sincere thanks for the many kind expressions of your friendship, which I esteem as I ought, and will endeavour to deserve as well as I can. You inquire after *Bolingbroke*, and when he will return from *France*. If he had listened to your admonitions and chidings about œconomy, he need never have gone there; but now I fancy he will scarce return from thence, till an old gentleman, but a very hale one, pleases to dye. I have seen several of your letters on frugality to our poor friend *John Gay* (who needed them not); but true patriotism can have no other foundation. When I see lords of the greatest estates meanly stooping to take a dirty pension, because they want a little ready money for their extravagancies, I cannot help wishing to see some papers writ by you, that may, if possible, shame them out of it. This is the only thing can recover our constitution, and restore honesty. I have often thought that if ten or a dozen patriots, who are known to be rich enough to have ten dishes every day for dinner, would invite their friends only to two or three, it might perhaps shame those who cannot afford two, from having constantly ten, and so it would be in every other circumstance of life: but luxury is our ruin. This grave stuff that I have written looks like preaching, but I may venture to say to you, it is not, for I speak from the sincerity of my heart. We are told a peace is made: if it be true, I am

y Lord *Bolingbroke's* father, lord *St. John*.

satisfied

satisfied our ministers did not so much as know of the negociation: the articles which are the ostensible ones are better than could be expected; but I doubt there are some secret ones that may cost us dear, and I am fully convinced the fear of these will furnish our ministers a pretence for not reducing a single man of our army. I have just room to tell you a ridiculous story has happened here. In the diocese of *Wells* the bishop and his chancellor have quarreled: the consequence has been, the bishop has excommunicated the chancellor, and he in return has excommunicated the two archdeacons. A visitation of the clergy was appointed; the bishop, not being able to go himself, directed his archdeacons to visit for him. The chancellor alleges, from the constitution of him, this cannot be; and that the bishop can delegate his power to nobody but himself; so that probably all the clergy who attend on the chancellor will be excommunicated by the bishop, and all who obey the orders of the archdeacons will be excommunicated by the chancellor. The bishop, in the cathedral, when the sentence of excommunication was going to be read, sent for it, and tore it in the open church; the chancellor afterwards affixed it on the church doors. There are a great many more very ridiculous circumstances attending this affair, which I cannot well explain: but, upon a reference of the whole to my lord high chancellor, I am told he has declared his opinion in support of his brother chancellor. I am glad I have left no
space

space to put my name to the bottom of my letter; after some things I have said, it may be improper, and I am sure it is needless when I assure you no man can be with more sincerity and regard than I am, your most obedient humble servant.

L E T T E R C.

Mrs. WHITEWAY to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

I RECEIVE as a high favour your just reprimand for not answering your letter by the first post; nay, I will add another fault to it, by endeavouring to excuse myself. It was out of the highest respect I did not write, lest you should think me too forward in giving trouble. But, since I have your licence, I will not miss an opportunity of paying my most humble duty, and of acknowledging the greatest obligations I ever lay under to any mortal. I have had the very ill fortune to come late under your care; yet even these disadvantages do not hinder you from acting the most friendly part, of endeavouring to enlarge my mind, and mend my errors: you see how industriously I avoid mentioning the word *faults*. When you left us, I did not think it would be possible for me to dread getting a letter from you; but the account of your leg, which I find worse and worse, alarms me to that degree, that I tremble for the consequence.

quence. I conjure you, dear Sir, not to trust any longer to country helps: your appetite, your health, is in the greatest danger, by sitting so much as you must be obliged to do till that is well. I know life is as little regarded by you as any one; but to live in misery, is what I am sure you ought to avoid. The wine was packed up on *Tuesday* last in a hog-head: I thought that was safer than a hamper: Mr. *Kenrick* and *Laud* were by all the time: they and Mr. *Sbele* were here with me that night: they tell me, they got large bottles, of which I have a great charge. Mr. *Sbele* desires the wine may be kept in the same manner it is now packed, and taken out by half dozens as it is used: the numbers taken out may be chalked on the head of the vessel, to see that justice is done: he thinks it will keep better that way than perhaps in a cellar. I think you came off scandalously cheap, with treating sixteen gentlemen for a moidore. Pray, Doctor *Sheridan*, when the Dean next uses you ill, tell him of his pitiful doings. My son is greatly obliged to you, Sir, for your care and advice; and assures me, your word shall be an oracle to him. He has not had a return of his disorder; yet his stomach is gone, and of consequence his spirits. Mr. and Mrs. *Morgan* have commanded me to send you their most obedient respects, and are much concerned about your leg. Pray, Sir, date your letters. I believe both you and Dr. *Sheridan* hate writing the word *November*; for not one of them have been dated. I only hate the day of the

month: the truth was, in my last I could not recollect it (for I think I forgot it) and watched for some of the brats to tell me. Lest I should do the same now, be pleased to remember I write this *Nov. 22, 1735.* I am, Sir, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

If you are pleased to direct to me under cover to Mr. *Morgan*, I shall get your letters. Perhaps Mr. *Rochfort* may go out of town, and then I should be long without them.

L E T T E R C I.

Dr. SWIFT and Dr. SHERIDAN to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM,

Nov. 22, 1735.

HAVING answered your long letter, which was improved by the Doctor's^z additions, I now tell you that a *Monday* next, which will be the 24th instant, a carrier will go from hence, and is directed, by another letter to you, to manage the business of sending the twelve dozen of wine, which Mr. *Shele* has ready bottled, and must see it packed up in his best manner in hampers or hogheads, as I mentioned in my last, and that the wine was bottled (as he says) two months before I came

^z Mr. *Harrison's*.

away.

away. *Kenrick* and *Laud* and the women will be your assistants. The fellow will be with you by *Wednesday* night or *Thursday* morning, and I will write by him. I cannot say my skin is yet better, although our apothecary and the barrack surgeon attend me; but they see no danger, and promise I shall recover in a few days. Meantime, I dare neither walk nor ride; and yet I think my stomach is better, and so may continue till I grow weary of snipe, teal, widgeon, woodcock, hare, leveret, wild duck, fieldfare, &c. My service to your He and the brats. Let *Kenrick*, my verger, know what I write about the wine, that he and *Laud* and the women may be prepared; this will save me a letter to him. I am ever *entierement vous*.

Cavan, Nov. 22, 1735.

I shall never be quiet; a country author unknown hath sent me a manuscript of two hundred pages for my judgement. Pray send me the three quires of paper in quarto; for the Doctor hath swallowed up mine, and we have none left.

“ I can assure you, dear Madam, with pleasure, that the Dean begins to look healthier
 “ and plumper already; and I hope will mend
 “ every day. But, to deal plainly with you, I
 “ am a little afraid of his good stomach,
 “ though victuals are cheap, because it im-
 “ proves every day, and I do not know how
 “ far this may increase my family expences.

“ He pays me but two crowns a week for his
 “ ordinary : and I own, that I am a little too
 “ modest to grumble at it; but if you would
 “ give him a hint about wear and tear of
 “ goods, I make no doubt but his own discre-
 “ tion would make him raise his price. Pray
 “ do this (as you do all other things) in the
 “ handsomest manner you can. I am, to you
 “ and yours, as much yours as the Dean afore-
 “ said.”

I desire you will hint to the Doctor that he would please to abate four shillings a week from the ten, which he most exorbitantly makes me pay him ; but tell him you got this hint from another hand, and that all *Dublin* cries shame at him for it.

L E T T E R CII.

Mrs. WHITEWAY to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Nov. 25, 1735.

I HAVE not known for some years, the pleasure of a post-day, till within these three weeks. I read your letters twenty times over. I tell you this to induce you to continue me your favour ; for I know it is your study to make the wretched happy. The wine is ready for the carman, and all the caution taken that you commanded. If I durst, I would repine, that you could think I should require your orders three times repeated to
 take

take care of what you told me your health depended on. I rejoice to find your stomach is better, but grieve to hear your leg continues so long bad. I shall despise your surgeon and apothecary, if they do not cure it immediately. *Apollo* hath always waited on you, when it was not half so material. Where the vengeance is he now? After all, he justly quits you, since you have left off invoking him. Idleness is your crime; to punish you, he confines you to a chair; and the penance he enjoins, is to employ your pen once more: if not, there are vultures to prey on legs as well as livers: I wish you were safe out of their hands. Mr. —, Dr. —'s curate, last week committed another fine exploit: he way-laid his wife, who was going home from a neighbour's, about eleven at night, with two servant maids with her, and would have persuaded her to have gone to his lodging; she refusing, he called the watch, and put her and her maids into the watch-house as strollers, with orders to keep them there till morning. Mrs. — got off by some means or other, but the women were kept all night. Mrs. *Sican* told me the news, and withal that the Doctor is at last very angry with him. Mr. —'s great fondness to get his wife home, was to stop a prosecution she had begun against him in the bishop's court, for cruel usage; and if he had prevailed on her to have gone with him, the affair must have dropped. I was at the Deanry on *Saturday*, though I forgot to mention it in my last letter. My son was there yesterday; and I

would have been there to-day, if a swelled face had not prevented me. I have sent for Mr. *Kenrick*, or Mr. *Laud*, to let them know your commands. I must beg the favour of you to deliver the inclosed to Dr. *Sheridan*, and to pardon my sealing it. You are sensible there are secrets that the nearest friends must not see. As you have nothing to do, be pleased to write me the heads of the two hundred pages in manuscript, and I will give my opinion about it. I must now intreat you to think of coming to town: I trust in God your shin will not require it; but consider how it is possible for me to spend the *Winter* evenings, who have been so delightfully entertained all *Summer* at the Deanry. I have staid till the last moment before I sealed this, in expectation of seeing somebody from your house, but am disappointed. I promise to take care to see the wine leave this place safe, and to send the paper by the carman. My son and daughter are your most obedient servants. I am, Sir, with the highest respect, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

L E T T E R CIII.

Mrs. WHITEWAY to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Dublin, Nov. 29, 1735.

I NEVER was more out of temper in my life than I have been these two days; yesterday that I did not hear from you, and to-day

day at the rogue that brought your letter to Mr. *Kenrick* at ten last night, and the disappointment we have met with from him that was to carry the wine to *Cavan*. The inclosed letter gives so full an account, that I need add nothing to it, but his being a right county of *Cavan* man. I desire Dr. *Sheridan* will take care for the future not to employ them about your business; I owe him this reflection, for trusting such rogues. Pray, sir, tell me what I shall do in this business; shall I get Mr. *Sbele* and Mr. *Kenrick* to look out for an honest carman, and agree as cheap as we can to carry it to you? for I find there is no depending on the Doctor's countrymen. Had you assured me, as you say the surgeon does, that your leg was better, my joy would be equal to the uneasiness I have suffered on that occasion. I fear I shall never have the pleasure of being with you on your birth-day; were my purse as heavy as my heart is, that I cannot be with you to-morrow, I would this night have been at *Cavan*, and have left it on *Monday* morning.

I shall make a great entertainment to-morrow for my family, to celebrate the Drapier's birth-day, and drink his health. My two eldest cubs (match me that) present you their most humble and obedient respects, with their hearty wishes of long life, health, and happiness, to attend you. They durst not take the liberty to send this with their hand, but do it with their heart. I send you their own words; but where shall I find any that can express

what I would say on the subject? The most sincere would be what I desire for myself whilst I continue in this world, which is health and quietness. This I pray God grant you in the largest portion, and life as long as you shall desire it!

Mr. *Morgan's* heathenish name is *Marcus Antonius*; I saw him and his lady yesterday, who both say they should be glad to kiss your hand; his eldest son is in the measles. Last night died the bishop of *Ossory*, of an inflammation on the lungs: he caught cold on *Sunday* at the Castle chapel. We have provided one of the bishopricks for doctor *Marlay*.

I am told by some people that lord *Orrery* intends to make you and doctor *Sheridan* a visit; if so, I fear it will be a long time before you will think of returning here. I expect a long letter from doctor *Sheridan*, in answer to all that I have said to him in this.

I think this is so well written, that it needs no apology for a bad pen.

I am, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

M. WHITEWAY,

LET-

L E T T E R C I V.

Dr. SWIFT and Dr. SHERIDAN to Mrs.
WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Cavan, Nov. 28, 1735.*

I TAKE advantage a day before the post to write to you; and this is the first day I have ventured to walk this fortnight past, except yesterday, when I dined with my surgeon at the barrack. This morning I visited four ladies in the town, of which your friend Mrs. *Donaldson* was one. My whole journey hath been disappointed by this accident: for I intended to have been a constant rider, and as much a walker as this dirty town would allow. Here are a thousand domestic conveniencies wanting; but one pair of tongs in the whole house; the turf so wet, that a tolerable fire is a miracle; the kitchen is a cabin a hundred yards off and a half; the back and fore door always left open, which in a storm (our constant companion) threatens the fall of the whole edifice: Madam as cross as the Devil, and as lazy as any of her sister sows, and as nasty. These are some of our blind sides. But we have a good room to eat in, and the wife and lodgers have another, where the Doctor often sits and seems to eat, but comes to my eating-room (which is his study), there finishes the meal, and hath share of a pint of wine. Then we have an honest neighbour, Mr. *Price*, who

sits the evening, and wins our money at backgammon, though the Doctor sometimes wins by his blundering. As to meat, we are hard put to it. It is true, our beef and mutton are very good; but for the rest, we are forced to take up with hares, partridges, teal, grouse, snipes, woodcocks, plover, silver eels, and such trash; which, although they be plentiful and excellent in their kinds, you know are unworthy of a refined *Dublin* dean. I expect before this letter goes that the carrier will be here with the wine, and that I shall have time to chide you for five dozen of bottles broke by the ill packing up. He set out from hence on *Tuesday*, but I suppose cannot return till next week. I had, several days ago, a letter from Mrs. *Sican*, and another from her *French* son^a, an excellent good one; when you go that way, tell her of this, with my service, and that I will write to her soon. Your letters have been so friendly, so frequent, and so entertaining, and oblige me so much, that I am afraid in a little time they will make me forget you are a cousin, and treat you as a friend. If *Apollo* hath entirely neglected my head, can you think he will descend to take care of my

^a The Doctor calls young Dr. *Sican* her *French* son, because he was then traveling in *France*. This young gentleman was at last unfortunately murdered, as he was traveling in *Italy* in a post-chaise, by a person who fired his pistol at him from another post-chaise, upon some dispute between the drivers contending for the way.

thin? Earthly ladies forsake us at forty, and the Muses at fifty-five. I have mentioned that rascal —— to Dr. *Delany*, who defended him as well as he could, but very weakly; if the Doctor will not cast him off, he will justly expose himself to censure.

I wish you would speak to your dearly beloved monster Mr. ——, when he comes to town, about my *Laracor* agent, to pay me some money, and to reproach —— for his infamous neglect of my affairs. He is one of your favourites, and —— another; I hope I am not the third.

I have just spoken about the thread to Mrs. *Sheridan*, who tells me, that what you desire is to be had here every market-day; and that Mrs. *Donaldson* understands it very well. “To
“ carry on the thread of the discourse, I disco-
“ vered the little dirty b——h, the fire-maker, to be
“ the opener of the doors, and the leaver of them
“ so; for which the dean had her lugged this
“ this evening by the cook-maid; for which he
“ paid her a three-pence ^b, and gave the little
“ girl a penny for being lugged; and because the
“ cook did not lugg her well enough, he gave her
“ a lugging, to shew her the way. These are
“ some of our sublimer amusements. I wish
“ you were here to partake of them. The only
“ thing of importance I can tell you is”——(Ay,
what is it? He shall be hanged rather than
take up any more of this paper. It is true that

^b A little silver piece current in those days; but the species has been long worn out.

the Legion Club is sinking the value of gold and silver to the same with *England*, and are putting four pounds a hoghead more duty on wine? The cursed vipers use all means to increase the number of absentees. Well, I must go to the market about this thread. It is now *Nov.* 29th; I fear the doctor will hedge in a line. I have now got Mr. *Morgan's* heathenish Christian name, and will direct my letters to him. I am to finish a letter to Mrs. *Sican*: I desire you will call on her sometimes. My love to your brats. I have settled with Mrs. *Donaldson* about the thread; but will order a double quantity, that you may knit stockings for your dear self. Let the Doctor conclude. I am ever, &c. “Madam, I have only room
“to tell you that I will see you the 12th or
“13th of *Decr.*) excuse a long parenthesis:
“your most obedient and”

L E T T E R CV.

Mrs. WHITEWAY to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R, *Dublin, December 2, 1735.*

I WADED this morning through dirt and rain to the Deanry; but I place no more to your account than from *High-Street*. I found every thing in great order; your bed and window curtains cleaned, and, to my satisfaction, the great chairs covered; the dogs in high spirits, the woman in good humour, and
Mr,

Mr. *Kenrick* and Mrs. *Ridgeway* on duty. I am quite ashamed of my entertainment on *Sunday*. The Drapier's birth-day was celebrated by Mr. *Laud* with a dinner of wild-duck, plover, turkey, and pullet; two bowls of punch, and three bottles of claret. At night Mr. *Kenrick* gave a supper, with an ocean of punch. Their houses were illuminated, and the bells rung. Several other houses followed their example.

I am almost reconciled to your surgeon; the next letter, I hope, will finish our quarrel. When he has set you firmly on your legs, if making Gods were not out of fashion, I would translate him; however, he shall be my saint.

As you have been remarkable for never being severe on the ladies, I am surprized you should say that we forsake the men at forty. I deny the fact; while they sing our praises, we continue to hold them in admiration. For an example of this, I give the author of *The Ladies' Dressing-room*, and *Strephon and Chloe*, who, by writing these poems, gained the hearts of the whole sex.

I heartily pity you for want of meat; I wish I could send you a large shoulder of mutton, fresh killed; how pure and sweet it would eat! I have just left part of one in the parlour; the very thoughts of it make me hungry again: I think I will go down, and take the other slice ^c. I know it is not to any purpose

^c Here Mrs. *Whiteway* is merry with the Doctor, who could not endure mutton which had not been killed

purpose to reproach you with avarice, for a poor pint of wine among three of you. Whatever you do at home, I am ashamed to find you shew it at *Cavan*; I suppose your excuse will be at the expence of the poor carman; but, if you had any generosity, you would live on the publick, as I do, till your rents came in. Dr. *Sheridan* says, "You gave private orders, and countermanded the wine, to sponge on him." I own, I think it looks like it, or you would not have let the man come to town without a car.

I see you are proof against storms within and without doors, or you would not think of staying in the country when the Doctor leaves it. There is no occasion for you to convince the world that you want but one trial to outdo *Socrates* in every thing; let not this keep you, for I promise to provide one for three shillings and four-pence that shall outshine *Solomon's* brawler.

Molly and young *Harrison* are grown so saucy at seeing their names so often in your letters, that I cannot govern them: pray be pleased to take them down a little. All that I can do to vex them, is not to send you their compliments. My son intreats you will finish your *Latina Anglia* treatise; which he desires you will immediately send him a copy of.

killed three or four days before: on the contrary, Mrs. *Whiteway* liked hers so fresh, that Dr. *Swift* used pleasantly to say of her, "That she liked mutton that was killed to-morrow."

Doctor

Doctor *Sheridan's* last letter is so long and full of particulars, that I cannot answer it till I see him. I am so proud of being discarded from being a cousin, that for the future I shall not own either Esq; — or Mr. — for relations; nor ever dare to think you a favourite. But I hope you will allow me to term you my Oracle, and to acknowledge myself, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

LETTER CVI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Cavan, Dec. 6, 1735.*

I HAVE yours of *Nov.* the 29th. The Doctor, who is always sanguine, reckoned upon the wine as sure as if it had been in his cellar under the stairs; but I, who am ever desponding, told him I was sure there would be some disappointment. I matter it not, for we have enough still to hold us a reasonable term, at one bottle a day between us, at least if he would leave off inviting young Mr. Price, Parson Richardson, Mr. Nash, Mr. Jacob Surgeon of the troop, Squire Fleming of *Balhaynockhye*, Doctor O Neil, Doctor Fludd, Parson Charlton of *Evackthonyeul*, beside the rest of our *Cavan* gentry and neighbourhood. I will not have the wine sent by any carrier on purpose: it would be a confounded expence:

pence : but we will wait until a further opportunity by *Marcus Tully*, the genuine orator and carrier of our city. I refused a long time to shew the Doctor that part of your letter which reflects upon not only his countrymen, but his townsmen, and fifty to one but upon one of his own or madam's cousins ; yet there is no danger of kindred, for our town agrees that *Tully* is an honest carrier. I was in hopes your great entertainment had been for your tenant, with his half year's rent. I am sorry it was on account of some scrub *Drapier*, of whom I never heard. Only I know they are all rogues, and I shall not pay for their extravagance. I forgot to tell you that the barrack-furgeon prescribed the very same medicine that you advised for my shin. My leg is so well, that I have been twice riding, and walk in the town, that is to say in the dirt, every day. We have now a fine frost, and walk safe from dirt ; but it is like a life at court, very slippery. I do not like to see my money laid out in cleaning curtains, and covering chairs ; but since, as you say, you are pleased to be at that expence, I thankfully submit. The Doctor will be with you on *Friday* next : he goes to see the *Grand Monde*, and beg subscriptions to build a school-house. He taxes you only at ten guineas. I am to stay with madam and his daughter until his return, which will be about a month hence, when the days grow longer and warmer. Pox take country ladies dinners. In spite of all I could say, I was kept so late by their formality

mality on *Thursday* last, that I was forced to ride five miles after night-fall, on the worst road in *Europe*, or county of *Cavan*. The Doctor cannot have time to write a word: he expects a rogue of an agent this evening, who will not come, with two or three hundred pounds arrears, by which means I shall be kept here for want of money, which I was fool enough to expect to get from him, to bear my charges back. My shin cost me three guineas, and I brought but twenty pounds. I desire the room and bed I lye in may be often aired. The doctor will not lye at the deanry, because it is far from his friends, and he is afraid of robbers. I approve your name of Cub; but may your male cub never fit in the club! I will not pay the three shillings and four-pence for a wife, as you propose, because I can get one here for two thirteens. Mrs. *Donaldson* is making the thread with her own fair fingers. I dare not come to town till Miss *Harrison* gives me a general discharge. I desire to know her utmost demands. My chief amusement here is backgammon. Dr. *Sheridan* is a peevish bungler, and I sometimes win his money. Mr. *Price* is an expert civil gamester, and I always lose to him. This is the state of my affairs. The Doctor is come up, and says he will not write a word, because he is busy, and will see you soon. *Entre nous* I will not stay when the Doctor is gone; but this is a secret: and if my health and the weather will permit, I will be in town two or three

three days after him. So I close this letter, and remain *entierement à vous*, &c.

My humble service to the bearer^d and his lady. God ever blefs you and your fire-side !

L E T T E R CVII.

Earl of ORRERY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Jan. 3, 1735-6.

I HAVE thought it more than a century since I saw you. I crawled out to you on *Saturday*, but was forced to come from your house and go to bed ; since which time I have not stirred out of my chamber. My cold continues still bad ; and has been hanging upon me now for above a fortnight. Pray tell me when I may hope to see you again : & *notas audire & reddere voces*. I dine at home to-morrow : will you share a fowl with me ? I am scarce able to hold up my head ; but the sight of you will go a great way towards recovering your ever obliged and faithful servant,

ORRERY.

^d Mr. Morgan, to whom this letter was enveloped.

L E T.

LETTER CVIII.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Bath, 7 Jan. 1735-6.

I AM told you have some thoughts of coming here in the spring. I do not think it proper to tell you how well pleased I am with that faint prospect; for such I must call it till the report is confirmed with your own hand. I write in all haste, to know if you really have any such design; for, if you have, I shall order my affairs accordingly, that I may be able to meet you here. The good old custom of wishing a happy new year to one's friend is now exploded among our refined people of the present age; but I hope you will give me leave to tell you, without being offended, that I wish you many years of happiness. The physicians have at last advised my sister to the *Bath* waters. We have been here a fortnight: they do not disagree with her; that is all can be said of them at present. I wrote to you from *Paradise*, and hope there is a letter of yours traveling towards me; I think I have used you to a bad custom of late, that of writing two letters for one of yours. I am often told I have great assurance in writing to you at all, and to be sure I must do it with great fear and trembling. I am not believed when I affirm I write to you with as much ease as to any correspondent I have; for
I know

I know you as much above criticising a letter of mine, as I should be below your notice, if I gave myself any affected airs : you have encouraged my correspondence, and I should be a brute if I did not make the best of such an opportunity.

Bath is full of people, such as they are; none worth giving you any account of; my solace is Mrs. Barber, whose spirit and good countenance cheers me whenever I hear or see her; she is at present pretty well. Company is this moment coming up stairs; and I can only add that I am, Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

L E T T E R CIX.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Cavan, Jan. 17, 1735-6.*

I RECEIVED your letter of reproaches with pleasure; and as I know you hate excuses, I shall make none. Whoever has informed you that I was not in my school at the right time appointed, has not done me justice; for whatever else I may disappoint, that shall be inviolably and punctually observed by me.

* * * * *

As for my *quondam* friends, as you stile them, *quondam* them all. It is the most decent way I can curse them; for they lulled me asleep till they stole my school into the hands

hands of a blockhead, and have driven me towards the latter end of my life to a disagreeable solitude, where I have the misery to reflect upon my folly in making such a perfidious choice, at a time when it was not in my nature to suspect any soul upon earth. * * * *

* * * * *

Now to think a little for myself. The duke of *Dorset* does certainly owe me a small living, for the expensive entertainment I gave him from *Terence*^e. I only want a proper person to dun him; and I know it will be done if my lord *Orrery* will undertake it. Do not think me sanguine in this; for more unlikely and less reasonable favours have been granted. God knows whether, during my life, we shall have another scholar sent us for a lord-lieutenant. * * * *

* * * * *

I wish you as much happiness as I have plague, which is enough for any honest man. I am, dear sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

^e This was a play of *Terence*, acted by the Doctor's scholars for the entertainment of the duke.

LET.

L E T T E R C X.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MY DEAR MADAM, *Feb. 18, 1735-6.*

I PITY you and your family, and I heartily pray for both: I pity myself, and my prayers are not wanting; but I pity not him^f. I count already that you and I and the world must lose him; but do not lose yourself. I was born to a million of disappointments: I had set my heart very much upon that young man; but I find he has no business in to corrupt a world. Therefore pray take courage from Christianity, which will assist you when humanity fails: I wish I were in his condition, with his virtues. I am a little mending, to my shame be it spoken. I shall also lose a sort of a son as well as you: only our cases are different; for you have more, and it is your duty to preserve yourself for them. I am ever your most affectionate and obedient, &c.

J. SWIFT.

^f *Theophilus Harrison, esq; a young gentleman of three and twenty, who was then upon his death-bed.*

LET-

LETTER CXI.

The Bishop of KILLMORE *g* to Dr. SWIFT.

REVEREND SIR, *Feb. 23, 1735-6.*

I SEND you the whole piece ^h, such as it is: I fear you will find the addition, pursuant to your hint, heavy; for I could not get my imagination warmed to the same degree as in the former part. I hope you will supply what shall be wanting of spirit; and when you have pruned the rough feathers, the Ands and Thats, &c. you will send the Kite to the Faulconer, to set it a flying. I am your very faithful and obedient servant,

J. K.

May not I claim three or four copies when printed?

g Dr. *Josiah Horte*, afterwards archbishop of Tuam.

h A satire on Quadrille, for which Mr. Faulkner the printer was sent to Newgate. See Letter LXIV, in vol. XVI. of this collection.

LET.

L E T T E R CXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Miss HARRISON.

DEAR MISS HARRISON, *Feb. 23, 1735-6.*

I AM in all possible concern for your present situation: I heartily wish you could prevail on your mother to remove immediately to some friend or neighbour's house, that she may be out of the sight and hearing of what must be done to-day. I wish your eldest brother *White-way* would take care to carry her to some part of the town where she might continue until your house may be put in order, and every thing that might renew the memory of melancholy objects be removed. Let your brother *White-way* write to me, that I may know how you all are, particularly your poor mother. I am ever, &c.

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R CXIII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Feb. 23, 1735-6.

I AM extremely concerned to find your old disorder has got hold of you again, which would not have happened if you had taken my advice to continue here where you were well. I cannot help retorting, that I never knew

any person so unadviseable as you are, especially when it comes from me, who am famous for giving the best advice, and following the worst. Surely Mr. — cannot be so unjust as to let me be above — pounds a sufferer for that profligate brute he shook off upon me: if he does persevere in it, I will let all mankind know, that he acts rather like a little rascally *Irish* solicitor than a man of honour. I have already almost finished a dialogue between Lady *Betty Tattle* and *John Solemn* (if my money be not paid, necessity must make me write for bread) upon a subject they will not much like; which I vow to God shall be published. As I do not wear a sword, I must have recourse to the weapon in my hand. It is a better method than a lawsuit. My school only supplies me with present food, without which I cannot live. I hope, if I have any friends left, it may encrease, and once more put me out of a miserable dependence upon the caprice of friendship. This year has been to me like steering through the *Cyclades* in a storm without a rudder; I hope to have a less dangerous and more open sea the next; and as you are out of all danger to feel the like sufferings, I pray God you may never feel a dun to the end of your life; for it is too shocking to an honest heart. It grieves me much to hear poor Mr. *Harrison* is in such a dangerous way. I pray God preserve him, not only for his poor mother's sake, but the good of mankind; for I think I never knew so valuable a young man.

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I beseech

I beseech you to let me know, by the next post, how he is. I fear the worst of that horrid treacherous distemper. I am, dear Sir, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

I lost sixty-six pounds by a rogue who run off *Drumcor* last year.

L E T T E R CXIV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM,

Feb. 25, 1735-6.

I N the midst of your grief and my own for the same misfortune, I cannot forbear complaining of your conduct through the whole course of your affliction, which made you not only neglect yourself, but the greater part of those who are left, and, by the same law of nature, have an equal title to your care. I writ on *Monday* to Miss *Harrison*, that she would beg you, in my name, to remove some hours to a neighbour, that your ears might not be harrassed with the preparations for what was then to be done. She told me, "You would not yield;" and at the same time, she much feared she must lose you too. Some degree of wisdom is required in the greatest calamity, because God requires it; because he knows what is best for us; because he never intended any thing like perfect happiness in

the present life; and, because it is our duty, as well as interest, to submit. I will make you another proposal, and shall take it very unkindly if you do not comply. It is, that you would come hither this day immediately, where you will have a convenient apartment, and leave the scene that will be always putting you in mind of your loss. Your daughter can manage the house, and sometimes step to see you. All care shall be taken of you; and Dr. *Robinson* will visit you with more ease, if you have occasion for him. Mrs. *Ridgeway* shall attend you, and I will be your companion. Let Miss *Harrison* return me an answer, and things shall be ready for you. I am ever, with true esteem and affection, dear Madam, your most obedient servant and cousin,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER CXV.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

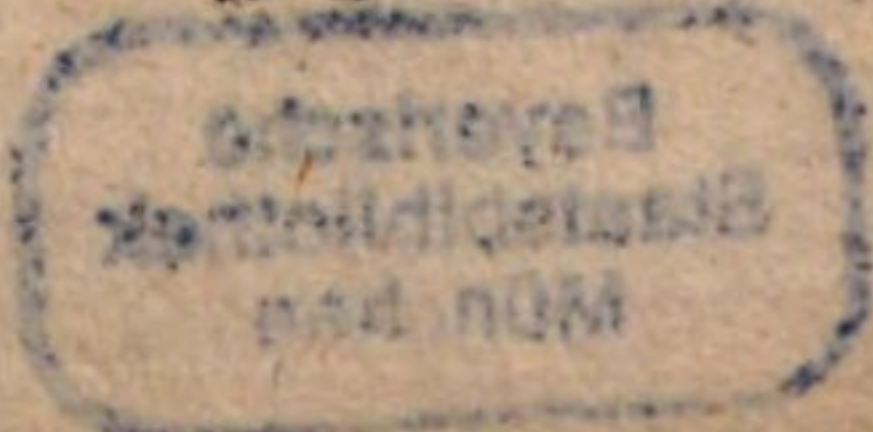
DEAR SIR,

Feb. 29, 1735-6.

I SINCERELY condole with you for the unspeakable loss of Mr. *Harrison*, which cannot be repaired in any other of his age in this world. It wounds my heart every moment I recollect him. I do verily believe no man living has met with such severe trials in losses of this kind as you have; and for this last, I must own, that I have great com-

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pulsion



passion for you, as he was every day growing more and more into a friend and companion; especially at a time of life which requires such a comfort. God Almighty support his poor motherⁱ; for none else can give her consolation under such a dreadful affliction!

Poor old Mr. *Price* cannot hold out a fortnight; and his son claims your promise of getting him something from the Concordatum: if it overtakes him alive, it may be a legacy for a worthy suffering person, who has fallen a sacrifice to his principles. I am, dear Sir, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

ⁱ Mrs. *Whiteway*.

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Swift, Jonathan, 1667-1745

The works of Jonathan Swift

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